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DAISY CHRYSANTHEMUMS



THE

HAPPY HOME,

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1854

AND

PARLOR MAGAZINE.

—••—
REV. A. R. BAKER. EDITOR.
—••—

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THE HAPPY NEW YEAR.

WORDS BY E. PORTER DYER.
Very briskly.

MUSIC BY L. H. SOUTHARD.

Three hap - py New Year, We wel - come thee here, We fain would en - cour - age thy stay; But, gliding a - -
Thine an - ces - tors gone, Thou too wilt move on, And sink in - to Lethe at last, Yet ma - ny there

long Like a dream, or a song, We know thou must van - ish a - way, We know thou must van - ish a - way.
be That will weep o - ver thee, When whelmed with the bur - ied past, When whelmed with the bur - ied past.

We ask not to know
What joy or what wo
Thou thoughtlessly bringest, New Year.
The stern roll of fate,
We, patient await,
And cheerfully welcome thee here.

We hope in our heart,
When thou shalt depart,
To find no occasion for tears,
But may our glad voice
With singing rejoice,
To greet many happy New Years.

THE HAPPY HOME.

THE WISE EXPEDIENT.

“Divide the living child in two.”—1 KINGS 3 : 25.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

THE frontispiece of this volume represents one of the most impressive scenes in Biblical history. Solomon, anointed king and endowed with divine wisdom, occupies the chair of state in the royal court, for the exercise of the highest judicial authority of his kingdom. The crown rests gently on his head, and a wand, the symbol of power, is in his right hand. He is attended by soldiers from his body-guard, and by a deputation from his counsellors.

Before him are two women, called “harlots,”—a term then and there frequently denoting inn-keepers, or hostesses—whose case has come up from the inferior court, and awaits his decision. They reside together, and have sons of nearly the same age. But while they are sleeping, each with her infant by her side, one of them kills her child by overlaying it. She arises from her bed, and exchanges it for the other, resting quietly on the breast of its mother, who, upon the discovery of the cruel theft practised upon her, expostulates with her companion, and endeavors in vain to recover her stolen boy.

There were no witnesses of the crime, for these women were alone in the house, and no one among their friends and neighbors could identify either infant, or decide which was its real mother. Both refuse the dead child and claim the living. Which shall have it? Who can tell the real mother? Morning dawns, the

tidings fly, the excitement rises higher, and still higher. At the hour appointed by the king for the audience of his subjects, the heart-stricken mother, unable to recover her darling, bears the dead child into his royal presence, lays it on the marble floor, relates to him her sad story, and claims her living boy. "The other woman said, 'Nay; but the living is my son, and the dead is thy son;' and this said, 'No; but the dead is thy son, and the living is my son.'"

The king was not wanting in expedients, but immediately commanded a soldier to bring a sword; and when it was brought he said, "Divide the living child in two, and give half to the one and half to the other."

The executioner unsheathes his gleaming blade, takes the living child in his hand, and prepares to strike the fatal blow. Behold the different parts which these two mothers now act! See the hypocritical garb falling from the shoulders of the one, and true maternal love welling up from the deepest fountains of the other's heart. She casts herself upon her knees before the king and the executioner, clasps her child frantically in her arms, presses him to her breast, then interposes her own person to shield him from the murderous steel, and, fixing her wild and protruded eye on her sovereign, cries out, "O, my lord, give her the living child, and in no wise slay it!"

How unlike the other, who is unmoved either by maternal tenderness or by sympathy for her agonized associate, but stands fixed in determined covetousness, while envy glimmers in her eye, and revenge both knits her brow and clenches her fist; and her bitter hatred talks of murder: "Let it be neither mine nor thine, but divide it." Cruel woman!

Yet the experiment proves successful, and reveals the true mother, to whom the king awards the living child. No wonder that his wisdom commanded the admiration of all Israel! But let us not forget its source; it was from God, and in answer to prayer, — from Him who giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not. "Ask, and ye shall receive."

Alas, what had become of this dear child but for its mother's love and interposition! It must have perished; and so would all children but for Him who so loved them that he laid down his life to save them.

THE HAPPY HOME.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

MAKE bright the hearth where children throng
In innocence and glee ;
With smiles of love, and voice of song,
The spirit's harmony ;

With healthful sports that flush the cheek,
With mother's fond caress ;
Nor let the father blush to seek
His merry boy to bless ;

For far adown the vale of life,
When he his lot shall bear,
This hallowed gleam shall light the strife,
And gild the clouds of care.

Though midnight storms and breakers roar,
Such treasured spells shall be
A light-house 'mid the wrecking shore,
The star of memory ;—

Shall warn him of temptation's wiles,
His faltering feet entice ;
O, cheer the home where childhood smiles,
And guard the man from vice !

COVETOUSNESS.

BY REV. PROFESSOR LAWRENCE.

THERE has never been a period in the history of our country when the temptation to covetousness was greater than the present. Recent discoveries of mineral wealth, and the facilities for commerce by means of electro-magnetism and steam-power, have opened new channels of trade and more fruitful fields of industry. In this

activity and incoming affluence the church has its full share. The business of its members brings forth plentifully. They are pulling down their barns and warehouses, and building greater ones, saying, "We have much goods laid up for many years."

This state of worldly prosperity is most perilous to the Christian. A member of the Rev. John Newton's congregation, impressed with the dangers of wealth, sent to his pastor the following note: "A young man, having come to the possession of a very considerable fortune, requests the prayers of the congregation that he may be preserved from the snares to which it exposes him." "If," said Mr. Newton in his comment, "if the man had *lost* a fortune, the world would not have wondered to see him put up a note; but this man has been better taught." Under a sense of the danger of covetousness, Leighton says, "To desire that our journey should be by the troublesome and dangerous road of worldly prosperity is a mighty folly."

But what is covetousness? In the most general sense of the term, it is inordinate desire. In respect to riches, it is the love of money, which is the root of all evil. Where it becomes a ruling passion, it dethrones God in the soul, and places an idol in his stead. Hence, it is impossible for those who trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Christ classes the covetous with adulterers and murderers, and gives the salutary caution, "Beware of covetousness, which is idolatry."

With such a contrariety between covetousness and Christianity, can they coëxist in the same person? If not, how few can be saved! If they can, yet how baleful must be its influence in checking the growth of the religious spirit, and in deforming the Christian character!

But what is covetousness? A desire to acquire property, with no desire to use it for the benefit of mankind.

It is an eagerness in acquiring it, which tempts to infractions of the golden rule.

A love of gain which leads to adventurous speculation with borrowed capital, having the bankrupt law in view as a relief in case of failure, is covetousness.

When men do not give of their substance as the Lord has prospered them, they are covetous.

When they hoard their wealth during their life-time, relinquish-

ing it to Christ by a bequest when death casts them out of their stewardship, they are guilty of this sin.

When the poor make their penury an excuse for not casting their mite into the Lord's treasury, and the rich purchase exemption from personal effort by contributing a little of their substance, that without further interruption they may acquire more for their own purposes, they are influenced by covetousness. When activity in gaining wealth diminishes delight in the word of God, and faith and fervency in prayer, this sin is making inroads upon piety.

When, in their concern respecting profits and losses, men forget the significance of that question of their Lord, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" this root of all evil is the cause.

These simple tests are drawn from the obvious fact, that men are as much under obligation to do business for the glory of God as to preach or pray for the same end. In each of these ways the church, by the life of many of its members, indicates to the world that business is their first object, and religion the second; that money is the principal thing, and holiness a subordinate end.

Let any one take his position in some wealthy Sabbath congregation, in one of our cities, and see what disclosures the application of these tests will make. Here sits a young and reputable member of the church, entering on a prosperous business. He is not penurious, yet he gives to charitable objects only on occasions, and, because he is just beginning his career, gives sparingly. He intends to do more when better able; but, as Providence smiles upon his efforts, the ardor of his love grows cool. Secret prayer becomes irksome, and is finally abandoned. Riches have increased, and he has set his heart upon them. Had he in the beginning formed a plan for doing good, and extended it as his wealth increased, he would have been more than safe. But he had no such plans, and, consequently, has yielded more and more to the covetous spirit, till he has well-nigh made shipwreck of his faith. This is the history of thousands who in early life were promising members of the church. "When I had but a little," said a man under the deep conviction of his sad error, "it seemed to me hardly worth saving; but when my fortune became large, it then appeared very important that it should be kept together, and be accumulating."

On another seat is an older member, with a family around him. In ten years he has quadrupled his possessions, but has not increased his donations to the cause of Christ one farthing. Wealth is rolling in upon him by thousands, and he is laying it up by thousands; but to win men to God, he gives it by dollars, perhaps by dimes. He values himself according to the amount of his worldly substance. He says, "Mine own arm hath gotten me this wealth;" and "sacrifices to his own drag, and burns incense to his own net." He aspires to the aristocracy of wealth much more ardently than to the true nobility which wisdom and moral worth impart. He has made gold his hope, and said unto the most fine gold, Thou art my confidence. His children are in doubt whether the love of money may not be perfectly compatible with pure religion, and the hoarding of it on earth no impediment to laying up the treasure in heaven. Men of the world pronounce him a hypocrite, or Christianity a fabrication. Neither are true. He is simply a covetous Christian.

Near him sits another, whose character suffers from the same cause. He is in the condition for which Agur prayed,—the state most favorable to healthful Christian development. He has neither riches nor poverty; but he is not content. Constant at the public services of the church, he yet gains no visible benefit from them. He is guilty of no flagrant moral obliquity, nor is his life marked by any particular sensibility to his obligations to do good. He takes advantage of the necessities of others, and sometimes grinds the face of the poor. He shows the best part of an article as a specimen, and then sells the worst. He never trades unless he is sure of having the best of the bargain. His Christian consistency is destroyed, and his religious influence lost. He is a burden to the church, and covetousness is the cause.

There is still another, whose estate is computed by hundreds of thousands, perhaps by millions. He is a man of intelligence, and some Christian activity. He is a teacher in the Sabbath-school, it may be, and a member of several benevolent societies. He gives frequently, and, in comparison with some others, liberally. But his wealth is increasing out of all proportion to the increase of his donations. The Boards of Missions, Education and Publication, are calling loudly for aid, which it is in his power to furnish; but he withholds it. Missionaries, bearing the heat and burden of the day,

send home their estimates of the lowest expense with which they can carry on the glorious work; the secretaries cut these down still lower, and then the churches fail to meet even this restricted demand. Inquiring heathen cry aloud for the bread of life, and many perish for the want of means to impart it to them. Retrenchments have been forced upon the Boards; the great evangelical work has in some places been brought to a stand, and in others partially reclaimed fields have been given back to the wastes of heathenism. Laborers in the field have relinquished a part of their scanty living; and in one case the whole was for a time given up to meet this painful exigency. And this rich disciple with others like him could have averted the famine of the Word, and given a new impulse to the work of winning souls. He heard the voice of his Master from the whitening but decaying fields, calling upon him for ten, twenty, or fifty thousand dollars; but he concludes that it is not his duty to give so much now. He has made his will; and, when he can have neither the pleasure nor honor of managing his estates any longer, he will then bequeath a fifth or a fourth part of them to the Lord.

But will wealth accomplish more for the world's conversion, demised in such masses at the close of life, than distributed in smaller sums during its course? Far otherwise. It breaks in upon the uniformity of that steady onward movement necessary to a healthy action, and to the highest success in the great work. It creates a surplus of funds at one time, which, if applied in opening new fields, is likely to be followed by a necessity for retrenchment when the work falls back upon the current contributions. And does not their Master require that those whom he has so greatly prospered should be, in the main, the administrators of their own estates? Were they to obey his command, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth," would they leave such large trusts to their executors? Could they do thus if they "laid by in store on the first day of the week, according as God hath prospered them"? Would they not be richer in good works at their decease for such a living beneficence, and the church better with their example, than it can be with only their post-mortem benefactions? Would not their children be happier in a larger inheritance of godliness, and more likely to do honor to their memory, than with such a temptation to complaint

when remittances are made to benevolent societies, which, but for such bequests, would have fallen to them? Why do so many cling to the mass of their wealth till it is too late to gain any personal benefit from its bestowment, or derive any pleasure from witnessing the good accomplished by it; till the church has too much reason to regard their removal as increasing rather than weakening her moral forces? Why? Alas! the love of money is the cause. It has grown into the very soul. It has given shape and tone to the whole character. And this subtle poison has been cherished under the deceptive idea of a future benevolence, to be consummated by the executors of a last will!

There are some circumstances in which legacies are the only expedient of returning to the Lord his own with usury. A working capital must often be retained, to which labor is making daily additions as a means of the largest benefactions while living; or a limited provision must be retained for sickness, or the infirmities of age, or for the future necessities of one's own family. All such uses of property, when the whole is truly consecrated, come as really as any other under the principle of stewardship.

Thus, Black Phebe, of Brunswick, Me., ranked for her eminent piety among the honorable women, was accustomed to deposit with a female friend the excess of her earnings above her expenses and her charities, demising to the American Board, as her residuary legatee, the sum of ten dollars and forty cents.

O, if we could expel covetousness from the hearts of Christians, how would there go with it much of the prevalent insensibility to the worth of the soul, and to the price paid for its redemption! What room would it leave in the church for a generous and world-wide benevolence! How would it restore vigor and symmetry to the Christian character, keeping the treasury of the Lord full of substance, and the field full of reapers! What icebergs of selfishness would it melt from the heart of the church! What dimness would it take from her eye, and what a palsy from her right arm! How would such an exorcism of this evil spirit leave her to be animated and governed by the all-conquering love of Jesus, and give her wings to fly into the uttermost parts of the world, bearing the blessed Gospel to the sin-worn and weary of earth's perishing inhabitants!

“ Dreamer, waken ! loiterer, hasten ! what thy task is, understand !
Thou art here to purchase substance, and the price is in thy hand.

Has the tumult of the market all thy sense confused and drowned ?
Do its glistening wares entice thee, or its shouts and cries confound ?

O, beware, lest thy Lord’s business be forgotten, while thy gaze
Is on every show and pageant which the giddy square displays !

Barter not his gold for pebbles ; do not trade in vanities ;
Pearls there are of price, and jewels, for the purchase of the wise.”

PRUDENT WIVES.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

SOME women there are,
Good women, though rare,
Whose lives are devotedly spent
In duties of home,
Who wish not to roam,
But seem to be always content.

Such women I love
All others above ;
For, modest, contented and meek,
Their children they train,
Dress tidy, though plain,
And others’ true happiness seek.

O, give me the wife,
To sweeten my life,
Who, prudent in deed and in word,
Can manage with skill,
Yet bows to the will
Of her gracious Redeemer and Lord ;

Who worships apart,
In the joy of her heart,
That God whom the angels adore ;
Then turns from her prayer
To duty and care,
With more cheerful song than before.

Such woman is mine ;
 The gift is divine ;
 And no one, O, no one but He
 Who doeth all well,
 Its richness can tell !
 Why should he bestow it on me ?

Harp, lift up thy song,
 Her praises prolong ;
 For, since this divine gift was given,
 My heart has grown light,
 My home has grown bright—
 Both filled with this sunshine of heaven.

OLD AND NEW CUSTOMS.

BY AN AGED PARISHIONER.

IN the year 1807, almost fifty years ago, on a cold, frosty morning in November, the small, quiet village of P——, in the eastern part of Massachusetts, was alive with interest and excitement. Though it was not the Sabbath, yet the church-bell rang out full and clear; nor was this call an unwelcome one, for soon the farm-houses seen in the distance send their willing inmates to take their accustomed places beneath the sacred roof. At an early hour the house is filled to overflowing, and still wagon after wagon drives to the door, the passengers alight, and are disappointed to find there is no room. In the mean time, after tuning the flutes, bass-viol and fiddle, the choir break forth into a triumphant song, and then the services of the occasion commence. It is plainly to be seen that it is no ordinary occasion which has drawn together such a crowd of eager listeners, some from the distance of ten or twenty miles. It is an event which has occurred but once in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. *It is the ordination of a pastor.*

Three months previous to this time the good old Dr. F—— was gathered to his fathers like a shock of corn fully ripe. During the latter years of his invaluable life he had often urged his people to provide him a successor or colleague, that when his heavenly Father called him home he might not leave them as sheep having no shepherd. But as he enjoyed a green old age, being hale in body and

vigorous in mind, this affectionate people could not endure the thought of hearing the words of life from other lips; so that when, at the close of the Lord's day, early in September, just as the sun was sinking to his rest, he calmly closed his eyes in death, his honest, warm-hearted people felt that they had lost their best earthly friend and adviser. From the three aged deacons, who occupied seats just below the pulpit, and who had so faithfully coöperated in all their pastor's measures for the good of the parish, down to the humble members of the almshouse, every one mourned a father dead. How well I can remember the sorrow of my grandfather when, early the next morning, as we were seated in order for family devotions, a neighbor drove hastily into the yard, and announced the sad tidings! It was so sudden, so unexpected, that for a few moments the family sunk under the blow. But soon grandfather laid aside his glasses, wiped the tears which were flowing down his pale and furrowed cheeks, then arose, and with clasped hands said in a broken voice, " 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' My children, let us pray." Never can I forget that prayer, many parts of which were inarticulate from emotion, while sobs echoed from every part of the room.

During the weeks which followed, how often he laid the state of the parish before the Lord! "Thou seest, O God, our desolate condition; we are as sheep without a shepherd. In infinite wisdom thou hast removed from our sight one who was dear to us as the apple of our eye, one who has been a faithful watchman upon the walls of Zion, who has led our feet in the right path; but we try not to murmur at thy righteous will, for we acknowledge thy right to do what thou wilt with thine own; but, O, send us a man after thine own heart, who shall break to us the bread of life!"

For several Sabbaths the neighboring ministers supplied the place of the beloved but deceased pastor, after which measures were taken which resulted in the settlement of the only candidate which they heard. At this distance of time I can hardly restrain a smile when I call to mind the solemnity which settled upon every countenance until this important business was decided. "It is so essential for us to have the right man," suggested Deacon Kimball. "It is something which cannot be undone if we make a mistake," urged Squire Butler.

Simple-hearted, ignorant souls! They never dreamed of the ease with which such mistakes would be rectified at a more advanced period of the nineteenth century. Indeed, it was a dark age in which they lived, or the little village was sadly behind the times; for the silver-haired deacons merely distributed the sacred elements and disbursed the bounty of the church, and then vainly imagined their work was done; not even suspecting that it was a part of their duty to watch over their minister, to warn him when he was too personal, or to advise him to leave when he had been too zealous in advancing any particular reform among them.

To be sure they prayed twice every day that they might have grace to perform aright the sacred duties connected with their office, that they might be like Aaron and Hurr to hold up the hands of their pastor, and coöperate with him in his arduous labors. To be sure, also, their lives were so full of beautiful teachings that none could look upon them, and witness the spirit of love which breathed in all their actions, without feeling that they were eminently prepared for a home of love beyond the skies. Yet, after all, the office of deacon was far from being elevated by them as it was by their wiser successors.

Mr. Rogers was perfectly contented with the offer made him of three hundred and fifty dollars salary, together with a parsonage and a supply of firewood. When, in addition, it was voted to give him a hundred dollars for settlement, the young candidate considered them extremely generous. Soon after his ordination he was married, at which time he found abundant proof to maintain the opinion he had already formed. For ten years I was an interested listener to his preaching, at which time I left home for a residence in the city, and, as my parents were both dead, I did not again visit my native place for many years.

In 1844 my youngest sister sent me a pressing invitation to go and see her. I did so, and was not a little surprised at the changes which everywhere met my eye. The old meeting-house was torn down, and a new one with a lofty spire was erected in its place. The small red and brown farm-houses, with which I had been so familiar, had given way to two-story dwellings or showy cottages. The old elm-tree before my grandfather's door was dead, and the brook where I had caught so many trout was dried, or had been

turned into another channel. I was sick at heart, and when I spoke of my sadness to my sister, she sighed as she said, "The people are changed quite as much as the place." Not many hours passed before she related to me the sorrows which weighed upon her spirits, and which I will briefly narrate. Mr. Rogers had died in 1836, and since that time they had settled and dismissed three pastors, each of them excellent men, whose labors would have been blessed if the people had not worked against them. The three deacons, who had taken the place of those who had long since entered upon their reward, were, as my sister remarked with a sigh, good men, she hoped; "but they were stirring, active men, and some say," she added, "that they are restless unless some great excitement is going on. There's Deacon Kimball, one would never imagine that he was of the same blood as his sainted father. He was the means of dismissing two ministers because they did n't get up more revivals, though a goodly number were added to the church during their ministrations. And now we are just about to lose our fourth pastor, who has been settled but a year, because he did n't vote the same ticket for governor as Deacon Welsh."

"Do the parish sympathize with the deacon?" I inquired.

"At first they did not wish to have the question agitated, and some mourned in secret for the return to our good old way of settling a pastor for life; but now the majority seem to agree with Deacon Welsh, who told Mr. Moore last week that he considered it the duty of every pastor to watch the leadings of Providence with regard to his residence among any people.

"And what do you consider the leadings of Providence in this case?" asked the minister.

"I consider, sir," responded the deacon, "that in your case you have done all the good you can ever do in this place, and I advise you to resign at once." The parish say Deacon Welsh is such an influential man, and pays so large a tax, that they cannot afford to lose him, and so I suppose Mr. Moore will have to go. O," she exclaimed with a burst of feeling, "I sometimes wish there was no such office as *deacon*! I would not have my husband chosen for the world."

In vain I tried to soothe her by the assurance that no church could prosper at the present day without a goodly supply of deacons;

that they had so elevated their office that it had become vastly more important than that of a clergyman; and that it was only because she was old-fashioned in her views that she looked upon the subject in that light. It was equally in vain that I assured her that opinions like mine were spread over the whole length and breadth of the land; that, with here and there a solitary exception, deacons, instead of churches and their ministers, ruled the affairs of the church; that such had become their acknowledged power that one of our most distinguished divines had said, "Give me a deacon on horseback, and I will unsettle any minister in New England in the space of three weeks." My weeping sister only shook her head as she exclaimed, "O for the days that are past!"

I remained in P—— four weeks, during which time the deacons dismissed Mr. Moore, and settled his successor, after hearing him as a candidate one Sabbath. The reason for this haste was explained to me by Deacon Kimball. The young licentiate had already received a call, and they must settle him at once, or lose him. This I repeated to my sister; but, so far from being satisfied, she only said, "I shall take good care not to become attached to him or his family, for I have been through the trial of giving up a loved pastor quite as often as I wish." Not all my arguments served to convince her that the world was rapidly growing more and more enlightened on such subjects; and I left her as I found her, cherishing the opinion that the old customs were better than the new.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. F. P. CANNING.

"For I know that thou wilt bring me to death and to the house appointed for all living."—JOB.

YES — all must tread the road
That leads the weary pilgrim to his rest;
And in that quiet home shall he be blest,
Who walked on earth with God.

Not in the busy throng
Of loiterers in the broad and flowery way,
Grasping the fleeting pleasures of a day,
Lured by the siren's song:

Nor where in sylvan bowers
The pampered child of fortune woos repose,
Where sorrow's wail, or sound of human woes
Break not on charmed hours ;

Not thus shall man prepare
Himself a home of rest and joy where rust
Brings not his cherished treasures to the dust,
To mock him in despair :

But in the haunts of sin,
There let the hand of love oft dry the tear ;
Teach hearts long steeped in misery's guilt to hear
The voice of God within ;

Guide erring souls to heaven,
When stricken low by grief's resistless hand,
And to the glories of the better land
Point hearts with anguish riven.

So shall thy narrow tomb
Prove but the portal of the world of light,
Where God himself with his own hand shall write
Our blissful welcome home.

ETERNITY.

And is it in the flight of threescore years
To push eternity from human thought ?
To smother souls immortal in the dust ?
A soul immortal, spending all its fires —
Wasting its strength in strenuous idleness —
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed
At aught this scene can threaten, or indulge —
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought
To waft a feather or to drown a fly !

DR. YOUNG.

MOTHER, teach your child to wait upon itself, — to put away a thing when done with it. But do not forget that you were once a child. The griefs of little ones are too often neglected ; they are great for them. Bear patiently with them, and never in any way rouse their anger, if it can be avoided. Teach a child to be useful, *whenever opportunity may offer.*

BENEVOLENCE, THE BASIS OF FREE INSTITUTIONS.

BY REV. DR. SHEPHERD.

PART I.

SEVERAL years ago it was my privilege to occupy a stage-coach, during a journey of nearly two days, in company with an intelligent Englishman, who belonged to the society of "Friends," and was a personal associate with those distinguished philanthropists, whose memory is so much revered in this country, Joseph John Gurney, William Allen, and Mrs. Fry. He had spent a year among us, with a view of acquainting himself with our improved system of prison discipline, and was about to return home, to unite with his benevolent associates in introducing a reform in the management of the prisons of his native land. With a candid and discriminating mind he had studied the nature and operations of our free institutions. He had seen many things to commend, and some things to excite fearful apprehension. Among the latter was the fact, that those great principles, intelligence, morality and piety, the cultivation of which constitutes the basis of all good government, are here rendered dependent almost entirely upon individual benevolence. Measures of improvement in that which enters into the vitality of the body politic are taken out of the hands of the magistracy, the public guardians, and submitted to the option of those from whom the revenue must come. And here the first inquiry will naturally be, "What will they cost?" "If," said he, "your noble experiment fails, it will be because the principles essential to its success are so often and so cautiously weighed in the balances with dollars and cents."

One of the strongest arguments in support of monarchical governments is, that no power short of the sovereign can command revenues sufficient to meet the exigences of an enlightened, stable, and enduring commonwealth. "Take this resource from the throne, and put it into the hands of the people to be used as voluntary offerings," says the advocate of royalty, "and after a season of excitement occasioned by the novelty of freedom shall have passed away, individ-

ual interest and personal emolument, combined with uneducated self-love, will so far overpower all considerations for the public welfare, that voluntary contributions will fail, the sources of moral virtue dry up, and the pillars of state totter and ultimately fall."

Now it cannot be denied that my fellow-traveller had studied the system of voluntary institutions with such discrimination as to detect its weakest point. And although he was by no means disposed to speak disparagingly of our public spirit, in the voluntary support of moral and religious institutions, still he saw everywhere such striking indications of the preponderating power of the love of money and insatiable thirst for accumulation, that he could not but entertain serious apprehensions as to the result of our political experiment.

Can the danger here indicated be averted, and the predictions of the friends of monarchy, in regard to the failure of our free institutions, proved to be without foundation? This problem can only be settled in the affirmative by the cultivation and diffusion of that expansive benevolence, which comes in direct antagonism with that spirit of narrow-minded, debasing selfishness, which is the essence of depravity and the bane of the social compact.

In urging the claims of expansive benevolence in its most extended cultivation as the basis of our free institutions, I would invite the attention of the reader to those vital points in our social compact, the existence and permanency of which depend upon the exercise of benevolence; the obstacles which rise up to oppose the cultivation of such a public spirit; and the motives which should induce us to rise above them, and to stand fast and immovable in the liberty wherewith God in his providence hath made us free.

I use the term benevolence in its broadest sense. I apply it not only to the expenditure of money in public charities, but to the giving up of time, toil and influence, to the general good of the community, without the expectation of any direct equivalent in return as value received for the sacrifice made. In certain cases there may be, in fact, more than an equivalent returned; but it is of a nature so indirect and indefinite, that it cannot be set down in dollars and cents. Such, for instance, are the returns made to the liberal supporters of free schools, and the institutions of the Gospel, through the increased security and value of their estates, the enjoy-

ment of a higher domestic civilization, the improvement of the various arts by which a community are made rich, by an increase of knowledge and industry. In a multitude of such indirect ways every dollar expended in support of the competent teacher, or able and pious minister, yields its tenfold return. But it is usually so indirect and unperceived, that it cannot well become a matter of close calculating investment. Providence has wisely obscured the results, so that it may not be a matter of selfish gain, but of generosity, of public spirit, to bestow a liberal patronage upon public schools and an efficient ministry.

There are, however, expenditures of money, toil and influence, upon fields from which no return of an earthly nature can be anticipated. There are yet extended portions of our own country where education, civilization and religion, are yet to do their appropriate work through the charities and self-denying labors of the benevolent. There are wide fields abroad, the dark parts of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty, which remain to be enlightened, reclaimed and saved, by the institutions of the Gospel. Here we cast our bread upon the waters. We give and labor for the benefit of those from whom no earthly return can be made.

All sacrifices and efforts of the nature here described, whether they be for objects purely disinterested, or for such as render their remote returns in coin which cannot be measured by dollars and cents, I denominate the fruits of benevolence. Under the popular system of free institutions which we have adopted as the genius of our Republic, I am willing to accredit a spirit of benevolence, not only to him who gives bread to the hungry and relief to the distressed, but also to the freeman who, in the assembly of his fellow-citizens, can throw his vote and his influence for liberal appropriations for the diffusion of learning, morality and piety, among all classes of society.

Let us for a moment consider how vitally such a benevolent spirit is associated with the very existence of a government constituted like our own. What are those pillars which form the main support of our republic? They are chiefly three, Intelligence, Morality, Religion. Take away either of these, and the temple of liberty must fall. Intelligence is needful, for it appertains to whatever is essential to a proper understanding of the inalienable rights

of man, the source from whence they spring, how they are to be maintained, and what is their value. The reciprocal duties and responsibilities of rulers and citizens constitute an essential branch of study. Those obligations which bind every man to his neighbor, his nation, and the world, and which these, in return, owe to him, are important themes for the consideration of republicans. In short, everything that pertains to the enlargement of the mind, in the science of nature and of art — of God our heavenly Father, his laws, and our relations to the retributions of eternity, — is essential to the proper training of an independent citizen, thoroughly furnished for every good work.

Next to a well-informed and discriminating mind stands an enlightened conscience, quickly responsive to the dictates of justice, truth, honor, and honesty, between man and man.

Still higher in the qualifications of Christian citizenship come the offices and responsibilities of religion, binding every rational, accountable being first to his Maker, by that immutable summary of duties contained in the first table of the moral law; and, secondly, to his fellow-beings, by the summary of the second table, under sanctions which are eternal.

We have, then, these three pillars, Intelligence, Morality, and Religion, quarried from the mountain rock, hewn, sculptured, and set up in their places in Freedom's temple by the hand of Christian patriotism, there to be guarded by watchful and benevolent care, that they may receive no damage, nor be removed from their places to the end of time.

Where shall we look for a brighter practical exhibition of self-denying devotion to the welfare of their country, rather than to the early history of New England? Those pioneers of the wilderness were, as a body, possessed of intelligence, integrity, and Christian enterprise, beyond the ordinary founders of a new empire. Verily did Providence "sift three kingdoms" that it might have "the choicest wheat" wherewith to plant this virgin soil. Contemplate their early efforts in the cause of education. Scarcely had they erected their own humble dwellings in the wilderness, before they began, by free contribution and voluntary taxation, to provide for the education of the rising generation. Silver and gold they had not, but with such as they had, the avails of their lands were conse-

crated "to Christ and his church" in laying the foundation of Harvard College. Next came the institution of free schools, a perfect novelty among the nations, which has since proved the glory and defence of the land. While undergoing the hardships of subduing the wilderness, defending themselves against the aggressions of a jealous, savage foe, and providing themselves and families with the means of a meager subsistence, they kept their great object steadily in view, by sacrificing and self-denying toils of which we of this generation can form no adequate conception.

In all these things they were ensamples to us their descendants. In the institutions of learning which they founded, they have bequeathed a sacred legacy to us, to be improved and enlarged according to the improvements of the age and the demands of the times in which we live. How great the advancement of the arts of agriculture, commerce, manufacturing, and modes of intercourse between nations, since the settlement of this country! Should there not be a corresponding advance in the education of the people? These are times of competition, of keen-eyed selfishness, of overreaching ambition for social preëminence; and men must be educated to meet the conflicts of the age. There is an appeal to the generous and the noble-minded friends of their country. To meet this increasing demand for educational resources adequate to the increasing wants of this enterprising age, generous appropriations of time, and toil, and money, are called for from year to year. And when the sovereign people assemble for the purpose of consulting and acting for the diffusing of intelligence by means of public seminaries of every grade, those only come up to the standard of their forefathers, and fulfil their duty as true patriots devoted to the good of free institutions, who, independent of selfish consideration, cast their influence into the scale of generous appropriations for popular education.

Important, however, as it is that the intellect of a free people should be well stored with various knowledge pertaining to the duties and responsibilities of good citizenship, still more important is it that their moral sense be preserved uncorrupt, their consciences unscared, and their religious sympathies sensitively alive to the claims of honesty, truth, and good faith.

But the discussion of this essential branch of my subject must be reserved for my next article.

TO LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

WHEN this publication comes to your house I want you, children, to turn over the pages until you find the short article addressed to you. Now do not shut up the book and say, "It don't look interesting; I had rather read stories;" for I may tell you true stories in the course of the year. When you read them, I hope you will not skip the moral. I was once a little girl, and I know what girls and boys are apt to do. Do not read too fast what I write for you, so that you cannot understand it; but try to improve by what you read.

I remember when I was a child about eight years old, my dear father, who is now in heaven, promised my sister and myself a reward of a handsomely bound Bible, when we had read ours through in course. I was, as you will suppose, very anxious to obtain the beautifully gilded book, which was already purchased and lying upon the shelf; so I used to read on as fast as I could. Now, I had early been taught that the Bible was the word of God, and I knew better than to jabber it off in the way I did, merely for the sake of getting through it; but when I came to Leviticus and Numbers, there were whole chapters which I could not comprehend, and I thought the faster I got through them the better. I can see, now, that I ought to have gone to my father, and told him I did not like to read in those books, and to have asked him if it would not be better for me to postpone doing so until I was older. No doubt he would have allowed it, and then I should not have had so much cause for sorrow that I treated God's word with disrespect. Before I go on I will tell you, as a moral to this part of my story, a copy I once wrote in my writing-book, and which I repeated so often that I never forgot it. It was this, "*Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.*"

In order to help you to understand one verse of Scripture, I shall relate a short account of a boy with whom I was once acquainted. When you have read it, I hope you will endeavor, as Harry did, to conquer a city. If you set about this work in earnest, you will

have more assistance than even the Pasha of Turkey finds in the armies of the allies, for the conquering of Sabastopol ; for God himself has promised you his aid.

“He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.” — *Prov. 16 : 32.*

Early one morning, Harry ran down stairs to breakfast, but met one of his brothers in the entry, who was not disposed to give him an arrow which he held in his hand. Harry began to kick, and scream, which caused his mother to leave the breakfast-room, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. The little boy stopped screaming to tell his story ; then Herbert told his : “He showed all that temper just because I would n’t give him my new arrow, and when I told him I would make him one.”

The kind mother took the little offender by the hand, and led him away into the parlor. Here, taking him in her lap, she said : “Harry, do you know how naughty it is for you to exhibit such a temper ? If you do so, God will be displeased with you. No one will love you, and you will be very unhappy. Are you happy, now, my dear ?” “No, mamma.” “Then try to put away all your bad feelings. The Bible says, ‘He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that conquereth a city.’”

This was a new idea to Harry, and, making a great effort, he restrained his anger, and, looked up with a smiling face. His mother kissed him, and told him it made her very happy to see him try to be a good boy. Then they went out to breakfast. Harry ran up and put his arms around his father’s neck, saying, “*I’ve conquered a city ! I’ve conquered a city !*” After this there were so many cities conquered, that Mrs. ——— had to make a little book to put down the number. Even Willie, the baby boy, felt the effect of the example, and, when inclined to be fretful or impatient in play, would restrain himself and run to his mother, and say, “Put down in my book, I’ve conquered a city.” A short time since, I heard my little friend, Harry, say to his mother, “I have not had one city to conquer to-day ;” and so every little boy and girl will find, if they set out in earnest to conquer all their naughty feelings, that every time it will be easier than the last ; until, at length, as Harry said, “there will be no more cities to conquer.”

A M Y.

BY META LANDER.

It was a winter's twilight. Shadows moved about the room with noiseless feet, while the ruddy light flickered pleasantly between the ancient andirons. A venerable lady, whose hair old Time had silvered, but whose heart he had left fresh and young, sat musing in an arm-chair, drawn up coseily by the fireside. Suddenly the door opened, and fairy footsteps bounded to her side.

"Well, Bessie," said the old lady, laying her hand lovingly on the child's sunny ringlets, "have you had a good slide?"

"Beautiful, aunt Ruth; and now, won't you tell me one of your nice stories?"

Bessie was an only child. Her mother had recently gone to the better land, and she had come to visit her aunt, of whose heart she at once took possession by her winning ways and her affectionate disposition. But aunt Ruth's eyes were of the clear sort, and she soon discovered that Bessie was not only unscrupulous as to the truth, but that she displayed little sensitiveness when detected in a falsehood. Now, if there was any one trait for which aunt Ruth was particularly distinguished, it was her unswerving rectitude; if there was any one thing that annoyed her more than all others, it was aught that came under the category of falsities. It was the language of her heart, "A liar shall not stand in my sight." She determined, with the help of God, to root out from her darling's character the noxious weed, whatever effort it might cost her. Of this she had been musing, and her resolve was formed.

"Get your cricket, dear, and come close beside me;" and in a moment the child's blue eyes were upturned to hers.

"I am old now, Bessie," and she tenderly stroked that fair brow, "and my memory is failing. But I can recall the time when I was a little dancing, sunny-haired girl like you. You open your eyes wonderingly, but, if your life is spared, before you know it, child, you will be an old lady, like aunt Ruth.

"In those young days, I was in a spelling-class at school with a little girl named Amy, a sweet-tempered sensitive child, and a very

good scholar. She seemed disposed to cling to me, and I could not well resist her timid advances. Yet I did not quite like her, because she often went above me in the class, when, but for her, I should have stood at the head. Poor Amy could not account for my occasional coolness, for I was too proud to let her know the reason. I had been a truthful child, Bessie, but envy tempted me, and I yielded. I sometimes tried to prejudice the other girls against Amy, and this was the beginning of my deceit. She was too difficult to defend herself, and so I usually carried my point.

"One day our teacher gave out to us the word *Believe*. In her usual low voice Amy spelt, '*B-e-l-i-e-v-e, believe.*' Her teacher, misunderstanding her, said quickly, 'Wrong — the next;' but turning to her again, asked, 'Did you not spell it *l-e-i-v-e*?' 'No, ma'am, I said *l-i-e-v-e.*' Miss R——, still in doubt, looking at me inquired, 'You heard, Ruth; how was it?' A wicked thought occurred to me — to disgrace her, and raise myself. Deliberately I uttered a gross falsehood. 'Amy said *l-e-i-v-e.*' The teacher turned toward her, but, confounded by my accusation, she was silent, while her flushed face and streaming eyes gave her the appearance of guilt. 'Amy,' said her teacher sternly, 'I did not expect a lie from you. Go, now, to the foot of the class, and remember to remain after school.'

"I had triumphed, Bessie; Amy was disgraced, and I stood proudly at the head of my class; but I was not happy.

"When school was dismissed, I pretended to have lost something, and lingered in the hall. I heard the teacher say,

"'Amy, come here;' and then I caught the light footsteps of the gentle child.

"'How *could* you tell that lie?'

"'Miss R—— I did not tell a lie;' but, even as she denied it, I could see through the key-hole that in her grief at the charge, and her dread of punishment, she stood trembling like a culprit.

"'Hold out your hand.'

"There I stood as if spell-bound. Stroke after stroke of the hard ferule I heard fall upon the small white hand of the innocent child. You may well hide your eyes from me, Bessie. O, why did I not speak? Every stroke went to my heart, but I would not confess my sin, and so I stole softly from the door. As I lingered on the

way, Amy walked slowly along, with her books in one hand, while with the other she kept wiping away the tears, which yet would not cease to flow. Her sobs, seeming to come from a breaking heart, sank deep into my own. As she walked weepingly on, her foot stumbling, she fell, and her books were scattered on the ground. I picked them up and handed them to her. Turning toward me her soft blue eye, swimming in tears, in the sweetest tones she said,

“ ‘I thank you, Ruth.’

“It made my guilty heart beat faster, but I *would not* speak; so we went on silently together.

“When I reached home, ‘What is the use,’ said I to myself; ‘nobody knows it, and why should I be so miserable?’ I resolved to throw off the hated burden, and, going into the pleasant parlor, I talked and laughed as if nothing were the matter. But the load on my poor heart only grew the heavier. I needed no one, Bessie, to tell me the wages of sin. The eye of God seemed consuming me. But the worse I felt, the gayer I seemed, and more than once I was checked for my boisterous mirth, while tears were struggling to escape.

“At length I went to my room. I could not pray, and so, hurrying to bed, I resolutely shut my eyes. But sleep would not come to me. The ticking of the old clock in the hall seemed every moment to grow louder, as if reproaching me; and when it slowly told the hour of night, it smote upon my ear like a knell. I turned and turned on my little pillow, but it was filled with thorns. Those sweet blue eyes, swimming in tears, were ever before me; the repeated strokes of the hard ferule kept sounding in my ears. At length, unable to endure it longer, I left my bed, and sat down by the window. The noble elms stood peacefully in the moonlight, the pencilled shadow of their spreading branches lying tremulously on the ground. The white fence, the gravelled walks, the perfect quietness in which everything without was wrapped, seemed to mock my restlessness, while the solemn midnight sky filled me with an awe I had never felt before. Ah! Bessie, a reproving conscience and an angry God are too hard for a child to wrestle with!

“As I turned from the window, my eyes rested on the snow-white coverlet of my little bed, a birth-day gift from my angel-mother. All her patient kindness rushed upon my mind. I felt her dying

hand upon my head. I listened once more to her faltering voice, as she fervently besought the blessing of Heaven upon her first-born. 'O, make her a truthful, holy child !' I tried to banish from my thoughts this last petition of my dying mother ; but the more resolute was my purpose, the more distinctly did those pleading tones fall upon my heart, till, bowing upon the window, I wept convulsively. But tears, Bessie, could give me no relief.

"My agony became every moment more intense, till, at length, I rushed almost in terror to my father's bedside. 'Father ! father !' but I could say no more. Tenderly putting his arms around me, he laid my throbbing head upon his bosom ; and there he gently soothed me, till I could so far control the torrent as to explain its cause. Then, how fervently did he plead with Heaven that his sinning child might be forgiven !

" 'Dear father, will you go with me to-night to see poor Amy ?'

" 'To-morrow morning, my child.'

"Delay was torture ; but, striving to suppress my disappointment, I received my father's kiss, and went back to my room. But slumber still fled from my weary eyelids. My longing to beg Amy's forgiveness amounted to frenzy ; and, after watching for the morning for what seemed to me hours, my anguish became so intolerable that I fled once more to my father, and, with tears streaming down my cheeks, I knelt by his bed, beseeching him to go with me to Amy *that minute* ; adding in a whisper, 'She may die before she has forgiven me.' He laid his hand upon my burning cheek, and, after a moment's thought, replied,

" 'I *will* go with you, my child.'

"In a few minutes we were on our way. As we approached Mrs. Sinclair's cottage, we perceived lights hurrying from one room to another. Shuddering with an undefinable dread, I drew closer to my father. He softly opened the gate, and silently we passed through it. The doctor, who was just leaving the door, seemed greatly surprised to meet us there at that hour. Words cannot describe my feelings, when, in answer to my father's inquiries, he told us that Amy was sick with a brain fever.

" 'Her mother tells me,' he continued, 'that she has not been well for some days ; but that she was unwilling to remain from school. She came home yesterday afternoon, it seems, very unlike

herself. She took no supper, but sat at the table mute, as if stupefied with grief. Her mother tried every way to draw from her the cause of her sorrow; but in vain. She went to bed with the same heart-broken appearance, and in less than an hour I was summoned. In her delirium she has been calling upon you, dear Ruth, beseeching you, with the most mournful earnestness, to pity and to save her.'

"Bessie, may you never know how his words pierced my heart!

"My earnest pleas to see Amy just one minute prevailed with her widowed mother. Kindly taking my hand,—the murderer's,—she led me to the sick-chamber. As I looked on the sweet sufferer, all hope deserted me. The shadows of death were already on her pale forehead, and in her large blue eyes. Kneeling by her bed, in whispered words my heart pleaded, O, so earnestly! for forgiveness. But, when I looked entreatingly towards her, in her delirious gaze there was no recognition. No, Bessie! I never was to be comforted by the assurance of her pardon.

"When I next saw Amy, she was asleep. The bright flush had faded from her cheek, whose marble paleness was shaded by her long eyelashes. Delirium had ceased, and her aching heart was still. That small white hand, which had been held out tremblingly to receive the blows of the harsh ferule, now lay lovingly folded within the other. Never again would tears flow from those gentle eyes, nor that bosom heave with sorrow. That sleep was the sleep of death!

"My grief was wilder if not deeper than that mother's of whose last treasure I had robbed her. She forgave me; but I could not forgive myself. What a long, long winter followed! My sufferings threw me into a fever, and in my delirium I called continually upon Amy. But God listened to the prayers of my dear father, and raised me from this sickness. And when the light footsteps of Spring were seen upon the green earth, and early flowers were springing up around the grave of Amy, for the first time I was allowed to visit it.

"My head swam as I read, lettered so carefully on the white tablet:

'AMY SINCLAIR,
FELL ASLEEP SEPTEMBER 3d.'

"Beside that fresh turf I knelt down, and offered, as I trust, the

prayer of faith. I believe I was there forgiven, and strengthened too, Bessie," said aunt Ruth, as she laid her hand tenderly upon that young head bowed down upon her lap. Poor Bessie's tears had long been flowing, and now her grief seemed uncontrollable. Nor did her aunt attempt consolation; for she hoped there was healing in that sorrow.

"Pray for me!" whispered Bessie, as, at length, looking up through her tears, she flung her arms about her aunt; and from a full heart aunt Ruth poured out her petitions in behalf of the weeping child.

That scene was never forgotten by Bessie; for, in that dim hour, from the depths of her repentant tears, a light dawned upon her brighter than the morning. And, although it had cost aunt Ruth not a little to call up this dark shadow from the past, yet she felt repaid a thousand-fold for her sacrifice. For that sweet young face, lovely as a May morning, but whose beauty had been often marred by the workings of deceit and falsehood, grew radiant in the clear light of that truthful purpose which was then born in her soul.

THE OLD BACHELOR'S NEW YEAR.

O, THE Spring hath less of brightness
Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness
Every year!
Nor do summer blossoms quicken,
Nor does autumn's fruitage thicken,
As it did — the seasons sicken
Every year.

It is growing colder, colder,
Every year,
And I feel that I am older
Every year;
And my limbs are less elastic,
And my fancy not so plastic,
Yes, my habits grow monastic
Every year.

'T is becoming bleak and bleaker
Every year,
And my hopes are waxing weaker
Every year;
Care I now for merry dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing?
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

O, the days that I have squandered
Every year !
And the friendships rudely sundered
Every year !
Of the ties that might have twined me,
Until Time to Death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

Sad and sad to look before us
Every year,
With a heavier shadow o'er us
Every year !
To behold each blossom faded,
And to know we might have made it
An immortal garland braided
Round the year.

Many a spectral beckoning finger,
Year by year,
Chides me that so long I linger,
Year by year;
Every early comrade sleeping
In the churchyard, whither, weeping,
I, alone, unwept, am creeping,
Year by year.

[Ladies' Own Journal.]

NEVER reprove a child when excited, nor let your tone of voice be raised when correcting. Strive to inspire love, not dread—respect, not fear. Remember you are training and educating a soul for eternity.

DAISY CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

IN the Linnæan system these flowers belong to the class *Syngenesia*, to the order *Superflua*, to the genus *Chrysanthemum*, and to the species *Pompon* or *Chusan daisy*, of which there are many elegant varieties. The generic name is derived from two Greek words, *chrysos*, gold, and *anthema*, flower, in allusion to the golden color of the primitive blossoms of this plant, the origin of which it is not easy, at this late period, to describe. We give illustrations of several varieties, readily propagated by cuttings, by a division of the root, and sometimes by the seed, flourishing well in a light soil and flowering abundantly in the autumn. They are among the finest ornaments of the garden, the flower-stand, and the green-house.

These "The Horticulturist" thus describes: 1. *La Gitano*. — Pure white, tinted with rose as it fades; form regular and fine. 2. *Criterion*. — Clear bright yellow, outside petals slightly marked with red. Flower rather above the average size, fine form, a free, excellent bloomer. 3. *Mignonette*. — Small, remarkably regular and daisy-like. Color yellow, deeply tipped with brownish-red. 4. *Sylphide*. — Pure white, slightly yellowish in the centre, and lightly tinged with rose on the edge while fading. Form remarkably compact and regular. 5. *Asmodia*. — Brownish-red on an orange-yellow ground. A distinct and showy variety. 6. *Perfecta* or *Perfection*. — Purplish lilac. Form regular and beautiful. Blooms in large clusters. 7. *Daphnis*. — Deep purplish-rose, bordering on crimson. A rich color and a free-blooming, excellent variety. Beside these there are several other varieties of this species, now generally known.

This plant is easy of cultivation. Cuttings will root in a few days in a temperature of sixty-five degrees. If this is done in small pots, early in the spring, they may be planted in the border at the close of that season, and, if properly pruned, watered, and cultivated, especially if they are repotted before the buds set or become large, and returned to the flower-stand before the first autumnal frosts, they will produce an abundance of elegant flowers from October to Christmas.

OLD MOLL AND LITTLE AGNES; OR, THE RICH POOR AND THE POOR RICH.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

"There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches." — SOLOMON.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY in the afternoon of a rainy day in September, any one passing the great house of ———, on Broadway, might see an old woman, with furrowed cheeks and worn and patched garments, denoting extreme destitution, collecting her small store of fruit preparatory to her return home. The sight of her there was nothing new; for, winter and summer, spring and fall, for many a year, she had occupied the same post, gaining a wretched subsistence by the sale of apples, pears, and peaches, together with nuts and candy. Indeed, when the magnificent freestone block of stores was completed, the owner no sooner took possession thereof than she established herself, rent free, in front of it. For the first few months she certainly was regarded as a nuisance, and was often rudely driven away, to take her station in a more humble position; but she invariably returned with the new day, until, wearied with her persistency, and finding her really harmless and otherwise unobtrusive, Mr. ——— suffered her to remain, until now she considered herself an important part of his great warehouse. Who she was, or where she went when her duties for the day were finished, no one knew, and no one cared. When the porter came in the morning to remove from the long windows the heavy, iron-bound shutters, he found her there before him; but, though for nearly seven years he had daily accosted her with "Good morning, Old Moll!" which was the only title by which she was known, yet he had advanced not one step toward any further acquaintance.

In summer she wore an old black straw bonnet, of ancient form, the fore part deep enough to serve her eyes as a shade from the sun, which reflected from the opposite block. This was tied under her chin by a wide piece of ribbon, which had been so long exposed to

the sun and rain that it was impossible to tell its original color. A black bombazet petticoat, and a shawl pinned across her dress, completed her attire during the warm season. In winter a brown hood, with high puffs, surmounted by little bows, supplied the place of the straw bonnet, while a gray linsey-woolsey gown and a large shawl did their best to protect her from the chilling blast; for the day must be extremely cold and stormy which detained her at home.

But the present season was her golden harvest. There she sat at the end of the broad granite steps, the lofty walls rising story after story above her, her rude wooden tray pushed close to the building, to be out of the way of the gayly-dressed throng who were continually passing in and out of the store. It was indeed a favored spot for her traffic. One equally so could hardly be found in the whole city; and its undisturbed possession rendered Old Moll an object of bitter envy as well as awe to all her compeers. Here came the millionaire with his wife and children; and, even if they passed in without heeding her wistful look, as she held up to view the tempting fruit, she often found a generous customer in the well-dressed coachman, who was glad to beguile the tedious hour he stood at the door, with no other employment than to keep the flies off his superb span of horses, by exchanging some of his coppers for the contents of her basket. Then came young ladies, with their bright eyes and sparkling glances, eager to witness the astonishing treasures — silks, shawls, and laces — advertised as “just received” by the great house within. These were generally accompanied by gentlemen, dressed in the height of fashion, many of whom considered society at large, and Broadway in particular, indebted to them for elevating the standard of good taste in the community. Some of these are so consecrated to the welfare of the rising generation that they devote the morning to Monsieur Chalieur, the celebrated French barber, and the afternoon and evening to gratuitous advertisements of the same, together with the latest styles of coats, vests, neck-ties, and pantaleons, sold by Mr. Newland, the prince of merchant tailors.

When such a company approach, Old Moll — who, with her long experience, is a shrewd judge of character — selects her choicest specimens, and, with a voice meant to be soft, says, “Nice Jersey peach, miss! — Juicy pears, sir, fresh this morning, — only a shilling the half-dozen!” This appeal seldom fails to bring into her

withered, gloveless hand a perfect shower of loose change, even though her tempting fruit remains untouched.

Here, then, the apple-woman remained from sunrise to sunset, and retired, when the store was lighted for the evening, whether or not her basket was relieved of her stores of fruit.

On the occasion referred to above, not a little curiosity was excited among the busy throng of clerks and accountants at the early hour at which she was observed preparing for her departure. Even Mr. —, as he passed into the street, stopped for one moment to address her. "Well, Moll, you retire from business early to-day."

The old woman turned her withered countenance and lustreless eyes toward the speaker, but made no reply. The gentleman passed on; but, every now and then, a remembrance of that one glance into her face, so pallid and ghastly, flitted across his mind, and he formed a determination that, on the morrow, he would inquire if she were ill, or in want; and, if so, to render her aid.

But he was one day too late. Old Moll never returned, and though prompted by charity, not unmixed with curiosity at her sudden and unprecedented absence, he made many inquiries for her, he never could learn the reason of her quitting her post.

But we will take the liberty to follow her to the place she called home. Passing slowly and wearily along the wet and muddy pavement, she at length turned down a narrow street until she reached an old stone building near the wharf, which had formerly been occupied for storage. Taking a key from her pocket, she unlocked the door, and passing inside drew a heavy bolt, which seemed almost too much for her strength, for she was obliged to seat herself upon the stairs before she could mount them, and then ascended to a room in the third story.

"Get up, Agnes!" she said harshly, to a child lying on a bed of straw, in the corner of the wretched apartment, "get up, child, and bring some chips for a fire. I am sick."

Agnes quickly obeyed, and ran into an adjoining room, from which she brought wood and matches to light the fire.

The old woman then with difficulty made her way to the same place, and with the assistance of the child brought out a small hair trunk, or what had once been a hair trunk, but of which now only

the worn yellow skin remained. Taking a key from her pocket, she brought forth a bottle and held it to the light, but not a drop did it contain. With a muttered expression of impatience she bid Agnes put on her hood and go to the apothecary's for one gill of brandy, at the same time counting out a few cents into her hand. "Tell him," said she, "it's for your granny, and she is very sick."

Agnes ran down the stairs, but immediately returned, saying she could not unbolt the door. At the same moment a spasm of pain passed through the old woman, and she realized the necessity of instant relief. After a momentary delay she arose and made her way down the stairs, unbolted the door, and, bidding the child to lose not a moment, again attempted to mount them. But she was obliged to rest repeatedly, and had only reached her chamber when Agnes returned. It was proof enough that she was in great distress that she did not once call to mind the fact that the door, which for years she had so carefully guarded, was now open to any one who might choose to enter. Agnes, having mixed the contents of the phial with some hot water, gave it to the old woman, who drained the cup without taking it from her lips. For a few moments this revived her, and she called the child to her side, and said, "Agnes, perhaps I shall go away; when I do, I will give you all that is in my trunk; but you must put it in a safe place, and let no one know that you have it. If your uncle Sandy comes, don't let him see it, or he will take it from you. I am sorry I have been so cross to you, for you are a good girl, and somebody will take care of you. I wish I had placed you——" Here another and more violent spasm convulsed her whole frame, and interrupted what she was saying; but, after a moment, with almost a scream, she resumed, "*Take good care of the trunk!*" and then fell back clinging to the chair for support.

The little girl, who was scarcely six years old, was very much alarmed. She ran to the corner where the bed lay, and with the exertion of all her strength succeeded in drawing it toward the fire. Old Moll threw herself upon it, and with the muttered words "My — trunk," upon her lips, sank into a state of insensibility.

After sitting for a long time in silence, wondering that her grandmother had fallen so suddenly asleep, Agnes crept close to her side, and, pulling the soiled blankets around her, nestled herself close to

the old woman, and went to sleep supperless, as she had often done before.

It was near midnight when she was aroused by a noise in the lower hall, and, holding her breath to listen, she distinctly heard the creaking of the stairs, as of some one stealthily mounting them. Feeling around in the dark, she at length put her hand upon the wrinkled face of her grandmother, and called out softly, "Granny, do wake up. Somebody's coming."

"Yes, child," whispered the old woman, "Sandy's coming home. Here, put your hand on his soft curls. They are just like silk. Say, Mary, did you ever see a fairer skin?"

Agnes listened in wonder, but, as the noise had suddenly ceased, her thoughts soon became indistinct, and at length her senses were again locked in the profound slumber of childhood.

Not so the old woman by her side. She was living over again the days of her early womanhood. The hour was eve. She was at the door of a vine-covered cottage; a merry child was playing before her, and in the distance she saw a tall form approaching, leading by the hand a beautiful boy. He was her darling, and that was his father. Five years she had been the happy wife of Alexander Ross, and the mother of little Mary, his black-eyed daughter. Smiles played about her wrinkled mouth, wholly unmindful of the deep furrows time and care had placed there. Her heart glowed, as it had not done for two-score years. She was again innocent and happy. Yes, in that midnight hour she lost sight of a long course of sin, by which she had gradually become the hardened wretch she was at present; and she was looking forward to bright years of happiness and prosperity. "Perhaps I shall," she fancied, "even be rich, and, instead of this little cottage, shall be the owner of that noble mansion I see in the distance; then Sandy, dear Sandy, shall ride in his coach and we ——"

"What's that you are saying about me, mother?" whispered a grum voice in her ear.

Poor Moll! Her visions quickly vanished. No longer was she a happy wife and fond mother, twining her fingers lovingly in the soft curls of her fair boy. No, her home was destroyed, her husband dead, and, with his daughter Mary, sleeping beneath the sod. But her son, where was he? Alas! by the light of a dark lantern

she saw him kneeling before her old leather trunk, and hurriedly searching for her hard-earned gold. Collecting all her strength, Moll sprang from the bed, and endeavored to wrest it from his grasp; but she was weak as an infant in his hands. He threw her from him, saying with a curse, "I have got all I want. You'll never see me again," and, before she could rouse herself to reply, he had the trunk in his arms, and left as silently as he came.

"All — all — gone!" groaned the old woman, sinking back upon her hard bed, "all gone — and Sandy too! O, Agnes! if I could but live till morning — O, this pain will kill me! — I would confess. But ah! it is too — too late! — O, Sandy, you have killed your mother!"

A dreadful convulsion rendered her speechless; but conscience was aroused at last, and she gazed with increasing horror into the darkness, straining her eyes to see her child once more; but even this poor consolation was denied her. The little one, who had been her companion in poverty and wretchedness, but whom she had always harshly repelled, was quietly sleeping, unconscious that the grim messenger, who will sooner or later come for us all, had entered their desolate abode, and was summoning her only protector and earthly friend to the world of spirits.

When she awoke the sun was shining brightly into the room, and she was surprised and somewhat alarmed that her grandmother had not yet arisen. She lay for a long time gazing at the dusty cobwebs, reflected so strongly in the sunlight, and wondered as she gazed if the time would ever come when she should live in a pleasant house, and have brothers and sisters playing with her, as she had seen them in houses where her grandmother had sent her to beg. Alas! she little realized that on the morrow she would be houseless and homeless; that during the long cold winter the pavement would often serve her for a pillow, the star-spangled sky her only covering. Poor Agnes!

At length the cravings of hunger forced her from the place which she called her bed. Old Moll usually arose early, prepared her own breakfast, and when she went out left some bread for her grandchild upon the table. Now she could see nothing but the market-basket, covered in the corner, and that she dared not touch. She searched the closet, and found a few crumbs, the remains of yester-

day's dinner. These she eagerly devoured, but they did not at all satisfy the gnawing sensation produced by want of food. Looking carefully at the motionless figure upon the bed, she moved stealthily toward the basket and lifted the towel which concealed the tempting fruit from view. O, how tempting to the poor starving child ! She cannot resist. One, two, three peaches rapidly disappear ; then follows a nice juicy pear, a luxury such as the little creature never dreamed of tasting. But now she trembles with fear ; her heart beats rapidly ; she gazes at the bed ; yes, it is so, her grandmother is awaking ; but after waiting a few minutes she finds she is mistaken. Her eyes are fastened upon the countenance before her. For the first time she sees the eyes are wide open gazing fixedly at the dusty ceiling. With mingled curiosity and horror the child approached the pallet of straw. The lower jaw has fallen, and death as he took his victim set his seal upon every feature.

Hour after hour passed away, and still Agnes sat and gazed. She had wept until she could do so no longer, and now, in the deepening twilight, she was straining her red and swollen eyes for one more glance at the familiar countenance. "Better that," she thought, "than to be alone." Suddenly she heard steps ascending the stairs, and presently a man and woman entered the room.

The woman gave a scream of horror at the sight before them, but the man, who was a police-officer, and more accustomed to such scenes, comprehended it at once. After stopping to ascertain that there was nothing of value on the premises to pay the expense of interment, and that the woman, who was a neighbor, would take away the child, he departed to make immediate arrangements for the burial, as it was easy to perceive that life had been extinct for many hours.

All that could be ascertained from the little girl was, that her grandmother came home before dark, and said she was sick ; that she took medicine and went to sleep, and had not yet awaked. Agnes required but little persuasion to accompany the woman home, which she did at once, her companion pausing only to take with her the basket of fruit.

The house to which she was led was only a few doors distant, and as Mrs. McCallen, the name of the woman, drew a stool for her before the stove which warmed the room, and gave her a bowl of

weak tea, into which she had broken some bread, smiles broke forth around the mouth of Agnes. She imagined her days would now be brightened by affection. For a short time, indeed, the fitful kindness of Mrs. McCallen and the frolics of the baby drove away all fears regarding the future, as well as sorrow for the relative she had lost; but the woman at length grew tired of the charge she had assumed, and one morning, irritated by the abuse of her drunken husband, she bid Aggy to leave her house, for she could no longer support her in idleness.

The child tearfully obeyed, and passed the day in wandering about the streets, occasionally ringing at the back gate of a house, and begging something to satisfy her hunger; but toward night she crept back to the place she had for two weeks called her home, and esteemed herself fortunate in being allowed to pass the night in the cold entry.

And thus weeks lengthened into months. When Mr. McCallen was at home his wife dared not admit the desolate child within her house, and many nights were passed, either the whole or in part, in the open air. Sometimes the police-officers found her crawling close to the side of some alley, in the vain hope of keeping warm, and, taking compassion on her, led her shivering and faint to the watch-house, where she was sure at least of shelter from the cold winds which chilled her tender frame. During the winter she met her uncle Sandy. At first he tried to pass without noticing her, but when she joyfully accosted him, and begged him to allow her to accompany him home, his heart was touched. He took her by the hand, and led her to a clothing establishment, where he procured for her a warm shawl, and then to an eating-house, where, for once in her life, she ate as much as she wished. From her Sandy learned that his mother had long been dead, and that Aggy had no home. He told her he was intending to leave the city and go to sea, and advised her to beg for admission into the almshouse. When he left her she crept away behind the stone building where she had lived with her grandmother, and cried as if her heart would break. Poor child! as she sat upon the low step of the door, her face buried in her hands, which rested on her knees, her whole form convulsed with the violence of her sobs, she little imagined that an omniscient Eye was

watching her, that the compassionate heart of her Saviour was touched with grief at her desolate condition, or that his hand would be stretched forth for her relief. She knew not of the existence even of such a Saviour. When she arose in the morning from her comfortless bed, no prayer fell from her lips for protection or food through the day; when she lay down at night, she rendered no thanks that in the midst of so much privation and want she was still alive. No; in the midst of a Christian community, where the gospel sheds a divine light, little Aggy wandered day after day, up one street and down another, a hungry, homeless *heathen*.

TO YOUNG LADIES.

THE late venerable Dr. Miller, of Princeton, once remarked to a young lady that most persons are too apt to wait for great occasions for doing good; that some ladies think that everything really useful must be done in societies and associations; while others feel as if there was nothing left for them to do; but there is one way, he said, in which every young woman may make herself useful; and that is to visit aged persons and invalids in her immediate neighborhood, for the purpose of reading to them. An occasional hour thus spent, may be greatly blessed both to the listener and the reader, and a great amount of happiness thus secured. He spoke feelingly of the fact that the comfort of aged people, by entertaining their minds, is too often overlooked, even where every attention is paid to the wants of the outward man. This is true, too, of many an invalid, who is compelled to spend long and weary hours in solitude.

HE WILL GIVE YOU REST.—Are you travelling with sorrow? Are you heavy-laden with the burthen of oppression or woe? Christ will give you rest. Doubtless the heavy-laden with the burthen of sin are first invited; but they exclude no other sufferers. There is no exception of age, or rank, or clime, the extent of the travail, or the weight of the burden. The childish sorrows of the weeping school-boy are as much the subject of the Saviour's sympathy, as the matured wretchedness of the aged man; all come within the Saviour's invitation.—*H. Blunt*.

MALONE, THE INDIAN CONVERT.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

THE beautiful village of M—— is pleasantly situated between two lofty mountains, by the side of a beautiful river, winding through green meadows and waving forests. Many holy and tender recollections cluster around it, for it was there that I spent my first childhood's years. It was there that my infant eyes first beheld the light; that I sported with the dear companions of my youth, and first learned to love and adore Him whose kind hand has since led me through so many changing scenes, whose strong and tender arms have supported me through so many bitter trials.

When I was about fifteen years of age, a company of Indians encamped upon the outskirts of the village. The men employed themselves in hunting and fishing, and the women in weaving little baskets from the bark of trees, for which they found a ready sale among the inhabitants.

The glowing account given us by some of our youthful companions caused in the minds of my sister and myself a strong desire to see them; and, finally, moved by our earnest entreaties, mother consented that we should enjoy that pleasure. It was a bright and beautiful morning in June when we started on our expedition. The skies were bright and cloudless; the rays of the rising sun glittered on the dewdrops, which gemmed the radiant flowers and lofty trees by which we passed, making them look like liquid fire; while from the woodland songsters there arose a stream of soft, melodious music, as if in praise and thanksgiving to the Maker and Giver of every good and perfect gift.

The location which the Indians had chosen was very beautiful. On one side arose a hill covered with soft, green verdure; on the other, a grove of lofty trees; and the meadow in front of the tents, with its waving grass, filled with a thousand flowers, sloped gradually down to the clear, crystal river. As we approached the tents, we noticed a man, in front of one of them, busily engaged in adjust-

ing the tackle of a fishing-rod which he held in his hand, ever and anon glancing with an air of satisfaction at a boy of about fourteen summers, who was shooting with a bow and arrow at a target. This man, called Walona, was the son of a chief, the descendant of a royal race, and the native dignity in his tall, erect figure, and proudly-carried head, showed that he was fully conscious of the fact.

He smiled pleasantly, however, as we drew near, and, motioning toward the tent, courteously invited us to enter. We did so, and glanced curiously around. It was divided by curtains into three apartments; in one of these, upon a low couch, sat a young girl weaving baskets. She was tall, and possessed an erect and graceful figure. Her black hair was bound in shining braids around her head, which possessed an intellectual and moral beauty unusual in one of her race. Her eyes were black as midnight, and shaded with lashes of the same jetty hue.

She half arose, as we entered, and bade us welcome in a soft, musical voice. We accosted her with the frankness of early youth, and were soon as intimate as though we had known each other for years. We stayed until nearly sunset. Malone, as the Indian girl was called, and her brother Philip, strove by every means in their power to make our visit pleasant. The former showed us the manner in which her pretty baskets were woven, explained the mystery of their coloring, and the curiously-wrought moccasins she made. When weary, she took us out into the woods, and showed us where to find the ripest and most luscious berries, the brightest and most beautiful flowers. Malone was quick and graceful as a fawn, and, though some years older, a very child among us, and we made the hills and woods echo with our wild merriment.

There were two other Indian families, but they were very ordinary in appearance, awakening no other feeling but curiosity. But with Malone it was different; her gentleness and artless simplicity aroused a strong interest in my heart, and when we parted I warmly urged her to return my visit. She promised to do so, and did not forget to redeem her pledge. Many times, during the pleasant months which followed, did her tall, graceful form darken our doorway; always with some simple offering of wild fruit or beautiful flowers, and never did she return unrewarded.

Our worthy pastor, Mr. Benton, ever anxious to advance his

Master's kingdom, and moved with compassion for their poor, benighted souls, visited the Indians, and tried to induce them to attend church and allow their children to attend the Sabbath-school. He was very much interested in the unusual intelligence manifested by Malone and her brother, and found no difficulty in persuading their father to allow them to attend school. But it was in vain that he endeavored to interest Walona, their father, in the Christian religion. "I worship the Great Spirit," he would say proudly, in answer to all his arguments and entreaties. "Christ is the God of the white man, the Great Spirit of the red; I will not forsake the religion of my fathers."

But the holy principles of the gospel fell like dew upon the thirsty heart of his youthful daughter. Her gentle spirit turned gladly from the wild and improbable traditions of her race, to the wise and holy teachings of Jesus. Very earnestly and tenderly did Mr. Benton endeavor to direct her inquiring mind to the Lamb of God. His labors were not in vain. She bowed her head to the yoke of the meek and lowly Jesus, and laid her heavy burthen of guilt at his feet.

When Malone and her brother arrived in M——, neither of them could read or write; but, stimulated by an earnest desire to search the blessed promises of Christ for herself, Malone mastered the rudiments of the English language in an incredibly short time. When she could read intelligibly Mr. Benton presented her with a copy of the Bible, for which her joy and gratitude knew no bounds.

The zeal, faithfulness, and devotion of this untutored Indian maiden might have rebuked older and more experienced Christians. Her seat in the Sabbath-school and in the sanctuary of God was never vacant. Though the church was more than a mile distant, in the most stormy weather she was seen in her accustomed place, her large, dark eyes fixed earnestly upon the countenance of her beloved pastor. It was beautiful to witness the unquestioning faith, the childlike confidence, with which she listened to the words of Christ; the alternate smiles and tears which passed over her countenance, as she hearkened to the wonderful story of redeeming love.

As cold weather approached, Walona, as was his wont, prepared to leave M—— for his winter-quarters in Canada. This was a source of great grief to Malone, who had become much attached to the inhabitants, and who prized the religious privileges she enjoyed

above every earthly blessing. Her friends in M—— were very unwilling that she should go. Mr. Benton offered to take her into his own family, and bestow upon her the love and tenderness of a father. Tears filled the eyes of the affectionate and warm-hearted girl as she heard this generous proposal, but she shook her head sorrowfully. "I cannot leave my father," she said firmly. "He has no one to love or care for him but me." Mr. Benton had too much respect for the filial devotion of the noble-hearted girl, to say more, but it was with a sad, foreboding heart that he saw her depart.

The Indians, on their way to Canada, passed by our door, and Malone and her brother and father stopped to bid us farewell. I was painfully struck with the change in Malone's appearance. She had lost her elastic step; her usually erect and robust form had become slender and drooping, and occasionally she would press her hand to her side, while an expression of pain passed over her countenance.

"You will return next summer, Malone?" I said, as I followed her to the road, looking at the vehicle in which she journeyed.

"Perhaps so," she returned thoughtfully. "Yet," she added fervently, her lifted eye and brow growing absolutely radiant with a holy joy, "we know where, and in whose presence, we shall one day meet."

I stood and watched the slowly moving carriages until they were hid from my view, and then returned to the house, musing upon the wondrous change which the religion of Jesus had wrought in that once wild, untamed spirit. One stormy evening in the following March, as I was sitting alone by a bright wood fire, I, hearing a low knock at the door, opened it, and Walona, her father, stood upon the threshold. There was an expression of smothered agony upon his countenance, that alarmed me. He bowed gravely in return to my salutation.

"I have brought Malone back," he said, with the characteristic brevity of his race. "She is dying, and has sent for you; will you come?"

"Dying! Is it possible?" I thought, as, after making a few hurried preparations, we passed out into the street. "So young, so full of life!"

I learned from Walona, that Malone's disease was consumption,

and that she had been slowly but surely fading for some months. The sudden death of her brother, to whom she was tenderly attached, was a great shock to her enfeebled constitution; though she did not mourn as those without hope, but had the blessed assurance that he had passed from death to life.

He related, in faltering tones, the privations and sufferings which she had endured in consequence of his being unable to provide her the comforts which her situation required, and the patience and gentleness with which she had borne them. When she became convinced that she had but a short time to live, she entreated her father to carry her back to M——, that she might see once more her beloved pastor, and that, in the last dread struggle, she might be sustained and cheered by the presence of Christian friends.

It was impossible for the heart-broken father to refuse the last request of his dying child; and so, by slow and easy stages, he brought her back *to die*.

The place in which Malone lay dying was a miserable hovel, destitute of all the conveniences and comforts of life. The bleak wind whistled mournfully through the shattered panes of glass and cracks of the door, and the floor was damp and broken in many places.

Very gladly would Mr. Benton have taken her to his own home, but she steadily refused. "The guiltless head of our Saviour lay upon a harder pillow," she replied to all his entreaties. "Shall I complain of what he bore so cheerfully for my sake?"

Upon a couch at one end of the room lay the once blooming girl; but O, how altered! Her large black eyes, and the raven hair which lay in heavy masses upon her pillow, were in strong and painful contrast with the deathly pallor of her cheek and brow. Her breath came slowly and with difficulty, and it was evident to all around that she was dying.

Malone seemed to be conscious of it; for, turning her eyes upon Mr. Benton, who stood by the bed, she said earnestly, "Tell me; is not this death?"

"Yes, my child," returned Mr. Benton solemnly; "your sufferings will soon be over; and you will be with Christ in heaven."

"Nay, nay," exclaimed the dying girl, a holy smile irradiating her countenance; "Christ is with me *now*. He has been by my bedside all night; it is His dear hand that makes my dying bed so

easy. And as for heaven," she added, laying her hand upon her wasted breast; "*heaven is already here!*"

She then motioned her father to draw near. As he did so, she fixed her eyes upon him with an expression of unutterable love, and said, "I am going to leave you, father." The broad breast of the Indian heaved convulsively, but he made no reply.

"Do you love me, father?" she inquired earnestly.

Walona cast upon her a look of the most bitter anguish. "My child," he said, in a tone of deep despair, "whom else have I to love?"

"And these dear friends, who have been so kind to me; will you love them, for my sake, father?"

"I will love all who have loved you, Malone."

"And yet," she continued, fixing her eyes earnestly upon him, and speaking in low and thrilling tones, "there is *One*, who has been kinder to me than any earthly friend can be; one whom you have not loved, father; but who gave himself a ransom for me; and who, through many gloomy months of pain, has been to your child a source of strength and joy, a never-failing refuge. Will you reject and despise that dear friend, father?"

"I leave you this," she resumed, after a brief pause, during which she struggled fearfully for breath, laying her hand upon the Bible, which had been her constant companion; "promise that you will learn to read it; promise me, father!"

"I promise," said Walona, as he sank upon his knees before the bed.

A satisfied smile rested upon the pale lips of the dying girl, as she lay back exhausted upon the pillow. "It is growing dark," she murmured feebly; "I cannot see you. But hark!" she added, suddenly, raising her eyes to heaven, "do you not hear that music? They are calling for me! Christ Jesus — I — come!"

The light slowly faded from her upturned eyes; her extended arms fell back upon her breast; and her freed and happy spirit was resting in His bosom, to whom his white and red children are equally dear; and in whose eyes there are no distinctions of race or condition.

I never shall forget the settled despair on Walona's brow as he stood by the grave of his idolized daughter. "There lays the last

of my race," he said mournfully. "A few years ago my people were as the leaves of the forest, and the sands of the sea; but they have passed away like the morning dew. The snows of Canada are resting heavily upon my son Philip's breast; my only remaining child lies *here*; and I am left alone, utterly desolate!"

Impelled by an earnest desire to fulfil Malone's last wishes, Walona learned to read, and then attentively perused the Bible she left him. Glorious was the result! God poured light into his darkened understanding, and touched his heart with a coal of fire from his altar, and brought him to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Malone's prayer was answered; her father learned to love Christ, not only as her friend and Saviour, but as his own.

After a brief, though earnest preparation, he returned to Canada, where he became a faithful and devoted missionary among the Indians. He died some months since; but not until he had been instrumental in turning many of his benighted brethren from darkness to light.

Malone's last resting-place has ever seemed to me a holy spot. I never stand beneath the lofty tree, which waves above her lowly grave, but I think of those beautiful lines of Mrs. Sigourney's:

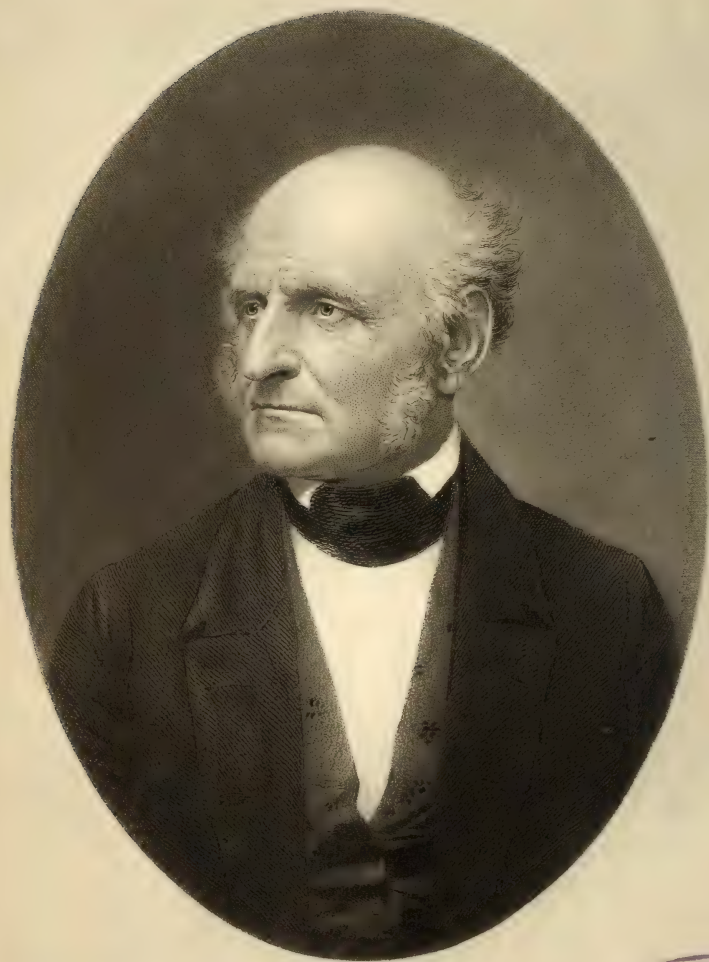
"Rest, rest thee, forest maiden,
Beneath thy native tree;
The proud may boast their little day
Then sink to rest like thee.
There is many a king, whose funeral
A black-robed realm shall see,
For whom no tear of grief is shed
Like that which falls for thee!"

MATERNAL DUTIES. — She should be firm — gentle — kind — always ready to attend to her child.

She should never laugh at him — at what he does that is *cunning*; never allow him to think of his looks, except to be neat and clean in all his habits.

She should teach him to obey a look, — to respect those older than himself; she should never make a *command*, without seeing that it is performed in the right manner.





Amos A. Phelps



BEURRÉ D'AREMBERG

MUSIC BY GUSSIE R. TAYLOR.

I AM NOT CHANGED.

DEDICATED TO LIZZIE CURRAN.

Andante strazioso.

1. I am not changed, believe me, My heart still throbs for thine, They say my vows deceive me, While I in anguish pine.
2. You wrong yourself and me, love, 'Tis but a tale so strange; Come to this heart and see, love, If here be falsehood's change.

I am not changed, they wrong me, When they say, I am false to thee, Oh, wilt thou not believe me, Or come thyself, and see.
A-las! since they've bereft me, Of peace, of joy, of yore, One precious hope is left me, My death shall prove me true.



MARSHALL PINCKNEY WILDER,

OF BOSTON, MASS.*

THIS distinguished gentleman was born September 22d, 1798, in Rindge, N. H.,† the eldest of the ten children of Samuel Locke Wilder, Esq., of that place, and a native of Lancaster, Mass. His paternal ancestors performed important services in the suppression of Shay's rebellion, in the Indian and Revolutionary wars, and in the organization of the National and State governments. "Of all the ancient Lancaster families," says the Worcester Magazine, "there is no one that has sustained so many important offices as that of the Wilders."‡

His mother, Mrs. Anna Sherwin Wilder, was a lady of good natural endowments, of nervous temperament, lively imagination, quick sensibility, and devoted piety, who proved a helpmeet to her husband in the social, intellectual and religious nurture of their children, and who contributed largely to the development of the taste and to the formation of the character of their first-born.

Having given him the advantages of the district school, his parents sent him, at twelve years of age, to New Ipswich Academy, and subsequently placed him under a private teacher, for the study of the classics. When he had nearly completed the course preparatory for college, they discovered that his inclination was not for sedentary, but for active life; and they gave him his choice, either to continue his studies, and prepare for one of the learned professions, to enter the store with his father and fit himself for mercantile pursuits, or to go on the farm with the workmen and become an agriculturalist.

* The substance of this article is derived from a biographical sketch, originally prepared for a volume entitled "New Hampshire as it is;" and is here inserted by permission, for the encouragement of young men, and for the instruction of our readers, respecting the gentleman who superintends the Horticultural and Agricultural departments of this Magazine.

† Book of the Lockes, pp. 31, 99, 198.

‡ Vol. ii., p. 45.

At first he chose the latter, but Providence soon called him from the farm to the store, where he served an apprenticeship till his majority, when he was admitted into the firm, called "S. L. Wilder & Son." There he transacted an extensive and lucrative business for five years, acting for a part of that period as postmaster.

His first marriage was December 31, 1820, to Miss Tryphosa Jewett, of that place, by whom he had five children; and his second, to Miss Abby Baker, of Franklin, Mass., by whom he had seven children. Of his offspring, seven still survive, and five are not, for God hath taken them, with his two wedded companions. By his third marriage, September, 1855, he was united with Miss Julia Baker, sister of his second wife.

In 1816, when he was but eighteen years of age, he exhibited a partiality for military tactics, and received an appointment in the staff of the twelfth regiment of New Hampshire militia, from which he was promoted to the rank of Adjutant in the same corps in 1819. The next year, he took command of the Rindge Light Infantry, a new independent company, which he did much toward raising and equipping in the best style of that day. After two years, he was promoted to the office of Lieutenant Colonel; and the next year, to that of Colonel of the same regiment. But he resigned the following season, upon his removal to Boston, being then senior in that office in the brigade. In this city he joined "the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company," of which he continues a member, and at the annual festival of which, in 1850, he made a short but appropriate speech, concluding with this sentiment, "THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY: For more than two centuries a faithful sentinel at its post. Let its countersign be 'All's well;' and on its glorious banner, side by side with '*E pluribus unum*,' let us inscribe 'Our company and our country — *live on*; LIVE FOREVER!'"

Upon the transfer of Mr. Wilder's family and business to Boston, 1825, he engaged first in the West India goods business as a wholesale merchant and importer; but in 1837 he entered a large commission house, in which he still continues. The firm is denominated Parker, Wilder & Co., and is one of

the most active and reliable in New England, owning and transacting the business of a large number of cotton and wool-len mills. He is connected with several prominent monetary institutions of this city, and ranks among its merchant princes.

Upon the death of his first wife, he sought the retirement of the country, and moved to his present beautiful residence in June, 1832. It is the first house in Dorchester, on Washington, street, leading from the main street in Roxbury to the Old South Church in the former place. It is called *Hawthorn Grove*, and is situated just south of Grove Hall. It stands back from the street, and is surrounded with grateful shades and hedges in variety. Its outbuildings are convenient and tasteful; and on either side and in the rear of it are gardens and extensive nurseries. His conservatories rank among the best in the country; and so also do his nursery and orchard of pears. He is said, by amateurs, to have one of the best collections of camelias that can be found in the world. His library contains rare and valuable works on his favorite arts. He devotes the morning and evening to study; the rest of the day to the superintendence of the workmen on his place, and to his mercantile business. This plan, long persevered in, has enabled him to make large and varied literary acquisitions.

He was one of the early members of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, of which he was elected president in 1840, having previously submitted to committees of that body resolutions which led to the separation therefrom of the Mount Auburn Cemetery Association, and which provided for the annual payment, by the latter to the former, of one quarter of the amount received from year to year by the sale of lots, for the relinquishment of the society's claim to the grounds. This arrangement has proved in the highest degree beneficial to both bodies. It has enabled the society to enlarge its library, to erect its beautiful Hall in School-street, and to encourage cultivators by awarding premiums; and also the Cemetery Association to adorn its grounds, and to erect its temple and observatory.

During his administration the society made large additions to its funds, and its list of members. At the laying of the

corner-stone, and the dedication of its Hall, he delivered appropriate addresses, which are reported in its transactions and in the journals of that date. Its triennial festivals ranked among the most interesting and popular gala-days in the commonwealth. These were occasions which assembled the refined and fashionable of both sexes, from city and country, who crowded Fanueil Hall, the "Old Cradle of Liberty," to its utmost capacity. It was most tastefully decorated, and its tables were crowded with flowers and fruits in abundance and in variety. His sentiments and speeches at these festivals, together with the responses of the most distinguished cultivators, and of the chief masters of eloquence, occupy a large space in the society's transactions of that period.

On retiring from the office, in 1848, the society acknowledged its obligations to him in a vote of thanks, and by the presentation of a large and valuable silver pitcher and salver, in testimony of his "zeal and success in the cause of horticulture and floriculture." During this period, he did much also to promote pomology by large annual importations of fruit-trees from European cultivators, by the production of seedlings in his own grounds, by his extensive correspondence, and his encouragement of nurserymen in all parts of the country.

Upon his resignation of that office, he formed the plan of a National Society of a similar character. Simultaneously, and without conference, two conventions were called; and two societies formed for that purpose in different parts of the country, which were subsequently consolidated in what is called "The American Pomological Society," over which he presides, and to which in 1852 he delivered an eulogy on his lamented friend, A. J. Downing, Esq., closing with these graphic words: "Downing is dead! But the principles of artistic beauty and propriety, of rural economy and domestic comfort, which he revealed, await a more full and perfect development; and, as they advance toward a more glorious consummation, grateful millions will honor and cherish his name. *His memory shall live forever!*" In the vote of thanks which the society passed for this eulogy, they characterize it as both "able and eloquent."

At the last meeting of this society, in Boston, he delivered an oration of great practical value and scientific importance to fruit-growers. At the conclusion of the sessions and of the exhibition, after a vote of thanks for his learned address, and for the dignity and impartiality with which he had presided over the body, he gave the members a levee at the Revere, at which were many of the most distinguished citizens from all professions and pursuits, when speeches and sentiments were delivered in the highest degree complimentary to him.

Mr. Wilder's knowledge and practice of Horticulture well qualified him for a leader in efforts for the promotion of agriculture. He commenced his exertions in this department in the County of Norfolk, Mass., where he headed a call for a convention to organize an Agricultural Society. The call was generally responded to, and a society organized, of which he was elected president. It held its first annual exhibition in Dedham, September 26th, 1849, when he delivered the address, in which he plead the cause of agricultural education with earnestness and eloquence. This occasion convened many thousands of the intelligent yeomanry of that district, who listened to Governors Briggs, Lincoln, Reed and Hill, to the Honorable Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Robert C. Winthrop, Horace Mann, Charles F. Adams, Josiah Quincy, and others, encouraging his exertion by their presence and eloquence. From that rare assembly of talent went forth an influence which introduced a new era in the agriculture of this commonwealth. Kindred associations sprung up in other counties, where none had hitherto existed; and the impression then and there made was perpetuated and increased by articles in public journals, by the publication of the transactions, and by his addresses before the societies in the counties of Berkshire and Hampshire, and before the Agricultural Society in his native state. On the latter occasion, he closed with the following beautiful apostrophe: "My country, let the eagle of thy liberty, which so lately stood upon the cleft of thine Atlantic coast, but which stands to-day upon the lofty height of thy rocky mounts, stretch her broad wings from shore to shore, and continue to shelter the happy millions of thy sons! And

from those wings, from year to year, may her young eaglets fly to other lands, till the reign of universal freedom shall introduce a universal jubilee! *My country!* MY COUNTRY! Glorious prospects are before thee! Union, wealth, and power; intelligence, virtue, and immortal renown!"

Of the Norfolk Society, which, in the short space of five years, acquired a respectable fund, erected a commodious hall, and secured a long list of members, and which has exerted an influence second to that of no kindred and similar association, he still remains the presiding officer.

In 1850, he was elected from his district to the Senate of Massachusetts, a body over which he was chosen to preside. During that session of the Legislature, he submitted to the agricultural committee of that body a plan, afterwards embodied in a statute, providing for the appointment of a board of commissioners, to examine and report to the next Legislature, on the state and the means of promoting agriculture in the commonwealth. He was appointed chairman of this commission, and with Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, of Amherst, the next year submitted an elaborate and invaluable report. From this beginning arose the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, a distinct and permanent department of the government of this commonwealth,—a board, of which he is still a member, which has its secretary and its commodious room in the capitol, and which promises to do for the agriculture of the state what its Board of Education has done, or proposes to do, for its system of instruction.

Having devised and put into operation a plan for the improvement of agriculture in Massachusetts, he desired to see a similar movement throughout the country; and in the spring of 1851 headed a call for a National Convention, on the 24th of June, in Washington, D. C., of delegates of state and other local agricultural societies, to concert measures for their mutual advantage. This convention, over which he presided and which he addressed, organized the United States Agricultural Society, and elected him its president. It has held one exhibition, confined to that royal animal, *the horse*, and attended by twenty thousand people, in Springfield, Mass. It awarded

many thousand dollars in premiums for the best specimens of the different breeds, from the small Shetland pony to the noblest war-horse, whose "neck is clothed with thunder." The sight of these animals, richly caparisoned and mounted, or driven by their proud grooms, as they appeared in the vast amphitheatre, was one of the sublimest spectacles ever witnessed.

"A thousand horse, and men to ride,
With flowing tail, and flying mane ;
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea."

It held a second exhibition in October, 1854, in Springfield, Ohio, which was confined to neat cattle, and which was in that department what the former exhibition was in respect to horses.

Its third annual show was held in this city, in October, 1855, embracing various domestic animals. Its grounds, in the south part of the city, and on land reclaimed from the sea, contained thirty acres, fitted with every convenience, and in the best style. They were visited on one day by one hundred thousand spectators. A full report of this occasion, and of the previous exhibitions, and also of the banquets, of his speeches, and those of other gentlemen, and of the premiums, together with sketches of the most interesting scenes, appears in the transactions of the society.

In the autumn of 1849, an association was formed in Boston, called "The Sons of New Hampshire," and consisting of the many hundreds of emigrants from that state in and about the commercial metropolis of New England. Of this body, Daniel Webster was the first president, and Mr. Wilder the second, who, at its first festival, spoke as follows: "New Hampshire has raised men — *great men* ; and, had she performed no other service, this alone were sufficient to associate her name with that of Sparta and of Athens, in the history of mankind. Her Stark was a modern Leonidas ; and among her orators" (pointing to Mr. Webster), "none would hesitate to point out a *Demosthenes*."

The death of Webster he noticed on four distinct public occasions,* on one of which he said: "The loss to us, to the country, and to the world, is irreparable. The whole nation mourns;" and on another, he closed with this apostrophe: "Sainted patriot! *There*, in those celestial fields, where the sickle of the great reaper shall no more cut down the wise and the good, we hope at last to meet thee — *there*, in those pure realms where the rainbow never fades, where thy brilliant star shall shine with pure effulgence, and where the high and glorious aspirations of thy soul shall be forever realized."

Soon after this mournful event, he was elected to succeed his lamented friend, as president of this association; and at its second festival, an occasion of no less interest than the first, he delivered a speech of beauty and force.

He is yet in the vigor of his manhood, and has, we are informed, works in the course of preparation, on his favorite arts, which promise to be of great value. His numerous articles and addresses, already published, are widely circulated and read with interest. None have contributed more, and few so much, for the advancement of American horticulture and agriculture.

This brief and imperfect sketch teaches what any young man, of good natural endowments, education, and virtuous sentiments and habits, may accomplish, for himself and others, before his sun passes its meridian. It exhorts him not to defer to old age what should be performed in the earlier periods of life.

Most who distinguish themselves in art or science, in the learned professions, or in any of the departments of human industry, commence their career *early*. Eminence is the result not so much of favorable turns in the wheel of fortune as of natural aptness, personal exertion, perseverance, and integrity of character. It is more an acquisition than a gift; hence the inspired precept, "Seek that ye may excel." It is to be diligently sought, not merely for a day, month, or year, but through life; not for the gratification of a sordid ambition, but for the advancement of society and for the honor of God.

* See Webster Memorial, p. 220; Journal of U. S. Ag. Soc., vol. I., p. 21; Second Festival of the Sons of N. H.

RULES FOR MAKING A HAPPY HOME.

BY E. PORTER DYER.

NEVER put off till the dawn of to-morrow
 Whate'er can be better accomplished to-day ;
 For many a man, to his shame and his sorrow,
 Has wofully suffered from needless delay :
 Whate'er then of duty your hand finds to do,
 O, never procrastinate,— carry it through .

Never occasion another man trouble
 To bear any burden belonging to you ;
 For no man is willing his load you should double,
 By making him carry the burden of two :
 Then be your own waiter, your own burdens bear ;
 To be independent will lighten your care.

Never spend money before you have earned it ;
 'T is hard work to pay for a horse that is dead ;
 This truth, although some have reluctantly learned it,
 Will often occur ere an old debt is paid :
 Philosophy whispers that he is most wise
 Who pays the cash down for whatever he buys.

Never presume to buy what you don't want,
 Simply because you can purchase it cheap ;
 Nor be afraid people will say that you can't ;
 Show them you know how your earnings to keep ;
 For why should you purchase an old-fashioned hat,
 Be it ever so cheap, for the moth and the rat.

Never let pride in your bosom be nursed,
 For pride is expensive ; you need not be told
 It costs us far more than our hunger and thirst ;
 Nay, more than protection from heat or from cold
 Then never indulge it, but put it away,
 Nor tremble with fear at “ What *will* people say ? ”

We never repent, as you well are aware,
 Of having partaken too slight a repast ;
 But oft, if our stomachs the truth would declare,
 Of eating too much, and of eating too fast :

Then guard well your appetite ; yea, to be quiet,
Attend to your regimen, exercise, diet.

Since duty, though painful, is troublesome never,
If done with a will, do be willing to do it ;
Don't grumble, don't murmur, don't hold back forever,
But, when duty waits you, go cheerfully through it ;
No lazy reluctance can make it more pleasant,
No future time can be so fit as the present.

And do not allow yourself trouble to borrow
By dreading dire evils which never may come ;
A storm, it is true, may come down on the morrow,
And hinder your journey and keep you at home ;
And what if it should n't ? the pain it has cost
To worry for fear of it, all will be lost.

When things have two handles by which you may take them,
One rough and one smooth, by the smooth one take hold ;
You will be far less likely to let go and break them,
And give others reason to murmur and scold :
Some always, from choice, will the rough handle seize,
And handle things roughly ; such never can please.

When angry, speak not till you 've counted thirteen,
And when *very* angry, a hundred and four ;
You then will have space for reflection between,
And speak as you would not have spoken before :
A madman is he who will rave in his wrath,
Nor heed that remorse which must follow his path.

Fear God ; read his word in your household, and pray ;
Be wise ; love your wife ; keep your children at school ;
Let politics whistle ; be up with the day,
And square all your business by plummet and rule ;
Attend church on Sunday, at eve do not roam,
And contentment will dwell in your own happy home.

A HOME of joy is seldom found
Where luxury and mirth abound ;
That home is happy, that alone,
Where *love*, *content*, and God are known.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

BY REV. PROF. E. A. LAWRENCE.

Just over Kedron is a plot of ground enclosed by a whited wall, the entrance to which is through a small gate usually made fast by bolts and bars. Within are eight ancient olive-trees. This the priests have decided to be the garden of Gethsemane, of which exclusive possession is claimed by the Latin church. The walling in, by a sect, of such a place, and insisting on money from those who enter, is most repugnant to all Christian feeling. Above every spot in the world, *this* should be open to all who would here muse on the sufferings of the Redeemer, and learn self-denial from his matchless example.

“Sure, each holy vow
Less quickly from the unstable soul would fade,
Offered where Christ in agony was laid.”

With the Bible for my directory, — and there is no other so good for any part of the Holy Land, — passing from St. Stephen's gate across the brook Kedron, I instinctively turned from those whited walls, and walked to the left “about a stone's cast” up the valley. The retirement and shade are exactly such as best answer to the sacred narrative. I felt almost sure that this *must be the spot*. The other is at the junction of the travelled road to Bethany and the path which ascends the mount. This is aside from all public walks, and in the only natural seclusion which the place allows. A few ancient olive-trees spread their gray branches in quiet beauty. A large rock, dark and gloomy, rises into a perpendicular boundary on the city-side of the vale. To the north, Jehoshaphat stretches away, fading into the rocky table-land. On the east, Olivet majestically lifts its hallowed summit; and below, in the deep, craggy ravine, are the tombs of patriarchs and prophets. From this spot the Temple was in full view. O, it was a sweet solitude for the divine Teacher! Often did he

turn aside from the open conflict, in the crowded city, to repose in this charming sanctuary — to worship, under the shadow of night, in this sublime temple, now hallowed by his mysterious suffering.

Hither, on that last, sad night, he came. Here, alone, he had met that preliminary conflict with the powers of darkness in which he cried out, “My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.” Here he uttered that divine prayer, so significant of the inward struggle, and of sweet submission, — of the shrinking of his sensitive human nature, and the overmastering purpose of his divine mind. “If it be possible, let this cup pass from me ; nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.”

“ ’T is midnight, and, from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles lone with fears ;
E’en the disciple that he loved
Heeds not his Master’s grief and tears.”

My first visit to this sacred spot was upon the Sabbath. I had just risen from the communion-table, where I had been permitted, with the English missionaries, to commemorate the love of Christ so near the “upper room” where he first gave to his disciples its precious symbols. I could not well control my emotion as the solemn words of the impressive service were uttered in my ear. I had never felt just so before. It seemed as if Jesus was at the feast more here in Jerusalem than elsewhere ; as if I received the bread and the wine from his own divine hand.

I walked from the church to the garden. Entering this sanctuary alone, and taking out my Bible, I sat down in the shade of an olive, and perused the whole touching narrative. It was a living scene before my eyes. I knew that Jesus oft times had been here in the days of his flesh. Even then I could feel his presence, and see the prostrate sufferer as he drank to the dregs the cup of vicarious agony. I hear the hurried tramp of the armed throng, as they descend the steep hill-side and cross over Kedron. Through the thick darkness gleam their flaming torches. I behold the treacherous kiss, and the Just one delivered to the unjust. What meaneth this? Are the powers of hell in the ascendancy? Has hope fled for-

ever, and is the world under eternal doom ? O, no ! “ God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life.” It is not an overthrow of truth, but a new method of achieving a most sublime victory. It is a conquest gained by submission ; a triumph by surrender. He that falls is the conqueror, and the apparent victors are the really defeated.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

BY N. F. CARTER.

THERE are beautiful dreams that we sometimes know,
 Which impart of their glory some transient gleams ;
 For all gorgeously bright, as they come and go,
 Are the pictures they bring from the land of dreams ,
 For the spirit untrammelled is there left free
 At its pleasure to wander where'er it wills,
 And to mirror, as mirrors the tranquil sea,
 The magnificent hues of the cloud-capped hills.

We are greeted at times with an angel's song,
 And the ravishing strains of an angel's lyre,
 Till, with spirit enraptured, we inly long
 To unite in the song of their joyous choir ;
 And whene'er to the real we wake again,
 In the spirit sweet echoings linger still ;
 And we value the dreams of the sons of men
 For the beautiful mission they thus fulfil.

We are stronger in purpose and heart to breast
 And to buffet the storms of a world of strife,
 For the whispers of hope, for the promised rest,
 When the victory's won in the battle of life ;
 We shall then know the truth of those heaven-bright dreams,
 As their meaning we trace with an angel's ken,
 And delighted drink bliss from exhaustless streams,
 To return never more to the earth again.

[TO LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.]

THE SWALLOW'S NEST.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

WHEN God spoke amidst the thunders of Sinai, more than three thousand years ago, and said to the great congregation of Israelites assembled at the foot of the mount, "Thou shalt not kill," he foresaw the exposure, not only of men and women, but of little children, to anger, which Christ, in the New Testament, declares is a violation of this command. In the first epistle of John, the third chapter and fifteenth verse, the inspired writer says: "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer."

When I call to mind the frequency with which I have heard children say "I hate you," "I'll never speak to you again," it makes me tremble lest some of you who read this may have been guilty of murder. Think of it, dear little boy! Perhaps you are the only son, in whose well-being all the fondest hopes of your parents are centred; or you may be the eldest of a large family, to whom all look for an example; and yet, in the sight of that holy God who searches the heart, you may have been guilty, not only once, but many times, of breaking the sixth commandment.

Dear little girl, the pet and pride of the whole household, do not you, too, sometimes get angry even with your own brothers and sisters, and in your heart indulge such hatred as the Bible here calls murder? Let me entreat you to ask God to forgive you for the sake of his dear Son, and to help you to love even those who have treated you unkindly; to return good for evil, and to do to your little companions, not as they do to you, but as you would like to have them do to you.

There was once a little boy, by the name of Edward, who lived in England. His father was sexton of one of the great cathedrals or churches in a town not far from London. This

boy used often to accompany his father to the church, and mount the steep stairs until he reached the high tower where the bell was hung. On a certain occasion he persuaded one of his young companions to join him, and together they ascended to the lofty height of a hundred feet. Here they amused themselves for a long time in gazing at the extended view spread out on every side, and in watching travellers who were passing along the street beneath them. At length they tired of this, and began to search for something to occupy them until the sexton unlocked the doors to ring the bell at noon-day.

Suddenly, Edward, the oldest boy, discovered a nest of swallows just under the coving around the tower. By leaning forward as far as he dared, he could see that it contained a male bird and a female, and four little ones covered with soft, downy feathers. His desire to possess them grew every moment stronger; but they were beyond his reach. An eager consultation now commenced between him and Henry, his little companion, as to the means of obtaining the prize. At length they resolved upon a very hazardous experiment. Edward went part way down the stairs, where he had seen a short piece of board, and placed it over the side of the tower. It needed some persuasion to induce Henry to so dangerous an undertaking, but finally he consented to creep out on the end of the board until he could reach the nest, Edward, in the mean time, sitting on the other end to balance it. All went on well until the young adventurer had his hand upon the nest, when he exclaimed eagerly, "O, Edward, there are five little ones, and they are beauties!"

"Well," said his companion, "I found them; so I shall have three, and you may have two."

"No, no!" exclaimed Henry, "I ought to have the most for coming out here. I'll have three, and you two. Here, you birdlings, I've got you safe;" taking the nest in his hands.

Edward's passion was aroused, and he cried out angrily, "If you don't promise to let me have them, I'll let you down and kill you."

"I won't; I've run all the risk, while you have only sat on the board; so I won't give them up;" and for one moment he pressed the little creatures lovingly to his bosom. The sight rendered Edward perfectly furious, and, without saying another word, he slid off the board, and let his little companion fall down, *down*, from his lofty height, to the hard pavement below. Henry, however, had on a loose frock, which filled with wind, and, to the astonishment of all who saw him, the little fellow landed safely upon the street, holding his precious treasures safely in his hands, and exclaiming, "Now I'll have them all!"

But was not Edward, in his heart, guilty of murder?

First he indulged in selfishness, and craved more than his share of the prize; then he became angry; and, finally, a desire to kill his companion took possession of his breast.

Dear little children, strive to avoid imitating so shocking an example, but endeavor to cultivate the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus, who, "when he was reviled, reviled not again," and "who blessed them that persecuted him."

SIGNIFICANT REQUEST.

ONE of the reformed drunkards of New York relates the following incident: By his excessive drinking he had laid himself upon a bed of sickness, and one evening his wife had occasion to go out shopping, and of course had to go alone.

Her child, a boy of four years, was playing about, as he had been allowed to sit up for company for his father while his mother should be away. The boy kept teasing to know what mother would buy for him, and laughingly his mother told him she would buy him another father.

"O, mother, don't buy a drunken father!" said the child, with great earnestness. The expression set the inebriate to thinking, and resulted in his reformation.

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MRS. MARY MONTAGUE.

CHAPTER I.

"The prophet says, '*Yet is she thy companion, the wife of thy covenant.*'"

"This, perhaps," says Jay, "is the most lovely and becoming idea of the relation that can be supplied. She is not, O man, thy superior! She is not thy slave, thy servant, thy dependent! She is indeed a helpmate, and thou art hers. She is '*thy companion.*'"

"CATHARINE," said Mr. Appleton, as he entered his little back parlor, and seated himself in a rocking-chair, "I have been taking a long walk since I left the office, and I am very thirsty; I wish you would get me some water; pump out a pailful or two first, so as to make it cold and fresh."

Accustomed as Mrs. Appleton was to wait upon her husband, she raised herself slowly from the lounge, where she had lain most of the day, the pain in her side was so severe; yet she went down into the cellar-kitchen and pumped a long time before she brought the water, so cool and refreshing, to her stout, rosy-cheeked companion.

"Now one thing more before you sit down; get me my slippers;—*this water is nice.* Some people drink it without pumping out any; but I always want it brought from the north corner of the well," said Mr. Appleton, as he quaffed the cooling draught.

The wife went "*up stairs,*" and brought the desired slippers to the occupant of the easy-chair, who remarked, as he took them: "Kate, I married on purpose to have somebody to wait upon me; I wish I did not have to work any harder than you do." Then, as he withdrew his feet from his boots, he added: "Put them where I can find them easily in the morning, for Frank Stetson and I are going to take an early drive across the Tremont road, through Brookline, to Cambridge, to take breakfast at '*Porter's.*' Now, if we could order a shower to-night for our especial accommodation, we should have a glorious ride."

As Mrs. Appleton arose to place the boots in a convenient situation for her husband, he, for the first time, noticed her exhaustion, and inquired in an altered tone :

"Why, what is the matter with you, Kate? you look as pale as a ghost. I do not believe you go out enough, or have as much exercise as you ought, since the boarders left. Lincoln and Pray were at the office this afternoon; they want to come back again, and offer three dollars and a half a week; but I told them you must decide; I am willing, if you are; what do you say?"

"O, no! I cannot think of it. Bridget needs looking after all the time, and then I should have all the cooking to see to, beside the fine ironing of nine shirts, at least, every week; it is not half of the time I feel able to do what *we two* need to have done," said Mrs. Appleton.

"*Don't feel able to do what we two need!*" repeated Mr. Appleton; "I should be glad to know what you *do* feel able to do. I wonder where we shall come out, at the end of the year, at this rate. I am sure my practice will not support us. I supposed, when I bought this house, that we should always take boarders, and I think we might do it now, if you were not so '*set*' about it. I believe, if the truth was known, you do not like to work as well as some women I could name. Honestly, I have no doubt I could do all the work there is done in the house if I was sick in bed."

"Harry, I am willing to work, and I wish I could do as I could once, but my cough is bad, and I have no strength. Sometimes I think I shall see our little Annie soon," was the choking reply of the young wife.

"Pho! nonsense! What do you want to talk so for? You are getting so nervous I shall expect you to have what the doctors call '*globulous hysterics*,' one of these days. I think you will outlive me yet. These people, who have so many '*dyings*,' always live the longest," was the impatient rejoinder.

"I wish I could think I was nervous, but my side is so bad, and I have such feelings of faintness come over me," was the quiet reply, as a tear trembled in her eye. It was quickly

wiped away ; for her husband "disliked, of all things, to see a woman crying and snivelling about."

CHAPTER II.

"Now all is bliss and tenderness ; no storm
Comes in the summer of love's pure eye ;
No angry frowns his rose-wreathed brows deform ;
No lightning glances kindle in his eye ;
Calm and unheard those whirlwind passions sleep,
That rise within love's bowers, as billows from the deep."

Henry Appleton was a graduate of Middlebury College, and it was while teaching school in that vicinity, to aid himself through his collegiate course, that he first met Catharine Howe. She was the only surviving daughter of the old farmer and his wife, who lived near the school-house, and as a young brother of Catharine's was among the pupils who attended there, an occasion offered for an early introduction to the family.

She, however, was absent for a time, visiting some relatives at Pittsfield, in the western part of Massachusetts ; nor did she return home until some weeks after the school had commenced ; but her name had been so often repeated, at the social gatherings in his school district, which had been made that all might become acquainted with the new schoolmaster, that young Appleton began to partake of the general wish that she might return.

One Sabbath morning, as the village choir arose to chant their morning song of praise, his quick musical ear discerned an additional voice ; and, as he turned around in his seat to look at the singers, he was quite sure that the long talked of Kate Howe was among them. Nor was he mistaken, as she reached home the previous day, somewhat fatigued, it is true, with her long ride, but not so much so as to prevent her attendance at the church she loved to frequent.

Mr. Howe, the father of Catharine, was a generous-hearted man, more familiar with books than with the world. Possessed of a sound mind and good judgment, which traits were ennobled by a religion that exhibited its influence on his heart and life, and secured the respect and esteem of all who knew

him ; but it was at home, where the crowning excellences of his character developed themselves on his domestic relations, that he was sincerely loved. The priest of his household, he never allowed the fire to go out upon the altar, where he offered his morning and evening sacrifice. A companion worthy of such a husband was the wife of his youth, and the mother of his children.

“ Their long-tried faith in honor plighted,
They were a pair by Heaven united,
Whose wedded love, through lengthened years,
The trace of early fondness wears.”

The children, reared among such surroundings, were of more than usual interest. It was not *beauty* that Catharine Howe possessed, such as the world praises, but there was a sweet, loving expression to her countenance, a sunbeam as it were, whose mission it was to scatter light and warmth on all around. Those who met her, turned to look again, and the frequent remark was, “ How pretty she is ! ”

It was not long before Harry Appleton's visits to the farmhouse became both frequent and marked in their character, and it was with a feeling of pride that he saw that the attentions he was disposed to show the gentle girl were received by her in preference to those which the young men who had been her companions from childhood were pleased at all times to render.

The village maidens, who would gladly have had a share of the attentions of the “ master,” silenced every feeling of jealousy by the acknowledgment of her merits. “ Well, everybody loves Kate Howe, and why should not Mr. Appleton ? ” said they. Sincere and artless in her very soul, she could not conceal the interest she felt in him. Life now was to her like a beautiful dream, too sweet, too joyous to be real. The refined tastes and intellectual character of the young man, in connection with his interesting personal appearance, constituted him, in her mind, the “ beau ideal ” of *all* that a husband should be. Parental aspirations, too, seemed gratified that their daughter was to be the companion of a professional man, and that one so deserving of her love.

Catharine never thought it possible that the qualities Harry

Appleton possessed could exist, detached from corresponding moral worth. She knew he did not profess to be a Christian, but he was always regular at "meeting," and more reverential toward the subject of religion than many who were connected with the church; and she had no doubt she could easily influence him to give the subject the attention it deserved. She had, for some time, hoped that she had given her heart to the Saviour, and perhaps *together* they might publicly make a consecration of themselves to the service of Jehovah, and so at the early age of seventeen, with a character too feebly developed to judge what would be the true foundation for happiness in the conjugal relation, she became the affianced bride of one to whose *real* life she was a perfect stranger.

He was all attention and devotion to her, and that was reason enough why she should love him, and marry him. But why wish or expect a *reason* in such matters? Who thinks of calling in the aid of this cool, calculating judge to *decide* where the warm impulses of the heart are concerned?

Chide her not too severely, if she has sent her sympathies forth on an adventure, if she has embarked her all in the traffic of the affections; but if she suffers shipwreck near a beacon where the rich merchandise goes down, that others may avoid the treacherous rocks which are hidden there. Say, ye wise ones, who pretend to look into futurity, is there ever a time coming, when something more will be required of a young man, to be admitted to the confidence of the unsuspecting, than a handsome suit of clothes (possibly unpaid for), a winning smile, and a graceful exterior? Will parents ever insist upon being so much acquainted with the "love affairs" of their daughters, as to inquire into the *real* characters of those who are welcomed to the sacredness of the family circle, to be sure there are none, of respectful demeanor and quiet manners, who in unguarded hours join in the reveller's loud laugh and bacchanalian song?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LINES, BY A PARISHIONER,

ON THE DEATH OF REV. DR. BULLARD, OF ST. LOUIS.

BY VIOLA.

TREAD lightly, softly, o'er these aisles !
Silently breathe, for death is here !
Sad, stricken hearts are bowed in grief
For those they loved, the lost, the dear ;
And busy memories cluster round
To tell us this is holy ground.

The solemn drapery of this house,
Which but so late with joy was filled,
Reminds us all that human hopes,
That human hearts in death are stilled.
O, God of mercy, hear our prayer !
Give us thy grace this truth to bear !

Ours is no common grief, dear friend ;
No common loss 't is ours to know ;
No common sorrow brings us here,
And bids the streaming tears to flow !
Our eyes behold that vacant chair,
But where is he who filled it — where ?

Ay, let the organ's trembling strains
Wail out a dirge, soft, plaintive, low !
As if *that* was a thing of life,
And, pitying, answered to our woe.
For *he* who loved its tones so well,
Should have its *first* funereal knell.

Our pastor dear, our shepherd, who
So long hath led his weeping flock,
Who faithful, broke the " bread of life,"
And brought us by the " smitten rock,"
No longer leads his stricken band ;
But awed, subdued, we silent stand.

He was our friend, our brother, guide ,
Humble, forbearing, patient, kind ;
Warm in his love, in heart sincere ;

To all the will of Heaven resigned;
He preached a Saviour crucified,
And "none desired to know beside."

When sorrows, with their crushing weight,
Came o'er him like a raging flood,
He bared his bosom to each blow,
Then, childlike and submissive stood.
No murm'ring thoughts against his God,
He silent bowed beneath the rod.

That voice we loved is hushed in death,
That form revered is from us torn,
That eye will look on us no more,
Nor with each sorrowing mourner mourn.
Few with such pastors have been blest,
We loved him *most* who knew him *best*.

O, thou, dear honored and revered !
Thou who didst pray on thee might fall
The mantle of a good man gone,
And rest upon thee, as a pall ;
"That as he died, so thou might'st die,
And by his side thine ashes lie ;"

So let thy mantle rest on us,
Thou leavest here, a stricken band ;
May we so live as thou didst live,
Like thee, submissive, waiting stand !
And may the teachings thou hast given
Remain with us, our guides to heaven !

Thy body lies where one short week
Had only passed so swift away
Since there the hallowed wine-cup stood,
Upon that sacramental day !
Ah, could we think that thou no more
Should sup with us on earth's cold shore !

We heard thy voice, we saw thy tears,
And O, prophetic words were thine !
And now, within thy people's hearts,
Those words, those tears, they will enshrine ,
And often we shall think thine eye
Looks on us from thy home on high.

THE SCHOOL AND THE SCHOOLMASTER,

BY REV. W. WARREN.

IN my parish walks I like to take the deserted roads. I leave the crowded thoroughfare where the loaded wagon groans, or the light vehicle flies, for the solitary paths and neglected ways. They invite reflection, and fill the mind with a pleasing melancholy. In these shady, grass-grown streets I am led by the ancient burying-ground, where lies the prophet of a past age. *There* stands, half hidden in the shrubbery, the simple slab to mark the place of his rest. Upon the head of that humble stone is the rudely-sculptured form of the good man, in venerable canonicals of wig, bands and robes, leaning over his chiselled pulpit, addressing a mute message to his cold, sleeping congregation. There, too, stood the church of olden time, which sent forth its colonies into the neighboring village. It once echoed to the bold anthems, and fuges, and psalm tunes, of another age, and to the now voiceless eloquence of that good man who sleeps near its obliterated site. Emotions rise within me, as I linger here, which I cannot well express. Such spots awaken hallowed memories.

But we may not inquire wisely when we ask for the reason why former days were better than these. It may be that the same things are more enchanting in the retrospect than in present observation. Distant hills look smooth and fairy. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." Memory, as well as the imagination, often paints in brightest colors. I know not by what law of the mind, yet we easily forget the disagreeable and monotonous, and cherish with a tenacious fondness pleasant impressions. This fact gives a cheerfulness to life, and a brilliancy to hope.

In some things we are sure there has been improvement. In turning from the old paths to the recent highways, I pass elegant and tasteful *school-houses*. These compare well with the *prisons* of discomfort and disgrace of former days. They

adorn the town. The *ordinary* pulpits of olden times have given place to the elegant walnut, mahogany, or marble; the mighty voices of tenor, bass, and counter, that, without the staff of flute or viol, or imposing organ, made the old sanctuary itself one vast instrument of echoing harmony, are superseded now by the fashionable quartet. We make the best of these changes, and will consent to call them improvements if we can; for some of them, I suppose, really are. We will be charitable, and give everything as good a name as possible.

But with respect to popular education we can speak more positively. Here we witness improvements, and the pulpit has aided in producing them. Indeed, it has been a pioneer in this reform, as well as in most others. Our tasteful and elegant school-houses compare well with those of former days. The pulpit, I say, has led this reform not only in self-defence, but as a means of moral progress and Christian enterprise. Every stroke that has been struck well, in this work of public education, has been so much done in building the great temple of salvation.

I have thus come round by the way of the sanctuary, my present home, and the grave-grounds, my future, to the subject I propose to discuss.

The artist, as he copies nature, and produces with his chisel or brush the beautiful in natural scenery or in human form divine, awakens interest and gains admiration. As he labors patiently for perfection, and realizes the highest conceptions of his imagination, he earns for himself a fame that will outlive his proudest productions. Have we a greater in the world of science or adventure than the successful artist? We certainly have. It is the educator,—the man who masters the art of developing and forming the imperishable mind. A successful teacher is more than an *artist*. He works not on the cold stone, nor the dull canvas, but upon imperishable material. We look upon the statue that has received the last touches of art, with amazement. We gaze upon the canvas that gives us the colors and shades of real nature, or the blushes of breathing life, with growing admiration. But what

are the achievements of a Powers, or a Raphael, to those of an Arnold or a Noah Webster? Lover of nature and of art as I am, I look upon him who trains to intelligence and virtue the human mind and character, with an intenser interest and a deeper reverence. The painter and sculptor form only features and sketch landscapes. They imitate nature; they are mere *copyists* of perishable beauty. But the teacher draws forth mind, awakens ideas, forms character, establishes principles and destinies, and adorns his age and future centuries with the beauties of uncreated art. What is the man in marble to the man immortal; the portrait to the living being acting upon the great theatre of life? What are the creations of the imagination, the sketches of landscapes, and forms of ideal beauty, to true excellence of character and the glory of man re-formed in God's own image? The works of art must perish; but the spirit-forms, which the successful teacher develops, will outlive the proudest productions of genius. These latter are *substance*; the creations of art, mere *shadows*.

One of the achievements of thorough education is to eliminate, to unlearn, to remove excrescences. It is so in the lower art. With hammer and chisel the sculptor removes the protuberances and redundances of the shapeless rock that encases or enshrines the hero of his conceptions. He arrives at his ideal of the divine form rather by what he removes than by what he adds. So the teacher finds the juvenile intellect, and forms it for useful action. Ignorance and vulgar prejudice must be removed, as the process of development and refinement goes on.

But do not understand me to argue that education is principally a *negative* work. The way to get rid of false ideas is to acquire true ones. We get out darkness from a room, not by processes of exhaustion or exclusion, but by lighting a candle. Nature removes her nights by giving to the world a sun. We unlearn by learning. We remove ignorance by gaining knowledge; banish prejudice, gross ideas and rude conceptions, by starting new trains of thought, and awakening new views of truth. We learn, therefore, not merely to unlearn, but to develop

hidden germs of thought. We search and study to spring mines within, and develop hidden treasure. We plough and cultivate to turn barren fields and deserts into a paradise. Education aims to strike from the dulness of unheeding ignorance sparkling intelligence, and to arouse the slumbering energies of man to a vigorous and useful activity.

Hence it is no part of its sublime object to lumber up the intellect with the stock and trade of other persons' ideas. Its business is to make the mind itself a laboratory, and every power an instrument; every talent a tool, sharp and polished, by means of which the intellect becomes self-operative, in which ideas and conceptions are self-originated, and everything useful and beautiful becomes an indigenous, spontaneous growth of the soul. The true educator, then, does not treat his specimen of mind and character as a mere plant that grows from what is added or absorbed from without; nor like the higher forms of life, that are sustained by what nourishes and circulates within; nor like the coral or fossil, the remains of original forms of vitality. No. Its great achievement lies in awakening into life, activity, and beauty, the dead, the inert, the dark and deformed. It finds within every specimen the elements of its own development, the germs of its own greatness and perfection. Education does not, therefore, make the mind a mere depository of other men's ideas, a receptacle of gems furnished from other geniuses, nor a mere bank for the deposit of foreign wealth. No; the teacher, like the sculptor, finds his subject in the rude quarry. The future poet or philosopher, statesman or divine, stands before him a coarse, uncultivated youth. He distrusts appearances, and has great patience. While other ages hang in silent admiration over the productions of proud art, he is bringing into activity heroes and reformers that shall become the benefactors of those ages, and that shall help them to an elevation of sentiment that shall enable them even to appreciate these triumphs of art. The material artist helps adorn a museum or gallery; the intellectual artist an age, an eternity!

It is absurd to attempt to run all minds in a fixed mould. He who made man meant that there should be variety in the

moral and mental world, as well as in the physical. For, while all have the same powers, they share those powers in different proportions. The teacher must expect to find a difference in intellect, temperament, and habit. God did not mean that there should be monotony in the world of mind and character, any more than in the overhanging heavens and the answering earth and landscape. He designed that there should be pictures in the spiritual world, contrast, variety !

Now, what is the teacher to do ? Shall he reverse, or follow out the design of God ? Shall he conform to, or frustrate the divine plan ? Some minds were evidently made to adorn their age, to add to its literature the elegance of taste and the splendors of genius ; others to work at slow problems and prosy propositions. Some soar naturally into regions of discovery and speculation ; others are careful, cold, conservative, practical. By nature some are inclined to be mathematicians ; others to be linguists ; others, poets ; and others, fools. Some are made to flourish with the pencil, are experts with the instruments of curious art, or the apparatus of exact experiments ; others are financiers or operators in the business world. Some are made to plod at books and grind at the slow mill of the mind, or wrap themselves round and round in silken thoughts and fancies. Others were made to move the masses, and touch the springs of popular enthusiasm, by the tongue or the hand.

And how is the teacher to treat these diversities of natural endowment ? Shall he try to stretch all minds upon one Procrustean bed ? Will he run all these opposite intellects and geniuses in one mould, and pass each specimen of pliant humanity under one huge roller ? Shall he put his veto upon the divine institution of man, or seek to develop these natural, original peculiarities in such proportions and directions as shall best answer the divine plan ? He should follow the obvious intention of the Creator. But while he gives due attention to the bold and prominent features of the mind, he is to strengthen the weak and undeveloped powers. While he checks the wild and weedy growth, he should hasten the tardy faculties, and rear in native proportions the bolder and masculine traits.

Education should not aim at what is styled accomplishments. To indulge the passion for mere embellishment, or the fashionable and ornamental in learning, is to make more of the polish than of the material. If you please, let the fingers be taught to play upon the pensive harp, or the responsive instrument. Teach them to sketch landscapes, and weave tasteful figures upon the satin or the silk. Let the tongue learn to articulate the fashionable French, to discourse in sweet music, to charm rigid hearts and masculine nerves. But let these things be secondary to the more substantial endowments. Let them be as the mere belts and rings in the august planetary system; or as the lesser lights that revolve around the more solid and opaque primaries. Let the fine arts be to the more useful and solid branches what the cornices and flutings in architecture are to the stately proportions and graceful arches.

Education must not be capricious nor mechanical. It must not be superficial nor exclusively intellectual. Man is a moral and responsible being. Education should shape itself to his whole being. Of this I will say more in its place.

It was an era in education when man began to study himself—note his own consciousness and moral and mental intuitions. Then philosophy ceased to be merely speculative and theoretic, and began to be practical, comparative, and rational.

A new era commenced when man saw the connection between his physical nature and his spiritual, and learned that a sound education could not overlook nor neglect the material part. A well compacted, well developed physical system is essential to vigorous and well proportioned mental development. One part of man cannot be brought to a very high pitch of perfection if the other departments are neglected. The material and spiritual must be developed in harmony. The body must have exercise and fresh morning air and sunlight. The scholar should be taught the structure and vital forces of his physical system; and the relation it holds to his mental and moral nature. Let sleep, food, exercise and habit be right. Let every part be educated, and inured to effort and hardship even, but not abused nor overtasked.

SPEAK KINDLY.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

SPEAK thou with kindness in thy tones
For none may know the power
Which soft and gentle words possess
In sorrow's troubled hour ;
They fall upon the weary heart,
And as they fall they bless,
And cheer with hopes the wounded soul
Amid its weariness.

• Speak thou to childhood tenderly,
And calm its rising fears ;
Let love, sweet love, a rainbow throw
Above its falling tears.
Since sadness, sorrow, care and pain,
And grief on earth abound,
Speak thou in sympathetic tones,
Which have a soothing sound.

In kindness to the aged speak,
For weary is their way ;
As one by one the joys of life
From them are snatched away.
Nor pass them by with careless air,
Or slight and chilling tone ;
Speak kindly, for their feeble state
May one day be thine own.

Speak kindly unto all who live,
And from thy loving heart
Let streams of kindness pure and deep
As from a fountain start.
The chain of human love shall then
Bind every heart to thee,
And thine to Him, who soon shall say
"Thou didst it unto me."

OLD MOLL AND LITTLE AGNES; OR, THE RICH POOR AND THE POOR RICH.*

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

CHAPTER II.

It was a cold and cheerless night in January. The rain had fallen incessantly through the morning, but toward noon the cold had increased to such a degree that it turned to sleet; and now this had ceased, and the streets were covered with ice. Those who were obliged to be out, wrapped their cloaks closer around them as they vainly endeavored to accelerate their speed. Indeed, all precaution seemed useless; for, by the light from the stores, men, women, and children might be seen taking a sudden and involuntary seat upon the slippery pavement.

In the well-warmed and brilliantly-lighted parlor of a four-story brick mansion on C—— street a family group were assembled. A gentleman, apparently about forty-five years of age, was sitting directly in front of the grate, and with the poker breaking the large pieces of Liverpool coal to send up a fresh blaze. Farther back from the fire a lady was seated in a stuffed chair, and, with a beautiful child upon her lap, formed an agreeable addition to the picture. On a sofa at the farther end of the apartment two young persons were engaged in an animated conversation. One of these was a lady, a ward of Mr. Buckingham, the gentleman by the fire; the other, his son, a lad of fifteen. The lady, whose name was Florence Mowbrey, was skilfully parrying some question which the youth Louis asked her. At length her patience was exhausted, and she expostulated: "Now, Louis, why need you tease me so? Just tell me whether or not you have a letter for me."

In reply, the boy put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a thick package, which he presented her, and which she received with a scream of delight. In another moment she was seated

* Continued from page 43.

by the table, and, having eagerly torn open the seal, proceeded to devour the precious contents, unconscious that three pairs of eyes were fixed intently upon her. A quiet smile passed between the gentleman and lady by the fire as they saw her cheeks flush and her bosom heave with the intensity of her interest in her letters; but, turning toward the fire, Mr. Buckingham remarked: "This is what I call comfort;" and he again thrust the poker into the fire, as was his habit when talking. "It is terribly uncomfortable out. I became thoroughly chilled coming from the store. I was obliged to creep along upon the ice."

"I fear," responded his wife, "that there will be suffering to-night among the poor; after a whole week of mild weather this has come on so suddenly. Come, Lily, darling," she continued, addressing the child, "mamma will ring for Bessie to take you to your nice warm bed."

At this moment the door opened, and a face black as ebony peeped into the room, and then Bessie entered, and advanced to the side of her mistress. "Please missus," she urged, "come to the kitchen. There's somebody by the fire as calls herself Aggy; but I has my 'spicions she's a ghost;" and Bessie rolled her white eyes around to see what effect this announcement had upon her auditors.

Mrs. Buckingham caught the hand of Louis to detain him, as he sprang from his seat to leave the room, and asked, "What does she want?"

"She don't want nothing, ma'am; she didn't come herself. Robert found her crying in the passage, and he took her up in his arms and brought her in. But, la! I could lift her as easy as I could lift a feather. She's nothing but a living skeleton, and she shakes so I should n't be at all 'stonished to see her drop to pieces."

"You may put Lily to bed, and I will see who the child is," replied her mistress, arising from her seat. She left the room, after imprinting a kiss upon her daughter's lips, and went below, followed by her son. In a few moments she returned with a child only a year older than her own little pet; but it would be difficult to select two children more unlike. Lily was

as frail and fair as the flower whose name she bore, with deep blue eyes and soft flaxen ringlets. Aggy, as she called herself, was as dark as a gypsy. Her long black hair hung loosely over her shoulders, falling in front over her thin sallow cheeks. Her hands and lips were blue with the cold, and there was something repulsive in her whole appearance.

As Mrs. Buckingham drew her to the fire she raised her eyes and gave one quick, frightened glance around. It was wonderful to observe the change caused by this simple movement. It was like the noonday sun darting suddenly through a dark cloud. For a moment all gazed at the child in wonder. There was something about her so strange, almost unearthly, as she stood before the fire, with her thin fingers spread out to imbibe the grateful warmth, appearing far more like a dwarfish old woman than a child. Her dress, too, was unsuited to her age. A tattered woollen gown of coarse material reached to her feet, while a black shawl was placed around her neck, then passed under her arms and tied together behind.

"What shall we do with her?" inquired the lady of her husband, in a low voice.

"O, let her stay here!" entreated Florence, eagerly advancing to the group.

Aggy again raised her eyes, and gave a lightning glance at the speaker. The look was expressive of wonder as well as gratitude.

"Where can she go if we send her away?" asked the gentleman, speaking for the first time.

"She says she has no home," replied Louis.

Florence stooped down and took the hand of the child as she inquired, "What is your name, my dear?"

"My grandmother called me Agnes," whispered the child; "but everybody else calls me Aggy."

"Aggy what? What is your last name?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"What is your mother called?"

"Old Moll; but she is dead now," and the child burst into tears. Her sobs were so violent that it really seemed, as Bessie had said, that she would shake to pieces. Florence drew a

taboret toward the grate, and lifted the child to her lap, notwithstanding a deprecatory shake of the head from the lady by her side.

"There, dear; don't cry so," she whispered, soothingly. "I'll be your friend, and make you some warm clothes, and you shall go to school and learn to read."

Aggy gradually grew calm under the influence of the gentle tone and cheering words of the lady who called herself her friend. Poor child! It was her first experience of kindness, and she could hardly realize it. But presently the room, which had seemed to her so light, grew dark, the sweet voice indistinct. Florence felt the weary head lean more and more heavily upon her arm, and at length, with a low moan, the child fainted.

All sprang to their feet. Louis ran for water, Mrs. Buckingham applied hartshorn, and her husband took the cold hand, which hung lifelessly down by her side, and vigorously endeavored to impart to it some of his own warmth and vitality.

"O, look at her!" murmured Florence, "she is dead."

"No, no, child," responded the gentleman, putting his ear to her heart to listen whether she breathed, "she has fainted; perhaps from hunger, but more likely from the heat, after being long exposed to the cold air."

After a few drops of water sprinkled in her face, Aggy revived, and slowly opened her eyes. At the same moment, Bessie, curious to know what had become of the little creature, whom she still suspected was "no more nor less than a spirit," made an errand to return to the parlor, and was immediately ordered by her mistress to bring some simple refreshment from the kitchen.

As the child lay in the arms of Florence, who would not suffer her to be removed, she looked so unlike the sweet Lily, who often occupied the same place, that the mother and brother gazed with horror and aversion mingling largely with their pity. Louis caught the contemptuous expression of his mother, and asked, in a low voice: "Isn't she ugly?" When he glanced back to the object of his remark, he almost started at the brilliancy of her eyes, which were fixed upon him; then

the child turned wearily toward the breast of the only friend she had in the world, and tried to cover her face with her emaciated hand. But the thin fingers could not prevent the tears from streaming through them, and flowing down her wan cheeks.

Florence bent a reproachful glance upon him, and then turned anew to the task of soothing her young charge.

After partaking of the food, which she devoured with such eagerness as brought tears to the eyes of those watching her, an animated discussion was carried on in French as to the manner of disposing of her for the night. Mrs. Buckingham proposed to give her to the charge of Bessie, if that personage could be prevailed upon to allow so suspicious a character to partake of the hospitalities of her room; but Florence implored her aunt, as she was in the habit of calling the lady, to allow a pallet to be carried to her own chamber, and that she might have the pleasure of administering to the child in her own way. She urged that Aggy was exceedingly feeble, and, if not properly attended, might lose her life, in which event, the young lady declared she should always consider herself accountable. As she said this, she involuntarily pressed the coarsely dressed, and by no means attractive pauper to her quickly-beating heart; an action for which she was more than paid by a gleam of joy which flashed from Aggy's eyes, as a wondering smile played for one moment about her mouth. That moment was an era in the child's life. She had found some one to love her as she had seen other children loved, and life, which to her had heretofore been so dark and drear, seemed to dazzle her with its brightness. Her joy was so keen as to be nearly allied to pain, and she placed her small hand upon her heart in the vain endeavor to hush its wild beating. Poor Aggy! Adversity has been to thee a stern teacher. If sent forth into the cold street, in quest of some sheltered nook to hide thyself from the piercing cold which shakes thy quivering frame, a few tears might have fallen, as they have often before done, but with an undefined feeling of submission, thou wouldst have passed on, saying, "It is my lot." But at the unexpected kindness which is shown thee, especially as loving arms encircle thy wasted form, and the thought, "Some-

body loves me, even *me*," warms thy whole being into a new life, thy young heart aches with the intensity of its emotions, and thou fearest to awake, as from a dream, and find thy head pillowed as often before upon the marble steps of some lofty mansion. A chord has been touched in thy breast, which will never cease to vibrate until thou yieldest thy spirit into the hand of Him who gave it.

Having procured a night-dress from the wardrobe of her young mistress, Bessie, though with great unwillingness, conveyed the child to the chamber of Miss Florence. There she was placed in a warm bath, after which her closely-matted hair was combed out, and, being dried, was placed under a neat cap. Having attended carefully to her physical wants, Florence wrapped Aggy in a large blanket, and, drawing a chair close to the cheerful fire, took the child in her lap, in order to ascertain how far her intellect had been developed.

Refreshed by the unknown luxuries of cleanliness and warmth, and unrestrained by the presence of others, Aggy opened her full heart to her new friend, and freely answered, so far as in her power, all the questions put to her.

"Aggy," asked the lady, "how long has your grandmother been dead?"

"I don't know, ma'am; but it's a long while ago, for it was n't cold when she died."

"And where have you stayed since?"

"Nowhere, ma'am; I have n't any home."

Inexpressibly affected by the mournful tone, Florence with difficulty continued her questions. "But where have you slept, and where did you get your dinner and supper?"

"When it is warm enough, I sleep in the alley where Granny lived, but for a good while the woman let me come into the entry, it was so cold out doors, and then I rocked the cradle while she went for water and got the breakfast, and she gave me a piece of bread."

"Who was the woman?" asked the lady, secretly determined to ascertain from her something of the child.

"I don't know, ma'am; I don't want to live with her again;" and Aggy clung to the arm of her benefactress.

"No, you shall not go back to her; but can you find the street where she lives?"

"Yes, ma'am," feebly answered the child, at the same time a pallor spread around her mouth, as all her bright hopes seemed fading away, and she saw herself back in the place she would that very morning have gladly claimed as *home*.

Florence quickly noticed the change in her countenance, and asked the reason.

"I don't love Mrs. McCallen," sobbed the child, "and I want to stay with you."

"Aggy," replied her friend, "I told you I should not send you back, and I shall not tell a lie. If I did, God would not love me. Do you know who God is?"

"No, ma'am, I never saw him."

"We cannot see him, because he is a spirit;" and Florence's voice assumed a tone of seriousness, as she continued, "but he is here in this room, and he hears every word we say."

Aggy started forward, and gave a quick glance around the chamber, then nestled closer to her friend, and clasped tightly Florence's hand with her tiny fingers.

"God is very good and very kind to little children," added the young teacher, "and they should obey all his commands. We can't see him, but sometimes we hear his voice. When I saw you so cold and hungry, I heard him whisper to me, 'Florence, take care of that poor child, or she will starve.'"

"O, did he?" burst out the little wanderer, whose eyes had been every moment dilating with fresh wonder that she had found another friend. "Did he? Then I love him."

Tears sprang to the eyes of the lady at this artless reply. "Yes, Aggy," she said, "I heard his voice, and if you listen for it you will often hear it. He loves you, and wants you to be a good little girl, so that some time you can go to live with him in a beautiful home above the sky."

"And shall you go too?"

"Yes, I hope I shall go. Now I want you to kneel down by me, and ask God to help you to be good, and to love him as you ought." Florence arose, and Aggy imitated her example, and repeated after her the simple petitions. Then she listened

in wonder to the fervent ejaculations of prayer and praise, which poured forth from the full heart of the lady by her side. After that, she was tenderly placed upon her low bed, while Florence drew near the lamp, and perused, for the second time, the precious epistles she had that evening received. After she had done this, she sat for a long time gazing into the fire, her thoughts far away with her absent friend. Then, recalled by a sigh from the low bed in the corner to the recollection of her little protégé, she asked herself, "What is my duty to this little orphan? What would my mother have done?" And her bright eyes became dewy, as she thought of the self-sacrificing labors of love of her sainted mother. I cannot refuse to share some of my abundance with her. Suddenly a bright thought flashed through her mind, and, after pausing one moment, to ascertain that her plan was feasible, she approached the bed, satisfied herself that Aggy was asleep, and then hastily descended to the parlor.

"I was just going to find you," exclaimed Louis; "I was afraid that ugly little ghost had carried you off, and father wants you to play."

Florence playfully patted his cheek, as she replied, "Well, you see I am here bodily. The poor little thing is asleep now."

"I wonder at your taste, Florence," said Mrs. Buckingham; "I never saw a worse-looking child; nothing could have induced me to take her in my arms as you did. But what do you expect to do with her?"

"We will talk of that by and by," answered the young lady, forcing herself to be calm, though every feeling of her heart was aroused by the cold, unfeeling words of her aunt; "now I will bring my harp." She did so, and in a low, sweet voice, into which she unconsciously threw an unusual pathos and expression, she sang her uncle's favorite tunes. When she had finished Auld Robin Gray, he turned, and saw that her eyes were filled with tears. "Why, Florence," he asked, quickly, "what is the matter? There, child, put the harp away for to-night;" and he arose and led her to a seat by his side. "Have you heard any bad news, my dear?" he inquired, tenderly, retaining her hand.

"No," she replied; "I was thinking of my mother. Dear uncle," she added, determined to take advantage of his softened manner, "I have a great favor to ask of you. It will make me very happy if you will grant it."

"Well, well, child; if it's anything in reason. You remember you have had one quarter part of your next month's allowance, and you promised ——"

"O, I don't want any more money!" she responded eagerly; "I want"—she hesitated and glanced at her aunt, then changed her seat, and caught Mrs. Buckingham's hand. "If you say yes, I am sure he will," she urged, addressing the lady. "I want to keep the poor beggar-girl and take care of her until Andrew comes home. It will give me employment and help to pass the time which I thought so long. Ten months more, only think!"

"Florence Mowbrey, are you crazy?" interrupted her aunt. "If you want to adopt a child, do for mercy's sake take one who looks like a human being! Why, I should die with such a hideous creature about the house. Her skin is as sallow and withered as an old monkey. You may take that little girl we saw in the asylum. Lily would not object to her for a play-mate."

Florence had a quick, impulsive temper. If she had not early learned to control it she would now have given utterance to some of the bitter words which rose to her lips; but though for a moment her eye flashed, when her aunt ceased speaking, she answered mildly though earnestly: "The little creature is not to be treated with contempt on account of her ill looks. I acknowledge she is not handsome, and yet there is something which attracts me to her. Probably it is that she is so entirely friendless. It would hardly be charity to take that sweet child from the comfortable home provided for her, and turn this orphan away."

"But," persisted Mr. Buckingham, "she will only be an expense and a trouble to you, and you will soon tire of the charge."

"As to the expense," urged the young girl, eagerly, "if you will consent to my plan, I will gladly give up the set of bril-

liants you promised me on Andrew's return, and the money they would have cost will compensate you for her board and clothes. All other expenses will be trifling; and, as the money you paid me last month enabled me to establish our old Thomas in his new home, I shall not want any more for a long time."

Mrs. Buckingham watched the countenance of her husband, and, seeing that he was beginning to relent, she exclaimed: "I never will give my consent to such an absurd proposal, never!"

Poor Florence burst into tears, at which Louis thought it was quite time for him to interfere. He put his arm around her neck, and began to whisper something, in which the name Andrew was often repeated. At the same time, Mr. Buckingham having given his wife a meaning glance, which she appeared to understand, he said, soothingly, "Cheer up, Florence; I'll contrive to win her approval. At any rate, as you have taken such a fancy to Aggy, as she calls herself, she shall stay for the present until we can find some other way to dispose of her."

Florence glanced in his face, saw that he was in earnest, and, understanding that this compromise was only intended to satisfy his wife, she got up, gave him a grateful kiss, then saying good-night to her aunt and cousin, returned to her chamber.

Mr. Buckingham's house was not entirely a prayerless one: for from one altar, morning and evening incense was offered; and on this night, when the increasing severity of the cold made her tremble even in her warm apartment, Florence thanked her heavenly Father that he had given her the heart to provide for the comfort of one, at least, of the suffering children of poverty and distress. She then retired to rest, and in her dreams the beloved friend, whose image filled her heart, was strangely changed into a little girl with brilliant black eyes and long black locks. She put out her hand to assure herself it was really her own Andrew, when a low sob awoke her to the remembrance of her protégé.

THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

BY E. L. E.

Now rest thee, friend, thy sorrows past,
The wished-for haven gained at last ;
Thy weary form serenely laid
Within the grave's soft hallowed shade ;
Thy ransomed spirit soaring free
To life and immortality.
O, was it not a double joy
To rise with heaven's assigned convoy,
From earth's dark scenes of pain and sin,
The victor's crown and palm to win ;
To join the host and swell their song,
That round the throne eternal throng ?
Thou know'st thy heart to ours was dear,
Thou know'st our homes are lonely here ;
Yet mourn we not ; the bird, unchained,
At length its sheltering nest hath gained :
Thine was the sufferer's lot below,
In days of anguish, nights of woe ;
Thine is the seraph's bliss above,
The home of joy, the home of love !

I saw thee when our fewer years
Were not yet saddened with our tears ;
I saw thee when thou stood'st beside
Thy lover's form, a happy bride ;
I saw thee when thine eye was dim,
When suffering overshadowed him :
Yet 't was not mine thy couch to cheer,
With words of sympathy sincere ;
It ne'er was mine thy face to greet
In frequent intercourse and sweet.
But by the ties that long had bound
Each to our mutual friends, I found
My heart to thine had closely grown,
And called thee, absent, still my own ;
What love was ours where spirits blend,
Though half unknown may be the friend !
And such the grave can ne'er divide,
For soul to soul is still allied.

As through the shining streets thy way
Has led thee in those realms of day,
Or by the streams, that brightly flow,
Where flowers and fruits immortal grow,
Hast thou not met with one, ere now,
Of seraph smile and radiant brow,
Who wears (if heaven allows a trace
Of earth upon an angel's face)
A mother's aspect? thou would'st know
The heart that used to love me so,
And loves me still — the quenchless flame
In earth or heaven is still the same.
The harp thou scarce hast learned to string,
Her own shall teach with praise to ring,
Shall catch from thine another strain :
“ A soul redeemed,” the new refrain,
“ A soul redeemed by love divine,
The glory his, the victory thine ! ”
Nor she alone thy heart will greet,
Of all who there in converse meet ;
Ten thousand harps with thine shall blend,
Ten thousand songs with thine ascend.
'T was thy mortality which gave
The chains which drew thee to the grave,
That bound thy spirit darkly here,
Though struggling for an upward sphere :
Now, chains forever laid aside,
Thy soul, expanded, purified,
With kindred souls shall sweetly twine,
In union deathless and divine.
But chief of all thy joys shall be
Thy Saviour's glorious face to see,
Thy Lord whose life for thine was given,
Himself the song and crown of heaven.

“ THE death of those distinguished by their station,
But by their virtue more, awakes the mind
To solemn dread, and strikes a saddening awe.
Not that we grieve for them, but for ourselves,
Left to the toil of life. And yet, the best
Are, by the playful children of this world,
At once forgot, as they had never been.”

PROGRESS.

BY L. E. B.

GREAT is man's skill and industry ;
 He takes the barren sand
 And makes it teem with life and glee,
 At his supreme command.

CHORUS.

Unfurl that flag with golden stars,
 And show the world around,
 That, barring kings, and courts, and wars,
 True grandeur can be found.

Let union, peace, and liberty,
 Improve each art of life ;
 Let brotherhood and charity
 Banish all mortal strife.
 Unfurl, etc.

We then shall rule o'er land and sea
 With undisputed right ;
 The cradle of the brave and free
 Shall be the tyrant's fright.
 Unfurl, etc.

Behold that brazen-crested horse
 That dashes o'er the rails !
 While lightning has been taught by Morse
 To distance all our mails !
 Unfurl, etc.

So have we, with gigantic stride,
 Bent Nature to our will ;
 And conquered space, and time and tide,
 And . . . onward go we still ! . . .

CHORUS.

Unfurl that flag with golden stars
 And show the world around,
 That, barring kings, and courts, and wars,
 True grandeur can be found.

THE BEURRE D'AREMBERG PEAR.

BY HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER.

SYNONYMS.

THIS pear is called by the London Horticultural Society *Duc d'Aremberg*, *Deschamps*, and *l'Orpoline*, and by some foreign cultivators *Orpheline d'Enghien*, *Beurré des Orphelines*, *Beurré Deschamps*, *d'Aremberg Parfait*, *Soldat Laboureur*, and *Beurré d'Aremberg Belge*.

CHARACTERISTICS.

THIS pear is in form obovate, obtuse, pyriform; sometimes inclining to acute pyriform, but tapering abruptly toward the stem, where it frequently terminates in a fleshy junction. Its outline and surface are slightly irregular. Its calyx is small, closed; segments short, and set in a deeply-formed basin. Its stem is short, from one half to three quarters of an inch in length; stout, knobby, set obliquely on one side, without depression, generally fleshy where it joins the fruit. Its color is a dull, pale green, becoming, at maturity, light yellow clouded with green, and covered partially with traces of patches of light cinnamon russet, particularly at the stem and eye. The skin is moderately thick, and a little rough. The flesh is white, very juicy, melting even to the core, and uniformly free from indurated spots. Its flavor is highly vinous, rich, delicious, perfumed with an exquisite combination of the acidulous and saccharine. Its size is three inches long by two and a half in diameter; its core of a medium size; its seeds numerous, large, plump, light-brown, and acutely pointed; its leaf oval acuminate, simple, and slightly serrate, with margins broadly undulate, petiole long and midrib frequently curved. Its wood, when young, is yellowish-brown, dotted with pale-gray specks, moderately vigorous, long-jointed, and with small buds, while that of two or more years' growth is brownish-gray mottled.

Both the old and new wood are occasionally marked with roughness resembling slight disruptions. The tree grows upright, moderately vigorous, with its head compact.

HISTORY AND CULTIVATION.

The history of this pear has been so often given in pomological works, that an account in detail might be deemed superfluous. Suffice it to say, that it was produced by the Abbé Deschamps, in the garden of the Hospice des Orphelines, at Enghien, nearly forty-five years since. From these circumstances it took its synonymous names, and finally, by an error, that of *Beurré d'Aremberg*. It was received in this country by the Hon. John Lowell, from Mr. Knight, president of the London Horticultural Society, some thirty years since, and also by Mr. Parmentier, nurseryman, at Brooklyn, N. Y., from his brother, Chevalier Parmentier, of Enghien, about the same time.

Its fruit was exhibited by me to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society in 1835, from a strong tree, purchased of Mrs. Parmentier just before the sale of the estate of her deceased husband, which is now one of the most populous portions of the city of Brooklyn.

For some years much confusion existed as to the identity of this variety, there having been previously introduced into France, by M. Noisette, a pear, which he received from the Duc d'Aremberg, and to which he gave the name of *Beurré d'Aremberg*. But Noisette's variety was the true *Glout Morceau*, a sort now more extensively cultivated in France than almost any other, and which still appears in almost all the French catalogues under the former name. The two sorts are, however, easily distinguished; the *Beurré d'Aremberg* being of a highly acidulous and the *Glout Morceau* of a saccharine flavor. The wood and growth of these varieties are so distinct, that any person, who has had much experience in the cultivation of fruits, would readily observe the difference.

The true *Beurré d'Aremberg* has been widely disseminated in the United States, but, to the present time, it is not so generally known in France and Belgium, where it frequently bears

the cognomen either of the Soldat Laboureur, or D'Aremberg Parfait. This variety was early distributed by the London Horticultural Society, but Mr. Rivers, the celebrated English pear-grower, entertains the opinion that it is a sub-variety of the *true sort*, which he describes as a thorny tree, with fruit of the same form and appearance, but of smaller size. But in this opinion others do not concur.

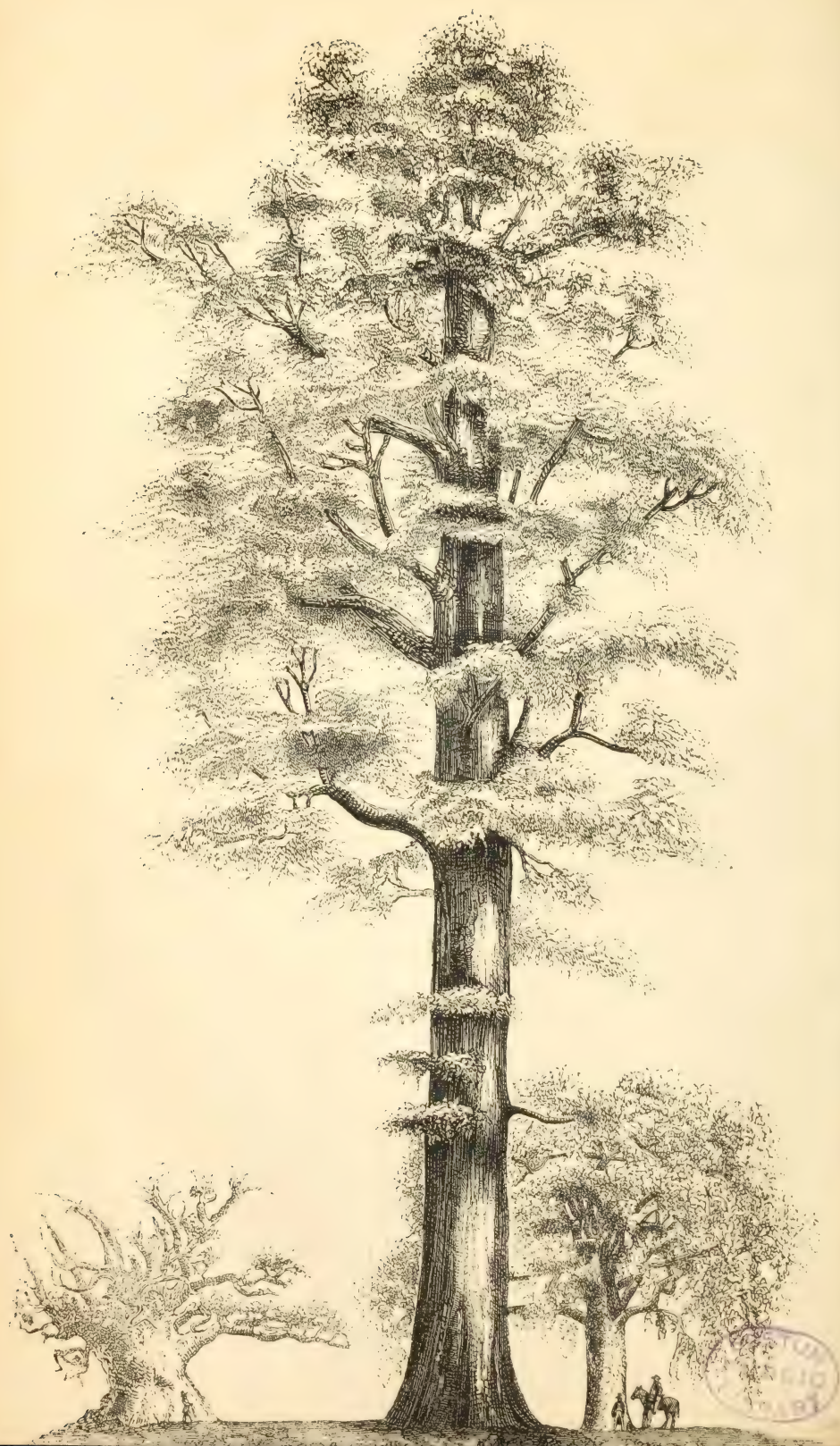
Of all the foreign sorts which have been introduced into the United States, perhaps none have surpassed and but few have equalled in excellence, the Beurré d'Aremberg pear. As a winter dessert-fruit, it has long been esteemed by amateurs and cultivators as one of the *best* if not the *very best* late pear under cultivation.

Its highly vinous flavor does not, however, always at first please the palate; but it seldom fails to become, on farther acquaintance, a general favorite with good judges of fine fruit. The foliage and fruit of the variety are remarkably persistent, resisting both frosts and gales until late in the autumn. As a constant, hardy sort, it is unsurpassed, and for prolific bearing it has no superior. A tree in my grounds has borne regular and large crops for the last twenty years, with one exception, namely, the disastrous year of 1849.

The d'Aremberg will succeed in any tolerably good location, but to produce fair and highly flavored specimens, the tree requires a warm, generous, and much enriched soil. Under the latter influences the whole character of the fruit is improved; while in cold, stiff soils and damp locations its highly vinous flavor becomes too acidulous.

With proper care in gathering and packing, this fruit keeps as well as the Russet apple, retaining to maturity its champagne sprightliness, with all the freshness of a specimen just gathered from the tree. The fruit may be easily excited into a ripening state in November, by increased warmth; or it can be retarded by a low temperature until March or April.

In conclusion, the Beurré d'Aremberg possesses all the characteristics of a *first-rate* dessert-fruit, and is worthy of general cultivation; but it does not succeed so well on the quince as on the pear stock.





CAMELLIA M^{rs} ABBY WILDER.

HASTE THEM!

WORDS BY META LANDER.

MUSIC BY J. C. JOHNSON.

Treble.



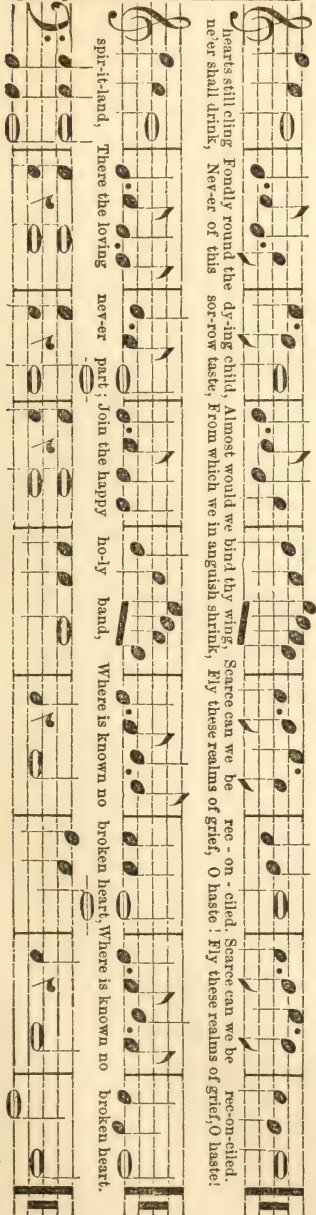
1. Lo! life's tide is ebbing fast: Death's cold dew is on her brow: Loving eyes! O look your last! Dying is your idol now. 2. Dying, yet our
3. Yet O cheer us: speed thy flight: Through the earth's foundations shake, Speed thee to thy home of light, While with grief our spirits break. 4. Thou, of this cup
Alto-

Aito.

Inst. Bass.



5. Haste thee, to the





THE MONARCH OF THE FOREST.

BY DR. R. U. PIPER.

[WE present our readers with a plate representing this wonder of the world, and for their gratification we accompany it with Dr. Piper's very accurate and beautiful description, originally prepared for his work entitled "The Trees of America," and dedicated to Hon. Marshall P. Wilder; a work which bids fair to become a standard in arboriculture, and which we cordially recommend to those of our readers interested in that art. By his kind permission we transfer his account to our pages, while we gratefully acknowledge our obligations to him, also, for the engraving, designed and executed expressly for our publication under the observation of his critical eye. Professor Torrey describes this tree under the head of *Sequoia Gigantia*, and Dr. Lindley, under that of *Wellingtonia Gigantia*.

By the side of this king of the forest, the gigantic oak and the majestic elm, in the genial shade of which we have sported, whose fair proportions and gracefully-waving boughs we have admired from very childhood up, appear like dwarfs. Sincerely do we pity the boy or the man whose ruthless hand can destroy or disfigure objects of so much beauty as shade-trees, without compunction or regret. He whose dwelling is embowered in them will find them contributing in no small degree to enhance the value of his estate, to promote the health of his household, and to multiply the comforts and joys of his sweet home. The town or the city that lines its streets with them will thereby increase its attractiveness as a place of residence, promote the refinement and virtue, and cultivate the taste, of its inhabitants. Plant trees, therefore, about your dwelling, and along the street by your estate, that your children, and your children's children, when they play beneath their spreading branches, and the weary traveller, when he reclines in their shade, may raise their souls in gratitude to

the Giver of all good, for putting it into your heart to consult their convenience and to labor for their comfort. ED.]

Dr. Lindley says of this vegetable giant, whose age is estimated to be three thousand years, "It must have been a little plant when Samson was slaying his Philistines, or Paris running away with Helen." It is found in a single district on the elevated slopes of the Sierra Nevada, near the head waters of the Stanislaus and San Antonio rivers,—thirty-eight degrees north latitude, and one hundred and twenty-nine degrees west longitude,—at an elevation of five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Some eighty or ninety trees exist within the circuit of a mile. The following are the dimensions of some of the largest of them, from a source which we believe is worthy of credit: One, four hundred feet in height, one hundred and nineteen feet in circumference; a cluster of three, three hundred feet in height, ninety-two in circumference; one, two hundred feet in height, eighty-five feet in circumference; one, three hundred and twenty-five feet in height, ninety-one and a half feet in circumference; two, united at the base, three hundred feet in height, ninety-two feet in circumference; two, three hundred and twenty-five feet in height, ninety feet in circumference; one, three hundred feet in height, ninety-four feet in circumference; one, three hundred feet in height, seventy-two feet in circumference; two, three hundred feet in height, eighty-five feet in circumference.

The tree from which our plate is made was two hundred and ninety feet in height, and ninety-six feet in circumference. This measurement corresponds with many others which have been made of it, and we are also assured, by several gentlemen who visited it, that our portrait is very correct. As will be seen, it has been broken at some distance from the top. By continuing the sides, they will be found to meet at a distance of four hundred and fifty feet from the base, which would make this tree higher than any now standing* of which we have an account. It is said that one has been discovered, lying prostrate, which must have been, at least, five hundred feet in height. The top was partly destroyed. It is difficult to form an adequate conception of the magnitude of these

enormous trees. It will be seen that the base of some of them covers an area equal to that of a pretty good sized dwelling-house. The "Father Pine," as it is called, aside from its branches, would make more than a thousand cords of wood. Dr. Hunter, in speaking of one of the gigantic English oaks, which measured forty-eight feet in circumference, says, "When compared to this, all other trees are but children of the forest." This enormous oak would scarcely make a branch for one of these gigantic Californians. A drawing of this oak and the Boston elm is shown in the plate, drawn on the same scale as the redwood.

Mr. Frank Marryat tells us that the wood of this tree, which is so light and easy to work, is very durable. From the specimens which we have seen, we should not judge it to be more than two thirds as heavy as white pine. The redwood bark, which is a foot in thickness, is penetrated, toward the top of the tree, with numerous holes, made by a kind of starling called carpentero—the carpenter. These birds fill their cells with acorns, for winter use. They are always at work, when they are not fighting among themselves, or engaged in scolding the gray squirrel, who frequently pillages their stores. When the squirrel ascends the redwood, he is immediately surrounded by the carpenteros, who, well knowing his errand, do their best to drive him away. The squirrel takes no notice of their angry remonstrances against his invasion of their rights, but chooses the acorn which suits him best, whisks his silvery tail from side to side, and turns his head with a comical look of composure, as if he were doing the most innocent and commendable action imaginable. The birds, however, do not view the matter in the same light, for they keep such a screaming over the "rascally business," that they soon assemble a whole flock of their neighbors, who join in the noise, until it becomes absolutely deafening to human ears. The squirrel, in the mean time, continues his thefts until his appetite is satisfied.

But a greater foe to the carpentero and the noble redwood is the Digger Indian, who burns down the giant for the sake of the acorns stored in the cells of the industrious bird. Some of these mighty monuments of antiquity have also been destroyed

by the cupidity of showmen and others ; “ men,” as an eminent author says, “ who would dig up the bones of their fathers, and expose them in the market-place for sale, and dispose of their household gods, of their very souls, even, for pence.” The poor Digger has some excuse in his hunger and his ignorance for destroying these venerable monuments of the past ; but what shall we say of the civilized man who dares to imitate him, especially where he has only the desire of gain to plead in excuse ? Will not the people of California see to it that no more of these “ children of elder time,” whose birth was coëval with that of the Pyramids, be unnecessarily destroyed. Every pains should be taken to preserve them. They are monuments of the past, as are the Pyramids, and much more worthy of reverence and a pilgrimage. If, as says that writer whose fame is our nation’s honor, the love and reverence of trees is worthy of liberal and free-born men, will not the liberal and free-born men of our sister state guard the redwood from all wanton injury ? Ere long it seems to us that thousands will journey to the golden land to look upon these trees, “ its greatest wonder.”

Three thousand years ago — “ how strange the story ! ” — these trees had their birth ; and, while the monuments of Egypt are crumbling into dust, the redwood lives on, every fibre of its wondrous structure as sound as though it were destined to live while the world lasts. And who can say when it shall become aged ? The ancient cedars of Lebanon have nearly all passed away ; the cedar of California has but begun its wondrous existence. When the Saviour walked the earth, these trees had already seen twelve centuries pass by in their noiseless tread ; and eighteen centuries more have glided away, and still they remain, clothed with a robe of living green, which may sing to the passing breeze until the “ Final Day.”

You may as well feed a man without a mouth, as to give good advice to one who has no disposition to receive it, and whose bent and inclination is only to wickedness.

THE SNOW-SHOWER,

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

STAND here by my side, and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes ;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies ;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow ;
Flake after flake
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See, how in a living swarm they come
From the chambers beyond that misty veil !
Some hover a while in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet, and are still in the depth below ;
Flake after flake
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here, delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud,
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
That whiten by night the milky way ;
There, broader and burlier masses fall ;
The sullen water buries them all ;
Flake after flake
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
Come clinging along their unsteady way ;
As friend with friend, or husband with wife,
Makes, hand in hand, the passage of life,
Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo ! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.

The fair frail creatures of middle sky,
 What speed they make with their grave so nigh !
 Flake after flake
 To lie in the dark and silent lake.

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear ;
 They turn to me in sorrowful thought ;
 Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
 Who were for a time, and now are not ;
 Like these children of cloud and frost,
 That glisten a moment, and then are lost,
 Flake after flake
 All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide ;
 A gleam of blue on the water lies ;
 And far away, on the mountain side,
 A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.
 But the hurrying host, that flew between
 The cloud and the water, no more is seen ;
 Flake after flake
 At rest in the dark and silent lake.

H E A V E N .

“ For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.— 2 Cor. 5 : 1.

There is a world above,
 Where sorrow is unknown ;
 A long eternity of love,
 Formed for the good alone ;
 And faith beholds the dying here,
 Translated to that glorious sphere.

MONTGOMERY.

Every Christian that goes before us from this world is a ransomed spirit, waiting to welcome us in heaven. Every gem that is rudely torn away from us here is a glorious jewel forever shining there.— PRESIDENT EDWARDS.

Friends, even in Heaven, one happiness would miss,
 Should they not know each other when in bliss.

BISHOP KENDRICK.

RUTH TO NAOMI.

BY J. T. T.

LEAVE thee, my mother ! can I go
Back to the joys of home,
While, crushed by sorrow's heaviest woe,
Thy footsteps lonely roam ?

No ! joined by grief's most holy ties,
One path our steps shall trace ;
I'll sweetly soothe thy miseries,
Thy perils firmly face.

Where'er our humble home may be,
Thy people shall be mine ;
One God our suppliant eyes shall see
In tears before his shrine.

I'll follow thee, through griefs and pains,
Till life's last-passing sigh ;
And where repose thy cold remains
I'll lay me down and die.

FAMILY HARMONY.

BUT leaves the greenest will decay,
And flowers the brightest fade away,
When autumn winds are sweeping ;
And be the household e'er so fair,
The hand of death will soon be there,
And turn the scene to weeping.

Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,
And lilies wave beneath the breeze,
When spring comes smiling hither ;
And friends, who parted at the tomb,
May yet renew their loveliest bloom,
And meet in heaven together.

THE SCHOOL AND THE SCHOOLMASTER.*

BY REV. W. WARREN.

How shall *the great "artist"* proceed with his various and conscious material of thought and taste? Education does not commence with the printed book, nor with the alphabet. Nature should be made a text-book; and her thousand objects and incidents should become teachers. How early that which is fit, and useful, and just, and beautiful, may be learned! We begin to form the mind and heart before we seem to be doing anything in the work of education. Impressions are very subtle and noiseless things. Little children are unconscious critics of character, and recipients of permanent and powerful influences. Sights, tones, smiles, gentle, pleasant recreations, do the first work of education. Rough, rude and unsympathetic treatment does the first work of ruin. In *common* art, the rough work comes first; the inspired touches last. In the greater, the diviner art of education, the finer touches should be first, and the coarse, rough strokes — *never!* The mother, the sister, precede the professional teacher in their gentle, truthful work. Nature is more easily learned in childhood than at any other period. She is mother and teacher. Her lessons are rational, truthful, genial, healthful. As in Scripture, so in nature, the infant and the philosopher can read from the same page, and with equal profit. Take your class out into nature, as the mother does her child. Do it often. Let them gather flowers, see the heavens in the brooks, and wonder at the swimming clouds, and shining sun, below the waters. Let knowledge and instruction be early associated with pleasant images and pleasant hours.

But, by-and-by, the business of education begins to be somewhat more sober and systematic. The little ones have to learn that *order* is Heaven's first law, and to associate in their minds the ideas of labor, attention, and system. Still, the time never

* Continued.

comes when the great lessons of beauty and order and wisdom in nature, learned by the freest intercourse with her scenes, guided by the experience and ingenuity of the teacher, can be dispensed with. But we are now in school. There are some things at which education should aim specifically, in the way of thorough, careful drilling. Let me name some of them.

THE VOICE. — In childhood the vocal organs are flexible and elastic. They require the special attention of the teacher. They are capable of being trained to a very high pitch of perfection. The vocal instrument should be attended to and attuned very early in life. The tongue is an instrument of great power. A free and forcible utterance has a mighty influence upon the heart and will. The voice stimulates the energies of the mind, electrifies the purposes, and plays upon the sensibilities sweetly or wildly. It takes captive entranced multitudes. The teacher should labor to cultivate the voice. Let him take care that his class stand erect and soldier-like. Let them be taught to give out the vowel elements with a clear and liquid force, and turn all the consonant capes and turns and twists, naturally and gracefully. By these elementary drills, a free and musical articulation is acquired, the reflex influence of which upon the mind and character is remarkable. Let the teacher attend to his own utterances. Children are creatures of imitation. Too much attention cannot be paid to manner and expression. Let the voice be thoroughly cultivated, as soon as the organs upon which it depends are developed. This is fundamental in a sound education.

THE MEMORY. — Three things are essential to a good memory: facility in receiving, power to hold and to recall at will, or the power to grasp, retain and recall, facts. Some memories have the first, without the other gifts. There are those who will take into the mind an entire discourse at once, but have little power to *retain* its ideas. There are others, more dull to receive impressions upon the memory, who will *hold* what they have gained with great tenacity. There are still others, who receive and retain easily, but have difficulty in commanding or recalling the facts they have observed, or of which they have heard or read. I have no need to extol this faculty of memory, nor

to advocate its cultivation. I will give a few hints as to the proper method of its education. First, let facts and truths be clearly perceived in the mind. Let them be presented in their natural order and relations. Make free use of the law of suggestion and association. Thus what is called a philosophical memory is cultivated. When knowledge is presented in its logical relations and natural associations, it is not only more easily remembered, but the faculty of memory is cultivated and invigorated. Strengthen the powers that are most closely connected, and in sympathy with the memory. The culture of one faculty educates and strengthens another. Virtuous habits invigorate the memory. It is enfeebled and dwarfed by vice. Strict veracity is favorable to the memory. Looseness in our statements leads to a relaxation of the power of memory. If the mind is not held to a strict account in its utterances, it will at length become loose in its recollections. If the moral powers have no standard, the mind will become slack and irresponsible in its records. The memory must be tasked, but not surfeited and overburdened. It is an April flower. Its growth is early and rapid. The teacher has a world of useful and pleasant truth before him, with which to task and train this most important talent. He can lead his pupils upon the margin of beautiful and important sciences, and to fields of inviting, waving knowledge. Thus a world of facts will be unconsciously acquired, and an essential faculty of the mind early developed.

LANGUAGE. — The use of words and chaste expressions should be early acquired. Very much here depends on early education. If children are used to hear correct and tasteful expressions, these will become their vernacular language. If they are used to coarse and vulgar phrases, it will be with great difficulty that propriety and refinement of expression are gained. Common language is a free translation of the inward feelings and thoughts. It is the mirror of the mind. Ignorance betrays itself by its dialect. Your expressions are the picture, or the crayoning, of your cultivation or uncultivation, as the case may be. They are the brilliants, the silverings of a noble refinement, or the opposite. The mind and heart are cultivated by

the proper use of language. The thoughts and fancies within are stirred by the reaction of beautiful and nervous expressions; the passion of readers and hearers is stirred by fluent and appropriate language. Let the teacher attend to his own expressions, and seek to inspire his pupils with the love and use of good language. He should correct their expressions, direct their reading, and early initiate them into the art of composing.

THE REASONING POWERS. — Let these be early cultivated. They are the *staple* of the mind; its laboratory. Perceiving first truths, we are capable of putting them together, and arriving at logical results. These results become propositions or premises to still other and more remote conclusions. Thus the mind rises, by gradual and almost imperceptible processes, to a grand elevation of thought. Or the mind is capable of collecting and classifying facts, of comparing phenomena in nature, till it discovers systems and laws, and thus arrives at exact science. It connects cause and effect, premises and conclusions, and becomes familiar with the vast arrangements and relation of things. The teacher should train his pupils to think, reason and argue. He should give them studies that readily initiate them into the mysteries of truth, and give them the mastery of their mind.

THE IMAGINATION. — Let not this gift be despised or neglected. Let not early genius provoke a laugh. One may have a rich imagination, who is not skilled in rhymes. Or, if a person has a propensity to rhyme and metre, if these have the true ring, the sin is pardonable because *original*. And whatever in native talent is original in man let education seek to foster. The mind has power to look things into new relations. It can do something at creation; can form conceptions, and call forth beauties that give great pleasure to cultivated taste. Let the mind, then, gratify itself in grouping and painting, according to its own fancy. Let it build for itself other creations; cause new suns to shine; stretch out new heavens, and garnish them with the wealth of its own free conceptions. Such a power gives sprightliness to thought, brilliancy to style, force to argument, a charm to conversation, and power to influence. It heightens rational thought, assists faith and hope, throws an

enchantment around life, and adds a fresh lustre to religion itself.

THE MORAL POWERS. — These are the greater lights of the mind. They recognize our responsibility, and their proper training is essential to our welfare in both worlds. He who believes that the mind is immortal, and the character is to be conformed to a high and pure standard, will admit without argument that the moral affections and principles demand the first attention of the parent and the teacher. A character without conscience or heart is as a kingdom without a capital or throne, or a ship in the tempest without helm or compass. The moral powers are *conscience*, *affection* and *freedom*, which, under the guidance of reason, make us responsible. Reason discovers relations, natural and moral; conscience discovers the obligations which grow out of these relations, sanctions and enforces them. Affection responds to the social and moral order in a flow of sensibility; and freedom gives us the power of choice in every case of conscience and duty. God addresses these powers in nature and Scripture, and brings the purest spiritual influences and motives to bear on the mind and choice. A sound education will be conversant with these standards and motives and influences. The teacher should attend to the moral principles of his pupils, should seek to prepare them for their whole future; should pay stricter attention to their habits and tastes than to the accuracy of their recitations; should cultivate purity of thought more carefully than vigor of intellect; moral refinement, than a chaste imagination; regard for the rights of others and the will of God, than for his own rules. Sectarian tests cannot be enforced in the common school; but when the *Christian religion* is banished, with its great textbook, the foundations are destroyed, and education will soon become only as specimens of art and ornament in the midst of a mass of ruins.

A painter once met a beautiful boy. He was so ravished with his faultless countenance that he resolved to paint it. He did so, and hung the picture in his studio. It was his favorite picture. He made it his guardian angel. When ruffled and weary of life, he found rest in gazing upon that charming face.

He resolved, if he ever found the *counterpart* to that lovely countenance, to paint THAT also, and hang it by the side of his favorite picture. But years passed away before he saw a face that answered to his conceptions of a perfect counterpart to his darling picture. And what may you suppose to have been his feelings when he learned that the two countenances were the *same*, — the one the face of the innocent child, the other of the ruined, wretched youth upon the floor of his prison cell?

In one of the neglected lanes of London, a teacher found a ragged, vicious boy. He took him to his school. Several times he was ready to give over in discouragement his efforts to reform his pupil. At last, to his great joy, he saw a change. Years passed. Anniversaries were in progress in London. Princes and lords presided. It was announced upon one of the platforms that the Bible had been translated into a language spoken by nearly half the world. The announcement sent a thrill of enthusiasm through the audience and the Christian world. But who had performed this great work of translating the Bible into the most difficult language under heaven? It was the same individual who, forty years before, was found in the street, and trained by that *master* of human destinies, the patient, affectionate teacher! We admire the genius that can bring from the rough rock the speaking form. But he who made that rude, wild boy the scholar, and, as God's instrument, the humble, eminent Christian, was more than an artist.

Deeds have an oratory that words cannot equal. We live for other ages. Our ancestors did more for our age than for their own. Others lived for us; let us live for others. We are *planting* as well as *harvesting* other times. Future ages will tell the story, and will write our history. The seed of effort and sacrifice may be buried deep, but germinate and ripen it surely will. Under ice and snows, quick life is warm at work. Everything has its resurrection. Principles propagate themselves. Effort is never lost. Other generations will reap the harvest we are sowing. Let a noble education be patronized. Let it be various, and liberal, and general. Privileged orders we must not have. If knowledge and virtue fail in our time, every other blessing perishes. Our liberties cannot be more

republican than our schools. The elements that connect themselves with general ignorance give a sort of eternity to national evils. Sensualism has its element in the thin air of mental vacuity. Let the mind and the heart be disciplined. Let education be republican, be universal. Our evening skies, though adorned with constellations and broad belts of light, owe their splendor, after all, to that broad field of individual stars and scattered lights that sprinkle the entire heavens. Our *educational* system also needs its colleges and professional schools, as our firmament its constellations and galaxies; but its highest glory lies in the general, broad-diffused starlight of popular education.

We need no prophet's eye or poet's fancy to see upon time's distant theatre successive generations. They seem to be intensely concerned for the course to be taken by those now upon the stage of time. They admonish us to remember them as the fathers remembered us. The *seed* now will yield a *harvest* then; the *rill* now will be a broad *river* then. Listen to the appeal that comes to us from future ages. We are admonished of the foundations we are laying, of the harvest of blessings or of woes that ages far future will reap from our sowing.

CHEAP SCHOOLMASTERS.

MANY fathers there are, that so love their money, and hate their children, that, lest it should cost them more than they are willing to spare to hire a good schoolmaster for them, rather choose such persons to instruct their children as are of no worth; thereby beating down the market, that they may purchase a cheap ignorance. It was, therefore, a witty and handsome jeer which Aristippus bestowed on a sottish father, by whom being asked what he would take to teach his child, he answered, a thousand drachms. Whereupon the other cried out, "O Hercules! how much out of the way you ask! for I can buy a slave at that rate." "Do, then," said the philosopher, "and thou shalt, instead of one, purchase two slaves for thy money; him that thou buyest for one, and thy son for another." — *Plutarch*.

BENEVOLENCE, THE BASIS OF FREE INSTITUTIONS.*

BY REV. DR. SHEPHERD.

PART II.

IN my last number I considered the fruits of benevolence chiefly as they appear in the cultivation of general intelligence, in relation to the various duties and responsibilities of good citizenship.

Vastly more important is it, however, that the *moral sense* be preserved *uncorrupt, the conscience unscared, the heart sincerely and sensitively alive to the claims of justice, truth, honesty, and good faith*. Men, that they may become the stable constituents of a republic, must not only discern what is right and what is duty, but possess moral courage to follow them out, whatever obstacles may oppose.

In bringing up society to such a healthy state of public virtue, and holding them there against all the adverse, and often overwhelming influences which the love of gain, ambition for position and power, bring around it, there is a work to be done which belongs almost entirely to the voluntary sacrifices of benevolence. The founders of our republic foresaw the necessity of a sound morality, an enlightened public conscience, to the well-being of the state, and they made wise provision for imbuing the minds of the people early with the principles of Christianity. They sought not to revive the pantheistic philosophy of paganism; they sent forth no lecturers to persuade the people to abolish the marriage institution, the death-penalty of murder, and the right of holding separate property. They labored not to break up the primeval and divine institution of the family by bringing large masses of both sexes into phalanxes and communities. But what did they do? They erected sanctuaries, and set up the preaching of the gospel on each and every Lord's day. They erected the family altar, and taught their children the good old Westminster catechism. From the Bible, with its purifying, elevating principles, its

* Continued from page 24.

eternal sanctions, line upon line, and precept upon precept, they taught the people to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God. And the experience of more than two centuries has demonstrated that there is no more excellent way than that which they pursued to train up a people to habits of sobriety, temperance, industry and godliness.

I shall not, in this place, go into the bearings of Bible truth upon the destinies of the soul in the life to come. I speak of the gospel in its influence to restrain, elevate, and purify the heart, to strengthen the ties of brotherhood between man and man, teaching us in all things to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us. Tell me, where else can be found appeals that take such hold of the conscience; commands which so overawe the mind, motives which so overcome the sound judgment, as those which proceed from the inspired word, as expounded and enforced by the teacher in the Sabbath school, or the man of God in the sanctuary rightly dividing the word of truth?

But we have no revenues of state, no system of legal tithing of the resources of the land, by means of which to keep this vast and complicated machinery in successful operation. Nor do we complain that we have it not. We are thrown, by the genius of our government, just where we would desire to be, upon the voluntary offerings of the people. And here is precisely the ground of our appeal to the benevolence of the community. Our argument is this: The welfare of the state depends upon the predominance of sound, evangelical morality—an enlightened public conscience, inspiring confidence among all classes of society. Such a condition of things can only be reached and sustained by the constant, impressive application of the inspired truths of the gospel. Such application of religious truth can only be made through the free-will offerings of the people. With this argument, resting with its full weight upon the mind, I would invite my readers to cast their eye over the length and breadth of these United States and territories, and survey the vast field in which this work of benevolence, this labor of love, is to gather in its rich harvests, or, in default, suffer all things to remain as an heath in the desert, a dry and thirsty land where no water is. I ask you to look at this aspect before

you at this time only as patriots and philanthropists. I speak not now of the soul's relation to a future existence. In view of the temporal destinies of my country I submit the question, What else than the Bible, the Sabbath, the sanctuary, an active, living ministry, can plant a New England civilization among the congregating thousands that are settling down in Oregon, California, Kansas and Nebraska? Who are to go out and set in train these necessary instrumentalities? And from whence are the necessary funds to come? This work must be done speedily, or those immense regions, rich in the precious minerals, and in agricultural and manufacturing resources, opening some of the finest harbors in the commercial world, must be abandoned, perhaps for centuries to come, to ignorance, error and spiritual death.

But I must glance at some of the obstacles which oppose the exercise of that liberality of gratuitous appropriations so essential to the welfare of our country. These may be summarily included in an increasing *idolatry of wealth* and *self-indulgence*. It is a common remark, and obviously true, that no nation on the face of the earth can bear any comparison with our own in the rapid accumulation of riches. The resources of this country are past calculation. Its enterprise is unbounded. To be convinced of this, you need only look at the rapid growth of our cities during the last thirty years, or take your stand on some point of the Alleghanies, and view the successive waves of population and enterprise rolling on over the fertile valleys, the luxuriant prairies and broad rivers of the great West, dotting their banks with populous cities, causing the wilderness and the solitary places to rejoice, and the desert to bud and blossom like the rose.

But increasing wealth strengthens the love of it. And, as a general rule, a man's wants outrun his means for gratifying them. Pride, luxury, and ambition for display, can easily swallow up the largest revenues, and sigh for more. In this indecent haste for riches — this madness for self-indulgence, so characteristic of our age, the amount given for objects of the public good is, it is confidently believed, a smaller per centage by far, upon the capital possessed, than it was a century ago. The increase of our charities by no means keeps pace with our

increasing ability. The iron age of self-denial and hard endurance has been succeeded by times of effeminate delicacy and indulgent repose. Men dislike to be jostled from their accustomed revolutions within the narrow circle of self. Few, comparatively, are willing to give their time and energies and money for the public weal. Few are disposed to nerve their sensibilities to encounter reproach or obloquy in doing good. The system of domestic training, the habits of society, are increasingly averse, I fear, to that martyr-spirit by which a portion of Christian Europe were emancipated from the bondage of papal superstition,—by which the pilgrims of Plymouth were delivered from prelatical domination.

Where are we to look for those motives which can effectually break up the charm of self-indulgence and miserly accumulation, and call the mind out of the narrow circle of its own wants to think of others, and to devise liberal things for the moral and spiritual elevation of the land—the world? Listen to the voice of nature. Not a star that twinkles in the firmament shines for itself alone. Not a flower that opens its fragrant petals to the morning sun blooms only for itself. The valleys wave with their golden harvests, the hills on every side smile in living green for the service of man and beast. The rivers run down their channels, the ocean rolls and swells its lofty billows, and sings its eternal bass, not for itself alone. The earth revolves and measures out its days and months and years and centuries, not for its own selfish ends. And shall man, the noblest creature of God, refuse to join in the general harmony of nature in reflecting the benevolence of his Maker? Shall man, with endowments allied to angels, roll himself up within his own little silken ball, and seek to live and die like the worm of a day? Let the voice of Revelation speak: “None of us liveth to himself.” “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” To do good and communicate, forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.” Let the voice of history speak. Whose are the names that stand the most conspicuous on its enduring tablets, and whose memorial is the most precious in the hearts of a grateful posterity? Are they not such as have lived and toiled, and sacrificed all, and suffered all, for the good of their country and their race? Let

the voice of your popular tragedies and romances speak. What hero of fictitious story or song would find a place on your centre-table for an hour, that was not as disinterested and as self-sacrificing in doing good to others as an angel of light? *Pulchrum est pro patria mori* — “It is beautiful to die for one’s country,” is an ancient pagan maxim. Volumes of high panegyric have been written in praise of those three hundred Spartans who bravely withstood the hosts of Persia at the straits of Thermopylæ, and chose rather to perish in the conflict than become the slaves of a foreign tyrant. And that monument of granite, that meets your eye as you approach the metropolis of New England, towering high above every work of man, was planted on that eminence to commemorate self-sacrificing heroism hardly less disinterested than that of Leonidas and his companions. Was there not in the bosoms of Warren and Hancock, of Washington and Franklin, a love of country that rose above every selfish and sordid interest? Do we not have, in the lives of Howard and Judson, a philanthropy, a self-annihilating benevolence, that could have emanated only from the spirit of Him, who, being rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might become rich?

What though there are trials and crosses, and self-immolations sorely repugnant to flesh and blood, scattered all the way along through a life of benevolent toil? What though your labors of love are often requited with misconception, reproach, and persecution for righteousness’ sake? Yours is the consolation of following in the footsteps of the greatest benefactor of earth, who offered up his life a sacrifice for the world. Your reward is the approbation of your own conscience, that you have done what you could to bless your country and your race. Its glorious consummation is not of earth. It lies with that of prophets, apostles, reformers, martyrs of whom the world was not worthy.

“Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.”

WHEN SHOULD'ST THOU PRAY.

WHEN should'st thou pray? Pray first at early morning,
 Ere yet night's shadows have entirely fled ;
 Ere yet the star, which heralds in day's dawning,
 In beauty rises o'er the mountain head ;
 Yes ; ere the sun hath chased dark night away,
 Thou should'st with fervor and contrition pray.

When should'st thou pray? Thou should'st at noontide hour
 Thy prayer lift up to Him who dwells above,
 Whose hand hath shielded thee from death's dread power,
 And cheered thy heart with tokens of his love ;
 And when fond friends from earth are snatched away,
 Thou should'st with fervor and contrition pray.

When should'st thou pray? When twilight shades are creeping
 Downward, o'er meadow, mountain-side, and lea,
 When calm, the wearied "god of day" is sleeping
 Behind the billows of the western sea;
 When growing darkness dims the light of day,
 Thou should'st with fervor and contrition pray.

When should'st thou pray? At midnight's solemn hour,
 When from the silent heaven the moon shines bright,
 When gentle dews refresh each folded flower,
 And star-lamps bathe the sleeping world with light;
 When storms of sorrow rise on life's sad way,
 Thou should'st with fervor and contrition pray.

AFFECTION.

BY PERCIVAL.

O ! THERE is one affection which no stain
 Of earth can ever darken ; — when two find,
 The softer and the manlier, that a chain
 Of kindred taste has fastened mind to mind,
 'T is an attraction from all sense refined ;
 The good can only know it ; 't is not blind,
 As love is unto baseness ; its desire
 Is but with hands entwined to lift our being higher.

PARENTAL RELATION AND FILIAL RESPECT.

BY REV. C. KIMBALL.

HAVING looked at this subject for many years, and visited several thousand families in my journeys through New England, I am prepared to speak from observation and experience. This relation is peculiarly intimate and dear, and such as is not recognized between any but human beings. The parent is the instrument in the hands of God of introducing the child to a world of living beauty, with a body fearfully and wonderfully made, and possessing properties adapted to the wants of his physical existence. This body is honored and blessed with an immortal soul, endowed with mental and moral powers capable of vast expansion and enjoyment through the whole range of its endless being. The child has now commenced his career for eternity, and the parent has been the instrument of it; and in this respect he is and ever will be its superior. He has done for it what no other being can do. He sustains a relation to it which no other being can sustain, a relation which is not affected by circumstances, and differing materially from that between the pupil and his teacher, or between the subject and his sovereign,—nearer, dearer, more affectionate, and vastly more interesting and momentous. It is a permanent relation; he assumed it voluntarily, and cannot dissolve it at his pleasure. The parent can never change places with the child, nor the child with the parent. He may lose his affection for it, he may disown and disinherit it; still he is and ever will be its parent,—he is and ever will be in this respect its superior.

This relation commenced with the child's existence, and with it commenced also responsibilities which no other one is required to sustain, and duties which no other person is called to discharge. The parent is responsible to a certain extent for the health and life, and even for the salvation of the child; and in this respect the relation becomes most deeply interesting and immensely important. In infancy the parent is superior to the child in strength, wisdom, knowledge, judgment, discretion,

and in the ability to care for it and supply its wants. It becomes his duty therefore to watch over it with parental tenderness, defend it from danger, instruct it assiduously, pray for it without ceasing, and in every possible way to seek the salvation of its soul.

The relation between the child and its parent exists by divine appointment, and lays the foundation for filial respect. So soon as the child can lisp "my father," or "my mother," he should be taught and made to feel that his parent is not his inferior or his equal, but decidedly his superior; and the earlier this idea is fixed in his mind the better. He should be taught to respect the word, authority and presence of his parent, and a disrespectful word, tone of voice, look or action, should not pass unnoticed or unheeded. It is easier to kill the viper in the egg than when it has learned to sting and bite. The child should not be allowed to say "Yes" and "No," or "What," to his parents, because such unqualified replies are not respectful. He might address an inferior or equal thus; but his parents deserve a higher regard. He should be taught to say "Yes, sir" and "No, sir," "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am," "What, sir" and "What, ma'am." These are respectful. "Yes, father" and "No, father," "Yes, mother" and "No, mother," are highly proper. The former perhaps are preferable, being shorter and easier, and equally respectful. I have been specific because I wish to be understood. The good old way of our fathers in the training of their offspring was decidedly better than the ways of many in our time. My excellent Puritan mother taught me to walk in this way from my infancy upward, and it is no wonder that having travelled it fifty years, I still give it my decided preference.

Is it said, these are small things? It may be so, and still they may be very important. A drop of water is a small thing, and yet it is large enough to extinguish a spark of fire which, if thrown into a barrel of gunpowder, would lay a city in ruins. Particles of light are small things, and yet they every day illuminate the world. Attend carefully to the small things in the training of children, and the greater ones will not be overlooked. These efforts on the part of parents exert a salutary moral influence upon the child before he is capable of receiving

instruction in the higher branches of parental discipline. They arrest his attention, check his waywardness, lead him to know his place, and to feel that he has something to do. They kindle up in his young bosom, imperceptibly it may be, but surely, sentiments of filial respect. They contribute materially to improve his moral constitution, to soften his temper, and to subdue his will. Slowly but steadily they improve his manners, promote habits of subordination to parental authority, and are a part of that discipline which will render him respectable and useful in the present life, and happy in the life to come. All that is accomplished in the nursery by correct training is removing obstacles to the work of the Spirit in making the child early the subject of regenerating grace. It is painful to hear children say "Yes" and "No" to their parents, or to appear in any other way disrespectful. We should not reply in this manner to the governor of the state, or to the president of the nation, although the distinction between us and them is merely official, while that between the child and the parent is divinely constituted, most intimate, endearing and sacred. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is the divine command. But children do not honor their parents when they treat them as inferiors or equals. Let the untaught, unsubdued child be irritated, and he will reply even to his parents with a scornful, prolonged "Ye-e-s," or with a contemptuous, protracted "No-o," with a pout and a scowl sufficient to make one's heart ache, who knows the will of God on this subject. I have seen this illustrated to my complete satisfaction many times. Every disrespectful act of this kind in the child will render his hard heart still harder, and his depraved disposition still more perverse. Now, let him be in the habit of connecting a respectful epithet with the reply, and he will be compelled of necessity, under such circumstances, to shorten and soften the tones of his voice, which will exert a chastening influence upon his irritated temper. There is in some families such a want of order and correct training, that you can hardly distinguish between the children and the parents, except by their age and size, or by their obstinacy and perverseness. One would really think that they were born out of due time.

With the pastor of a country parish, I was once visiting

some of his people. As we left a certain house he remarked, "Did you see that venerable-looking old man sitting there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you notice that middle-aged man, his son?"

"I did."

"Well, that son has been known to horsewhip his father."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, sir, and that old man treated his father in the same way."

After some years I visited that town again, and learned that a son of that middle-aged man, a youth of nineteen, had turned his father out of doors, and compelled him to seek a shelter where he could find it. Here we see a stream of fearful retribution flowing down from age to age, forcibly illustrating the declaration of Scripture, "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate me." This shameful and wicked treatment of their parents by their children in these cases, resulted from the want of correct parental training. Had those children, when young, been taught to fear and reverence their parents; had they received line upon line and precept upon precept, as the Bible requires, they would have treated them kindly, and loved and revered them when pressed down with the infirmities and decrepitude of age.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This is a great practical truth, and parents will find it so in their happy experience and in their growing comfort from their offspring, if they fulfil its conditions. Children who respect their parents will love them, treat them kindly, fear and obey them, take care of them when sick, supply their wants, if needy, to the extent of their power, and crown their gray heads with honor. The child who is accustomed to reverence his parents, will reverence his venerable grandparents, the ministers of religion, and those far above him in rank and station, and will be much more likely to reverence the name and character of his Father in heaven. When this point is reached, a very important step is taken in preparing him to become great in goodness, and useful to the end of life.

FRETFULNESS.

BY REV. LEVERETT GRIGGS.

IN specifying the qualities of a good wife, Richard Baxter mentions the following: "ability to keep silence." No wonder that this was set down among her excellences, for there are none subject to such frequent and severe trials of patience as a female at the head of a household.

There is, as the inspired penman says, "a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;" but to discern these times, and improve them aright, requires much wisdom. To be silent under certain temptations and provocations, is regarded as a mark of superior excellence. When the news of Washington's death reached the capital of our state, John Adams wept and said, "A great and a good man has fallen; he had power to hold his tongue, but I never could."

Fretfulness, or a disposition to be in trouble and complain of what we are called to endure, or of what is passing around us, is an infirmity to which all are naturally inclined. The tendency in some is much stronger than it is in others; but in all it is a part of our nature. But, while the original seat of this evil is to be found in the very constitution of our being, the proximate or exciting causes of fretfulness depend on the circumstances in which persons are placed, and are as various as the objects which they meet in life.

If an individual allows the flames that are easily kindled on the altar of his heart to rage instead of extinguishing them, he will experience a burning, tormenting sensation. Repeated indulgence will grow to a confirmed habit, and he will chafe and fret about everything. He will fret about his family and his dearest earthly friend. He will fret about his neighbors and all that he meets in his varied walks of life. He will fret about the church, and the world; the righteous, and the wicked; things temporal, and things eternal. Such a habit is uncomfortable and injurious, unreasonable and wicked, and

should be studiously avoided. All should endeavor to restrain and subdue a fretful disposition. This they should do *out of regard to their own happiness.*

The comfort of every individual depends not so much on his outward circumstances as on the state of his own mind. A man may possess the choicest treasures, and wear the highest honors that earth can bestow, and yet be ill at ease. Were I to select a class of happy persons, I should not go among the kings, queens, and nobles of the earth. There is enough in the condition of every one, however exalted his station, to render him uncomfortable and wretched, if he is disposed to dwell upon his trials and forget the mercies of the Lord. And, on the other hand, it is in the power of most, if not all, to enjoy life — even to extract good from its ills, and pass along in peace and happiness, whatever be their rank, their circumstances, and the measure of earthly good conferred upon them.

But fretfulness pollutes all our joys. As William Jay says: "It is generally the offspring of guilty sensation arising from some neglect or misdoing. Then, uneasy within, we are pleased with nothing without; and so storm in passion or in peevishness, like a continued dropping in a rainy day. We are never happy but as we have a right spirit within us."

As fretfulness generally arises from a disordered state of the heart, it reacts and aggravates all moral disorders. Like other evil passions, a fretful disposition gains strength by indulgence, until, in many cases, it becomes a confirmed habit, and gives character to the whole man. Then every burden of life presses down with its full weight, unalleviated by those side views, and those glorious prospects, which a cheerful soul obtains to light up his pathway through every dark vale. A person who has contracted the habit of fretfulness seems to have no comforts. Is he a man of business? The times are hard, everything goes wrong, or sad changes are about to occur. He sees an enemy in his neighbor, and watches his best friend with some degree of suspicion and distrust, and often feels disposed to arraign the wisdom, justice, and benevolence of his Maker. Is he a man of God, and devoted to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom? He has so unwarrantably extended the

province of the command to contend earnestly for the faith, that he is exposed to neglect the peace and joy of the gospel, and to imitate the example of "Lot, vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked," more than that of the lovely John, or of the meek and gentle Saviour. He is filled, more than is meet, with lamentation and mourning at the heresies, iniquities and evils that abound, but not with delight at whatsoever is lovely about him. He lives in the past, so far as he has any real life. He must go back fifty or a hundred years to discover the faith and righteousness of the saints. Of the *present* he can *only* complain. Nothing is right. He is ready, like Elijah, to flee away into some lonely retreat, and there pour forth his plaintive strains into the ear of Jehovah.

Is the individual a female? Her situation is one of peculiar trial. Her husband is not that kind, indulgent man, of whom she knows she is worthy. Her children are wayward and troublesome beyond all conception. No one else ever had such children. Her blessings are few; her sorrows abound. O, who can tell how much she has to contend with in life! how much she has to endure! Such a person will *fret*, and *fret*, by the month and by the year; will appear entirely insensible to those rich mercies that are new every morning, and that crown every passing hour. Her bosom will ever be like the rolling billows; not those that are agitated by the fierce winds of heaven, but those that are kept in agitation by the commotions of the earth. One thing is plain; if people would have any enjoyment they must learn to take life easy, and avoid fretfulness.

Every one should endeavor to overcome this evil disposition *on account of the happiness of others*. Mankind are constituted alike, and that which is calculated to promote the happiness of an individual will favorably affect those around him. We are endowed with such a nature as to have sympathy with each other in all the joys and sorrows of life. Ties connect us one to another, so that we communicate from the fulness of our own hearts. If we have within a well-spring of life, a heart full of gentleness, tenderness and love,—a heart free from murmuring and fretfulness, currents will issue to refresh and gladden the spirits of others and put them in sympathy with

ourselves. It has already been observed that our individual happiness does not depend so much on outward circumstances as on our state within. I would now add that our means of rendering others happy, especially those within the circle in which we move, are not to be estimated so much by the wealth we possess, and the station we occupy, as by the graces that adorn the inner temple of the heart. If we are contented and happy, and disposed to make the best of our condition; if we are patient under trials, and forget not our manifold mercies, we shall be to those around like wells that never fail, always prized, but prized most highly when common streams and fountains are dried up.

But fretful persons not only are unhappy themselves, but they mar the happiness of others. Many a man renders the condition of his family very different from what it would be if he possessed a quiet, placable, peaceful disposition. He is disposed to fret and find fault with almost everything. His wife can seldom please him, and his children come to expect complaining words and frowning looks to follow their very best endeavors. Such a man is a pest to his house, and his best friends are tempted to wish that his days may be few.

Here and there may be found a woman of similar disposition. Her smiles and charms and notes of joy were all lost at the bridal altar. She *frets* about what she has and what she has not. Being habitually sad and complaining, she casts a gloom over her own house, and is like the shadow of a dark cloud wherever she moves. Her husband is discouraged, cooled in his affections, and perhaps alienated. He seeks happiness elsewhere; at the grog-shop, the gambling saloon, or he goes after her *whose house is the way to hell*. I have no doubt that the ruin of some men has been occasioned by the *fretfulness* of their wives. Such a disposition must produce unhappiness wherever it is indulged. Children, under the influence of such a spirit, must be soured, saddened, and set forth most unpropitiously upon the journey of life.

If we have any proper regard for the comfort and well-being of our friends and fellow-creatures; if we would diffuse light and not darkness through the circles in which we move, let us learn *not to fret*.

THE UNHAPPY REPLY.

THE following incident, originally published in the *Ohio Farmer*, is full of salutary lessons.

" 'I do not think it a selfish act, if I occupy this whole seat myself, as I am to travel all this long day,' said I to a lady nearest me, one sultry morning, as I took a very retired seat in the cars at Buffalo for Albany.

" 'Certainly not,' was the reply, as I put my shawl, books, papers, fan, and bouquet, in the one end, and nestled myself down in the other. I soon wearied of conversation and reading, and had sunk into a fitful slumber, when a gentle tap on my shoulder, and a low 'Please, miss,' made me wake with a sudden start.

" 'The car was filled to overflowing, and a newly-arrived party had entered, and a pale little woman, with a fretful baby in her arms, stood asking permission to sit beside me. With more of pity than of pleasure I shared my seat with her; yet I spoke but few words, and sulkily forbore taking the restless little creature to ease her poor wearied arms; but merely smoothed its yellow hair, and patted its pale baby cheeks, and said Mary was a good and sweet name.

" 'For my own comfort I had opened the window, that I might more distinctly catch those picturesque views that flitted by so quickly that they seemed like glowing pictures, without one imperfection to mar them, when my attention was drawn to my companion, who was incessantly coughing.

" 'I wish you would let down that window,' said she; 'the coal-smoke makes my cough so much worse.'

" 'I am ashamed to confess it now, but I felt the angry blood burn in my cheek, and a flashing of the eyes, as I replied, 'I am quite sick, and wearied, and hungry, and thirsty, and crowded, and here you come as an intruder, and keep me from the mite of cool, fresh air, that I am trying to get. Do you think you are doing as you would be done by?' said I tartly, and, without waiting for a reply, I rose and was letting down the window with an angry crash, as a naughty child would

slam a door, when she laid her poor, wasted little hand on my arm, and said, '*O, don't do it, then!*' and burst into tears, and leaned her head on her baby, and cried bitterly. The woman in my heart was touched; but, putting on the injured air of a martyr, I compressed my lips, and took up a paper, pretending to read. Pretty soon my eyes grew dimmed. I could not see without crushing the tears often, and I resolved to ask her pardon for my unkindness. But minute after minute glided away, and we soon reached her place of destination, and she rose to leave. I rose, too, and the words were on my lips, when a gentleman came to assist her out.

"She turned her gentle, tearful eyes upon me, with a sad expression, and bowed so sweetly, that my hand was almost upraised to appeal for forgiveness; the words were just dropping from my lips; but she was gone — it was too late; and I, a woman, with a woman's heart, was left with that stinging little barb sticking in it, and the sweet words, and wasted hand, that alone could remove it, were gone from me forever. I sank back in my seat, and wept bitterly.

"The gentleman returned from assisting her, and, as the car was full, he took the place she had vacated. I inquired who the lady was, and he replied, '*Her home is in Wisconsin, and she has returned to the home of her childhood to die. The whole family of brothers and sisters died of consumption, and she, the last one left, is going too.*'

"O, I turned away, sick at heart, and tried to shut out from remembrance that pallid, appealing face, as I resolved and re-resolved, never again, in this poor life of mine, to speak an unkind word."

"CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave;
Pray! — ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee."

OLD MOLL AND LITTLE AGNES; OR, THE RICH POOR AND THE POOR RICH.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

CHAPTER III.

FLORENCE MOWBREY was left in the care of Mr. Buckingham by Mr. Loring, a gentleman who married her mother when her own father had been deceased two years, and when she herself was but twelve years old. He was a kind and indulgent father to the lively girl, nor did his fondness decrease when, a year after his marriage with her mother, he became the father of a small specimen of humanity, so feeble and so small that but slight hopes were entertained of its life. Nevertheless it did live, and thrived so well that when, two years after, a dear brother came to claim a share of its mother's tenderness and affection, the little girl was well able to relinquish her place to the wee stranger.

For a few months the united family enjoyed happiness such as is seldom allotted to mortals; happiness, alas! which rendered the succeeding grief far more difficult to endure. At the end of one short year from the birth of little Frank, Mr. Loring stood before the tomb to whose silent walls he had, in speechless, tearless agony, just committed the last of his household treasures. Yes, the cherished companion of his life, with her infant boy upon her bosom, was at last peacefully resting in the grave. Her bitter tears, her moans of anguish, her frantic cries of distress, had alike ceased. Her bleeding heart, pierced even to death by the fatal stroke which had torn her lovely daughter from her arms, had now awoke to new life, and she was rejoicing in the presence of her Saviour and her God. But the childless, wifeless mourner could not yet follow her in spirit to the mansions of the blessed. The thoughts which pressed him to the earth with a crushing weight of grief were his deserted home, his desolate heart yearning with an unconquer-

able desire for the restoration of the precious treasures whom he had been compelled to resign to silence and darkness forever. "She cannot be dead! She would not leave me to despair! I will, I must go to her!" were words which burst from his pale lips as he frantically sprang from the side of the weeping Florence, and would have rushed into the tomb. "Yes; I would call her back, even though her reason was forever dethroned," he answered those who gently strove to reason with him.

Unsustained by religion, and completely prostrated by his repeated and aggravated afflictions, Mr. Loring at length sold his beautiful estate on the banks of the Hudson, and leaving Florence, who inherited from her father a large fortune, in the care of Mr. Buckingham, he went to India, and had not since returned. Within a year she had heard of his marriage with an English lady, widow of an officer, and that, in consequence, his return to his native country was indefinitely postponed.

The latter part of this intelligence was a great disappointment to the young lady, for she had fondly hoped that he would remove her from her present residence in the family of her guardian, who was a distant relative of her mother, and repurchase his old estate, allowing her to be his housekeeper. Not that she had experienced any unkindness from Mr. or Mrs. Buckingham. On the contrary, they were too well pleased with the handsome income which her residence with them added to their annual receipts, not to be exceedingly indulgent to her. But Florence felt that they were not congenial. Mrs. Buckingham, in particular, was a worldly woman; fashion ruled her with a rod of iron, and the only altercation between her and her husband's ward was when she could not make Florence bow to the same god.

Mr. Buckingham was an easy, good-tempered man, fond of his family; and Florence thought that he, far more than his wife, understood and appreciated her. Under her mother's careful religious instruction she had developed rapidly, and at nineteen, her present age, was much more than commonly mature. She was unusually frank and truthful; and when, about the time of her disappointment on account of her father's

continued stay abroad, Mr. Andrew Hanley asked her if she could return his love, she frankly answered, "With all my heart."

Mr. Hanley had been her adviser ever since her mother's decease, and her friend for some time before, so that Florence felt that she had her mother's sanction to her attachment. She was, as we have said, ardent and impulsive, and she did not exaggerate when she promised her whole heart; so that it is not to be wondered at that when, after having placed a ring upon her taper finger, her friend hastened his preparation for departure to France, where he was obliged to remain a year before his business would authorize him to claim her hand, the young betrothed was sad.

"A whole year!" she exclaimed, as he came to bid her adieu. "It seems so very long. If it were but a few months, I would try to be patient; but a whole year!"

"I shall write often," was the reply, "and the time will pass sooner than you think. Try to employ your time not only profitably to yourself, my Florence, but usefully to your fellow-creatures, and you will be happy even though we are separated. If we would be really happy we must strive to make others so; and there is abundant opportunity in this great city for the exercise of your powers. Then, Florence, twice every day we shall meet at the throne of our heavenly Father. You will not forget me then, love?"

Florence smiled through her tears as she shook her head; but they quickly flowed again, as, having pressed his betrothed tenderly to his heart, Mr. Hanley hastened away, that he might not add to her distress by the sight of his own grief. Nearly two months had passed, and Florence, though striving to employ herself usefully, was far from happy. She yearned for the society of him upon whom, for many years, she had been accustomed to lean. He alone of all her friends could understand her struggles with her own heart, or aid her to attain the standard of moral excellence which she found in the word of God.

In accordance with the wish of her guardian, she had limited herself to a certain sum, to be received monthly; and, as she

was extremely impulsive in her charity, she often expended every cent during the first week. She was naturally fond of dress, which taste Mrs. Buckingham cultivated with great assiduity; and it was often a source of annoyance to her that Florence, by giving all she had to the first beggar she met with, should thus be obliged to deny herself many articles which fashion declared were necessary. During the preceding month one great wish of Florence's heart was answered. Thomas Dane, an old servant of her mother, was, by her bounty, established in a little shop of his own, where he sold bouquets and flower-seeds; an employment for which he was eminently fitted by his many years' service in the family of Mrs. Loring as gardener. While the young lady was actively engaged for him in searching for a small and suitable tenement, purchasing the stock he needed, and furnishing for his use a neat room opening out of the shop, she was comparatively happy. But now this was done, and Thomas was fairly established and at work, she craved excitement and employment. In company with her aunt,—whom she had persuaded that it was fashionable to be a lady patroness,—she had visited the asylum for the deaf and dumb and blind, the orphan asylum, and the different alms-houses of the city; but, though deeply interested, yet she chose for herself another sphere of charity. The extravagant praise bestowed by her aunt upon a little girl whose flaxen ringlets and snow-white complexion reminded her of her own darling, suggested for a moment the idea of adopting her,—an idea which prepared the way for her to receive the little homeless wanderer, who was so unexpectedly brought to her notice. The sight of Aggy, notwithstanding her sallow complexion, matted locks and poverty-stricken garments, drew her toward the child with a force she could not understand, but which she made no effort to repel; and when, at a later hour, in the retirement of her own chamber, the thought returned of choosing one upon whom she could expend not only a share of her wealth, but also a portion of the affections of her full heart, she received and cherished it as a whisper of the great and good Spirit.

The next morning Florence awoke with a start of conscious-

ness that some unusual happiness was in store for her. Nor was she disappointed, when, springing from her couch, the small pallet in the corner recalled the events of the previous evening. She quickly advanced to the low bed, where her little charge lay quietly awaiting her, the large brilliant eyes, which had haunted her benefactress even in her dreams, bathed in tears.

"Don't cry, dear," whispered Florence, bending over her caressingly, "you are now my little girl."

At these kind words she sobbed aloud, and it was some time before her friend could soothe her sufficiently to speak. But at length, placing her small hands upon her heart, she sobbed out, "O, I'm so glad! I love to cry now. It makes me feel better in here," laying her hand on her heart.

Florence turned quickly to wipe the tears which filled her eyes, stooped, and gave the child a warm kiss of affection, and then rang for the servant to make the fire in her room.

Little did she realize the effect of her kiss, the first Aggy remembered to have received. It seemed to the child to impart a new sense, a confidence and even respect for herself, at the same time a going forth of her whole soul toward the one who had volunteered such a delightful proof of affection. She was no longer Aggy the beggar, dependent upon the bounty of surly porters or their fellow-servants in the houses of the rich for her daily bread. No, she was a loved child of somebody (she knew not even the name of her benefactress), and she was promised a home. She lay watching with interest the efforts of the girl who was kindling a fire in the grate, then the making of the young lady's toilet, a matter of curiosity and wonder to her, who had never owned a change of dress; and when left alone her thoughts wandered in search of that Being who she had been assured was ever present, beholding the evil and the good — whose heart was full of love and tenderness toward the poor as well as toward the rich. Imitating the language of the prayer she had repeated the previous evening, she lisped, softly, "O God, I love you; I want to stay here and be your little girl all the time. Please let me, O God!"

Dear child! her heart was going forth to "seek the Lord,

if haply she might" "find him, though he be not far from every one of us."

In the new and charming occupation which absorbed her thoughts by day and her dreams by night, Florence found no time to repine at the absence of her friend. First came the wardrobe of her little protégée, and here the young lady gladly availed herself of the experience of Mrs. Buckingham, who, now that she was really one of the family, was solicitous that, in dress, at least, the child should not disgrace them. Then came the delightful task of unfolding to the ardent, hungry mind of the scholar the mysteries of redemption. The tenderness of a Saviour's love, the price he paid for our salvation, his cruel death upon the cross, were themes upon which the teacher loved to dwell, while the deep sigh, the dilated eyes, and the thickly-falling tears of the pupil were evidence sufficient that the sacred truths fell upon good ground, and would yield an abundant harvest.

And how did Lily regard the stranger? On the first morning after her admittance into the family, when her cousin Florence led her to the chamber where she had determined to seclude the child until she had provided her with suitable dress, and introduced Agnes to her notice, Lily regarded her exactly as she would have done a pet dog or a monkey; as something which was to cause her merriment, but toward whom she owed no courtesy or even kindness. In spite of the disapproval of Florence, she talked freely, as if the child could neither hear nor be wounded by her remarks. "O, coz! isn't she horrid? She looks just like one of the rope-dancers in my picture-book. What shall you do with her? Does she go around with the organ-player and dance to the tambourine?"

"No," answered Florence, taking the frightened and trembling child upon her lap; "she is to be my little girl now, just as you are your mother's, and you must treat her kindly, or I cannot allow you to come to my room."

"I won't have her here!" screamed the child, the idea of a rival in the affections of the family for the first time entering her mind. "I'll ask mamma to send her right away, and lock her up in jail. She's a horrid ugly girl, and I won't let her

live with me!" The fair face of Lily was distorted with passion, and she ended by a burst of angry tears.

It was with difficulty Florence commanded her temper sufficiently to soothe the little orphan who clung so confidently to her for protection. She had for years seen Lily petted, caressed and indulged in every whim; she had often witnessed in her violent bursts of passion, but she never realized till now the effect they were having upon the morals and temper of the child. She rang for Bessie to take Lily to her mother, and then applied herself to restoring her little one to some degree of calmness. "Better, far better," she said to herself, "the condition of this child, amidst all her poverty, than Lily, the heiress of thousands. 'There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.'"

The impression made upon the children by this short interview was more lasting than is usual at their age. Lily had imbibed a violent prejudice, which she was at no pains to conceal. Agnes was timid and fearful of trusting one who had expressed herself in such strong terms of aversion. In the feelings of her daughter Mrs. Buckingham shared, and, in secret, was violently opposed to the willingness her husband manifested to gratify his ward. But, as he told her he had his own reasons, and powerful ones too, for the course he pursued, she contented herself by cutting sarcasm about the poor child when her benefactress was not present, while at other times she acted as if wholly unconscious of her presence.

Florence felt keenly the unkind treatment of her little protégée, whose interests she had made her own, and in consequence confined herself much more to her own apartment, or to such places as she could with propriety take the child with her. She particularly avoided courting the attention of Lily to her young companion, preferring that the companionship of the latter should be sought as a favor.

This was the case much sooner than she expected. Agnes, the protégée of her favorite Florence, dressed as handsomely as herself, — Agnes, gentle, obliging, but dignified, — was a very different person from Aggy, the beggar girl, shrinking, fearful,

and arrayed in coarse woollen garments. After waiting to receive homage from her companion, the little beauty thought it was quite time to demand it. She began by a little less haughtiness in her manner, and then asked, "Don't you wish your cheeks were round and red like mine?"

"Yes, I do," frankly confessed the child, gazing with delight at the rosy complexion of the questioner.

"Well, they never will be. I heard some ladies tell mamma, yesterday, I was handsome as a doll, and they said they wondered what cousin could find to like in you."

Thus repelled, Agnes repressed the warm feeling which the first approach to kindness had kindled in her grateful heart, and turned again to the contemplation of her picture-books.

Gradually, however, the conceited little miss grew more condescending, and, whenever she did so, her forgiving companion forgot the past abuse in the present kindness. They would, after a time, have become the best of friends, for Agnes looked with an admiring eye upon the beauty and grace of Lily, and was willing to yield her own wishes to hers, had it not been for the injudicious remarks of her parents.

"Well, pet," her father would say, "have you been taking lessons in dancing of Miss Agnes Mowbrey (for, in default of another, Florence had given the child her own name), or has she been learning of you? You must take care, or she will eclipse you in her accomplishments;" thus keeping alive the feeling of rivalry between them.

Mrs. Buckingham's remarks were still more unwise. "Lily, dear," she said one day, "when ladies call, let Agnes sit by you, for it makes you look so much more beautiful from the contrast. She is an ugly little creature at the best, and it is a constant annoyance to me to have her about."

The child naturally repeated what her mother had said, to her cousin, in the presence of her to whom it referred; and again Florence was forced to draw a comparison between the worldly, uncharitable spirit of the woman of fashion, who was blessed with wealth, education and rank, and the simple, trusting child, with whom fortune had dealt so hardly, and she said to herself, "Mrs. Buckingham is a rich poor woman; Agnes, a

poor rich child. How infinitely is the latter condition to be preferred!"

All this time nothing has been said of Louis; for the next morning after the addition to their family he returned to school, where he remained for six weeks, when he was expelled, after repeated expostulations from his teachers, on account of his unruly conduct.

Louis was not a bad boy, though a very wild one. He only carried out at school the instructions he received at home, and was disposed, in regard to study as well as play, to do as he pleased. His cousin, who fully appreciated his better qualities, and did her utmost to undo some of the pernicious teachings of his parents, had written him that she had adopted the little girl, about whom he was so interested, and that if he loved her, as he professed, he would treat the child kindly. The boy laughed merrily at the idea of the ghostly-looking creature being in constant companionship with his beautiful sister. He entertained his companions with an account of her appearance, and anticipated much fun to be made of her on his arrival at home. But, when there, he found her so much changed that he decided to be her champion. Perhaps the joy which lit up her countenance, as he unexpectedly entered the parlor, and the light which flashed from her eye, helped to form this decision. Henceforth, woe to the one who slighted her whom he had taken in charge! Agnes did not, however, gain as much as might be expected, for Louis was a most inveterate tease, and practised this accomplishment upon her to his heart's content. He gave her the nick-name of Beauty, and never called her by another. He manifested great indignation if his mother called her ugly, and yet he was continually asking, "Don't your face ache, dear? I should think it would;" or making some other equally consolatory remark. Agnes knew not what to think. Just as she had decided that he was her friend, he addressed her in a way which so jarred upon her sensitive feelings, that she was thrown back upon her old opinion. One day he entered Florence's chamber, when she was absent, and found the children alone. Lily was in a towering passion at the disposition manifested by Agnes to maintain her own right to a book she had that day received, and

was dealing blow after blow upon her victim, with the exertion of all her strength. Louis sprang forward, caught her arm, and shook her until she could hardly stand. "You naughty girl," he exclaimed, angrily, "how dare you strike her so? I'll tell mother the first chance I get."

"I don't care if you do, you ugly boy! I hate her, I do, and I wish she had never come here! O that the old black man would come and carry her off! I'll tell mamma you struck me, and hurt me awfully, so I will;" and the passionate girl walked off to her mother's room.

Agnes' lip quivered, and it was with difficulty she kept back her tears as she picked up leaf after leaf of the precious book which Lily had torn to pieces.

"Here, Beauty, bring them to me. Did Lily tear them?" asked Louis, seating himself by the fire.

The child, after an earnest glance into his countenance, obeyed, put the scattered sheets into his hand, and stood quietly by while he arranged them in their proper order.

"Now, if I had a needle and thimble," continued the lad, "I would soon have them as nice as ever. Do you know where Florence keeps her work-box?"

"Yes," replied Agnes, running to the table, "here it is."

"Don't you think I am a remarkable man, Beauty?" he inquired, with a laugh, by no means unconscious of the admiration he excited.

"Are you a man?" she asked, innocently; "I thought you was a boy; but I like you. I'm sorry, now, I did n't let Lily take it."

"Why?"

"Because she isn't good when she does so, and God don't love to see her."

"Don't you ever get angry?"

"Yes," she whispered, quickly dropping her eyes, while the color flew into her face; "I was angry then, but I'm sorry."

The words were spoken in a tone of the greatest humiliation, and the boy was at a loss for a reply. But not approving the serious turn the conversation had taken, he said, gayly, "Come, now dance a jig to pay me for mending your book;" and, taking her hands, he whirled her around and around until she could see stars.

CAMELLIA JAPONICA.

VARIETY MRS. ABBY WILDER.

THE Camellia is a queen in the floral kingdom, of Asiatic origin, named in honor of George Joseph Kamel, or Camellus, a Moravian priest and oriental traveller. In the Linnæan system it belongs to the sixteenth class and eighth order. Camellia is the generic name, and Japonica the specific. There are not more than five or six species. The variety at the head of this article, of which we give our readers a colored plate, was produced by Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, whose description we copy below. He presented it to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, February, 1846, who named it in honor of his wife, Mrs. Abby Baker Wilder, having given his own name to one raised by him and presented to that association at the same time, and by them called *Wilderi*. These two are among the most superb varieties of this flower. They have been extensively propagated, and adorn many choice collections in America and Europe.

This variety is thus described by its producer: "It is a vigorous shrub, of upright growth, with strong branches and large, handsome foliage. Its leaves are two and a half inches broad, four long, roundish-oval, rather reflexed, closely dentated, acuminate, midrib and nerves pale and prominent, yellowish-green, resembling those of the variety *Lady Hume*. Its bud is very circular, with great depth or thickness, full and perfect. Its petals are very numerous, of beautiful form, the exterior rows broad, circular, gradually diminishing in size to the centre, and arranged with great regularity. Its color is azure white, with an occasional suffusion of light rose, somewhat after the style of the *Duchesse d'Orleans*."

The Camellia ranks among the most beautiful ornaments of the conservatory and the flower-stand. This variety, like many other hybrids, has the characteristic of "sporting" or departing from its original type, producing flowers more or less

spotted with flesh color, and, in a few instances, has given blooms entirely of the latter hue.

Thea, the Chinese word for tea, is often called a species of this plant. Some botanists have recognized differences in tea plants, which have led them to make two varieties, the *thea viridis*, or green tea, and *thea bohea*, or bohea tea; while others, like Paxton, remark, "All the different kinds of tea imported into this country from China are the produce of *thea viridis*, the differences depending entirely upon soil and climate, and the different ages at which their leaves are gathered, and the modes of drying."

The plant may be propagated from seed, by grafting, budding, inarching, and laying. The cultivation of the tea has been so far prosecuted in some places in the southern part of the United States as to prove that the climate and soil of those sections are adapted to its production by open culture; and it is not improbable that tea may be, at no very distant day, among the articles of American produce, so that no second tea act can ever deprive us of this luxury.

The following Camellias are now in bloom in the conservatories around Boston: Alba plena, Variegata, Lady Hume. Fimbriata, Imbricata, Tricolor, Gilesii, Donkalarii, Henry Favre, Colletii, Chandlerii, Wilderii, Sarah Frost, Floyii, Punctata.

In the American Gardener's Magazine for 1835, Mr. Wilder, one of the principal growers of this plant, says, "In the whole range of splendid exotics which have been introduced into this country, there are few, if any, that combine so much elegance and beauty, either as it regards the dark, shining *evergreen* of their foliage or the dazzling brilliancy of their flowers, as those constituting the natural order Camilliæ.

"At all seasons of the year it is unrivalled for the richness of its foliage, but in the dreary months of winter, when almost all the attractions of the floral kingdom are wrapt in slumber, it stands forth with peculiar splendor, displaying its showy blossoms of varied hue, and reigning at once the pride and glory of the green-house."

It is not known that they are indigenous to any other countries except China, the East Indies, and the islands of Japan.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

BY DR. JOSEPH H. HANAFORD.

THE educational enterprises of the present age, which have within the last few years received a marked impetus, are lamentably characterized by a strong tendency to mere *intellectual* development. Our three-fold nature seems to have been almost forgotten by one class, into whose charge far too many of the young have been committed. It has been tacitly admitted that the mind sustains some mysterious relations to the body, but only very vague ideas have been entertained in relation to their mutual dependence and their intimate and profound sympathies. The reaction of the mind upon its physical organism, and indirectly upon the entire system, the direct tendency of preternatural mental activity to waste vitality in a fearful degree when the equilibrium of the mind and body is destroyed, so to speak, and the constant draft of the mind upon the body, especially in early life, for its nutriment, its *stamina*, are subjects but partially understood by many modern educators. This inference is fairly deduced from an acquaintance with some of the systems of popular education.

Precocity is a prominent characteristic of the children of this country. At an early age, while their fragile limbs can support them with ease for a few moments only, they are sent to the infant school-room, and often crowded into small and ill-ventilated apartments, where an unyielding discipline, which demands long-continued and unnatural postures, and a vitiated air, combine to undermine the physical constitution,—ordinarily sufficiently frail when children enter school,—and lay the foundation, thus early, for disease and positive misery in maturer years. As soon as the mind can grasp elementary principles, a system is commenced which disregards the law of healthful mental development, which jades rather than invigorates the mind, and which presents a multiplicity of objects that it is not able to appreciate. This system is continued, too often, for many years. The brain is stultified by

adverse physical conditions, stimulated by injudicious incentives, or urged to activity by stern necessity, and thus becomes fevered, and produces an irritable state of the nervous system, and a corresponding debility. As a natural result of this course, insanity is fearfully on the increase. Curved spines and deformed limbs are but the legitimate results of wrong positions, and too long confinement in even natural positions. The decided tendency in the young toward pulmonary difficulties marks the results of breathing a vitiated air, while the pale and angular features of many in our school-rooms, and the general debility so manifest, indicate something decidedly wrong in the system, something at war with the joyous impulses of youth.

The earlier years of childhood should be more especially devoted to physical development. The mind, taken as a whole, is not active in early childhood. The child may *observe*, but if it *reasons* at all, it is only to a limited extent. It arrives at conclusions more by intuition than by a regular course of reasoning. But it is not so with the physical powers. These are all developed in some degree at birth. The proper exercise of these powers should constitute a prominent part of the early training of children, since, in a normal condition, such an exercise of any physical organ is attended with pleasure, though, of course, of a lower kind than that resulting from the development of the intellectual and moral powers. Hence, almost constant activity, commenced at an early hour and continued during the day, produces slight fatigue comparatively, and seems a pleasant recreation. Children, if allowed to follow natural impulses, and if not suffering from hereditary disease, are uniformly active and buoyant, reminding one of the frisking lamb or playful kitten. Like them, they should enjoy a degree of freedom, of course under certain limitations, and be allowed to roam in the fields and over the hills and mountains, plucking flowers and observing the wonders of nature, which they can appreciate at an earlier period than is usually supposed. They should be encouraged to follow the dictates of nature, to rise with the sun, and breathe the invigorating air of the morning, taking deep inspirations, thus ex-

panding the chest, and giving life, vivacity and energy, to the whole system. Such breathing is far more important than is ordinarily supposed. Deep, full, copious, and rapid inhalations, amounting almost to actual panting, send the blood coursing along its channels with unwonted vigor, arousing every power and operating as a remedial agent of far greater value than most nostrums. Several hours of each day are imperatively demanded for physical development, especially in the formative period of childhood, when appropriate training gives firmness to the muscles, symmetry to the form, and vitality to the system. And it should be remembered that such a course will by no means retard the progress of intellectual culture. A few hours of study, daily, are enough, during which, if the mind is clear and buoyant from physical exercise, the whole amount of study is performed with comparative ease, and with decided pleasure. The development of the mind is effected in accordance with its own laws, and can only proceed successfully, when it is sustained by a vigorous physical system, however many apparent exceptions may be suggested.

The fevered brain, the pale face, the sunken eye, and the practical idiocy, of precocious development, tell a sad tale of a disregard of the relations and dependencies of the body and mind. Such education is spurious, or but of little value; yea, it may be positively hurtful or even fatal. That parent, therefore, who disregards physical laws in the education of his children, will have fearful causes of regret in after life, when the seeds of disease shall germinate, producing pain and sorrow and premature death. The wasting forms of their offspring, as they rave in agony, tossed and bewildered by torturing pains, will often, far too often, remind them of the excesses and the neglect of childhood, teaching them that physical laws, equally divine in their origin, and as obligatory as those that are moral, can never be violated with impunity, though the punishment may be long deferred.

DISCOURAGING CHILDHOOD.

It is somewhere related that a poor soldier, having had his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that his brains were visible. "Do write to father," he replied, "and tell him of it, for he always said I had no brains." How many fathers and mothers tell their children so, and how often does such a remark contribute not a little to prevent any development of the brain. A grown-up person tells a child he is brainless, or foolish, or a blockhead, or that he is deficient in some mental or moral faculty, and nine cases out of ten, the statement is believed, or, if not fully believed, the thought that it may be partially so acts like an incubus to repress the confidence and energies of that child. Let any person look back to childhood's days, and he can doubtless recall many words and expressions which exerted such a discouraging or encouraging influence over him as to tell upon his whole future course of life.

We knew an ambitious boy who, at the age of ten years, had become so depressed with fault-finding and reproof, not duly mingled with encouraging words, that at an early age he longed for death to take him out of the world, in which he conceived he had no abilities to rise. But while all thus appeared so dark around him, and he had so often been told of his faults and deficiencies that he seemed to himself the dullest and worst of boys, and while none of his good qualities or capabilities had been mentioned, and he believed he had none, a single word of praise and appreciation carelessly dropped in his hearing, changed his whole course of thought. We have often heard him say "that word saved him." The moment he thought he could do well, he resolved that he would; and he has done well. Parents, these are important considerations. Sometimes encourage your children without an *if*. Do not always tell them they can be good or can do well *if* they will do thus, or so well, and that there is nothing to hinder them. — *American Agriculturist*.



REVUE
1871



THE LADY SWEET APPLE.

WORDS BY META LANDER.

OR LINES TO A DEPARTED CHILD.

MUSIC BY B. F. BAKER.

Andante e con Espressione

[illegible]

Ritard.

Then to thee shall I be borne, hushed, Slow - ly on my dear ones' bier.
All my ar - dent long - ings of thy heart, While a - bove us, be - side thee weep.
All the loved ones thou glo - ry ev - er be, Soon shall lie thee here.
Till the mourn - ings be, Loud and sweet shall be our zest.
Meet the Lord, and be, joined a - mid the bliss of heav'n.

[illegible]

col voce.





CHRIST WITH THE SISTERS OF BETHANY.

[See Engraving.]

BETHANY, a small town about two miles east-south-east from Jerusalem, was situated in a valley beyond the mount of Olives. Formerly it was a place of considerable importance where the citizens of the Jewish metropolis had their villas beautifully embowered in the genial shade of the fig, the almond and the pomegranate. There dwelt Martha, Mary, and Lazarus, their brother. There, too, superstitious monks still point the oriental traveller to the humble dwelling of this family, to that of Simon, the leper, and to the sepulchre of Lazarus. While it is difficult to identify either of these, many things about them corroborate the facts of Scripture-history.

To "the house of Martha," our Saviour oft resorted during his visits to Jerusalem. It was his suburban home. Others may have known Bethany as the dwelling-place of the Jewish aristocracy; but Christ remembered it only as "the town of Mary and Martha." Retiring from the temple service, he passed through the city gate, the valley of Jehosaphat, across the brook Kedron, through Gethsemane, and over the mount of Olives, and from its summit or south-eastern declivity beheld at evening's deepening shade this beautiful village, this dwelling of his friends. With joy they watched his returning footsteps; and he in turn anticipated their cordial welcome, their bounteous hospitality, and their conference about the things of his kingdom.

What a trio! There was Martha, whose heart glowed with desire to entertain her Lord in a style alike honorable to him and herself, to her family and nation. There, too, was Mary, who delighted to sit at his feet, and drink in the gracious words that fell from his lips. Lazarus, also, was there, in whose resurrection Christ's mighty power was soon to be displayed.

Our blessed Lord had just celebrated the passover and the

feast of tabernacles ; and it may be he had that day preached his sermon to the lawyer who professed that he had kept the whole law, and who inquired "What lack I yet?" To him he uttered the parable of the good Samaritan, and said, "Go, do thou likewise." He had returned from the crowded city to this quiet dwelling, and was surrounded with those whom he tenderly loved. Let us enter the apartment, and observe what passes.

In meekness there sits the Son of Man with Lazarus and his travelling-companion by his side, with Mary at his feet listening to his instruction, and Martha before him cumbered with household cares. She has just presented herself, and is pouring her complaint against her sister into his ear. The incense burns in the censer, and diffuses sweet odor through the apartment. The interview, its antecedents and results, are full of instruction.

Christ is entertained, not as a stranger but as a friend, a royal guest. He is not alone ; his disciples are with him, not all but a part of them, who with Lazarus are spectators of the scene in which our Lord and the sisters of Bethany are actors, and who listen to the discourse between him and Martha.

Were ever sisters more unlike? In temperament one is melancholic, the other sanguine or choleric. In spirit Mary is confiding, humble and devout ; but Martha, anxious, active and querulous. The first exemplifies natural amiableness, adorned and sanctified by grace, quiet self-consecration to the divine service as the chief end of man ; the other, a life of devotion to externals, to the fashion of the world, changeable as the wind, to personal dignity, to domestic cares, and to family aggrandizement. By the endowments of nature and of grace, they were subsequently among the devout women, as John and Peter among the apostles, types of characters differing widely in talent, in habit, and in relation to Christ and his kingdom. Mary's position at Jesus' feet denotes her trust in him, her desire for his soul-saving instruction, and her submission to his will. She has imbibed his spirit, and is already numbered with his disciples, having chosen him and his kingdom for her portion.

But with Martha it was different. She was anxious mainly for the honorable entertainment of her Lord. Filled with this desire, and cumbered with service, she presents herself before him, and, seeing Mary so absorbed in his discourse as to be unmindful of what she deemed the honors of the house and the civilities of the occasion, she said to him, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me."

O, Martha, spare thyself the pain which reflection upon those bitter words must produce! If thou art mistress of the house, hast need of Mary's aid, and thinkest her too unmindful of propriety and household duty, whisper thy sisterly suggestion in her ear, rather than expose and censure her in the presence of thy guests. First cast the beam out of thine own eye. Smooth the asperities of thy temper, quench the flames of thine indignation, and consider, if thy sister is too unmindful of externals, whether thou thyself art not too forgetful of the law of kindness which should govern thy heart and tongue, and of thy spiritual and eternal welfare. Thy reproof of her is a censure of thy royal guest; it implies that he participates in her disregard of thy service, that he *cares not* for it. Who made thee his judge? Whence thy right to command thy Lord? Art thou destitute, not of faith and submission only, but also of that delicate sense of propriety, of the want of which thou accusest her?

Hearken to thy Saviour: "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." The courtesies and amenities of life are not to be despised. Piety, another name for supreme love to God and benevolence toward mankind, is conducive to good manners, which one has well defined "kindness kindly expressed," and which in fact is a proper regard for the happiness of others. Good manners are like charity, kind, easily entreated, full of mercy and goodness, separate from envy, jealousy, ill-will, censoriousness, and all the bitter fruits of selfishness. Their proper source is genuine goodness and purity of heart. Where this is wanting they are not ordinarily cultivated with

much success; they need depth, tone, substance; are fitful, easily overcome by temptation. They resemble paint on the cheek,—a poor substitute for the hue of health and of blushing beauty.

With wonderful skill the great Teacher here directs the attention of Martha from her restless activity to the state of her heart, from her undue anxiety about the honorable entertainment of her guests to the paramount claims of personal religion; from the vanities of time, which she had hitherto pursued, to the sublimest verities of eternity, on which the heart of Mary was fixed. In these two sisters, Christ contrasts the care of the body with the care of the soul, and recommends us to seek salvation and spiritual welfare as immeasurably more important than any and every thing else; to subordinate all other objects to this grand design of life, and to attain it as a means of securing inferior good. This Mary had chosen for her portion, and was pursuing; and by her example he exhorted Martha to lay hold of the one thing needful. Her future history reveals the success of his effort, which she now celebrates with triumph and joy in heaven.

In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.—
JOHN 14: 2.

O, sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest. KELBY.

A man may go to heaven without health, without riches, without honors, without learning, and without friends; but he cannot get there without Christ.— DYER.

There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow. COWPER.

Endless pleasures, pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come,
There, no fear of woe intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom. COLLYER.

A LIFE PICTURE.*

BY MRS. MARY MONTAGUE.

CHAPTER III.

"Fair bride! the die is cast, and thou must stand
Its utmost hazard; never may the heart,
That now is pledged together with thy hand,
Repent the love it trusted; may thy part
Through all life's future scenes be bright as now,
Nor deeper shades of care veil that unruffled brow."

MR. HOWE died before Henry had quite completed his course in the Law School at P——, but he left his blessing on the prospective union. The few thousands of which Catharine now became possessor did not at all lessen the interest with which she was regarded by the poor student.

As soon as he had secured a favorable situation, and opened an office, he returned to the old homestead to remove its sweetly-singing bird to his bower.

So pleasant was it to be loved by one whom she felt was much her superior, that she would cheerfully have gone with him to Siberia if he had wished it; and, although the young girls who twined her bridal wreath interwove a sprig of cypress, in an unobserved place, as expressive of their loss, and wet every flower with their tears, yet it was with an unmoistened eye that she kissed them her last adieu; and if with her mother and brother the parting was less easy, yet so happy were they in her prospects that it was felt as little as possible.

Mother! breathe a prayer for thy darling one; for a day of shadows is before her! Friends of her youth! forget her not when your supplications ascend, for often will her heart look back in its longings to the pleasant scenes of her childhood, and the loved ones she has left.

Will she ever awake from her pleasing dream, to find that with some love is but "the embellishment of early life, or a song piped between the acts," and that fame or fortune is too often the pursuit of man? Ay, she will know all this; and,

* From p. 73.

harder still, will realize that Harry Appleton is one of such a class.

At times, as the young lawyer looked upon his wife, and saw that she attracted the attention of strangers by her sweet countenance, he thought he loved her; but it was only the pride of his heart which was gratified, and he mistook it for a purer and holier sentiment.

They had been long at —, when a physician, about leaving for California, offered his place for sale, and the proposal was made to Catharine that a part of the property she inherited from her father should be invested in the purchase of the same. This was acceded to with pleasure, and a remaining thousand was appropriated to the furnishing of the same, agreeably to the taste of her husband.

Soon it was ascertained that the "house was larger than they needed, and, as it was all furnished so nice, a few boarders could be accommodated, who would not add *much* to their expenses, but would bring in quite an income to add to the profits of the office. None but genteel ones, of course, would be taken, who would pay well." This proposition of Mr. Appleton was cheerfully acquiesced in by one whose happiness it was to please her husband; and if there were times when she felt that she was exerting herself beyond her strength, and more than he did in the office, the feeling was quickly silenced; nor was it until maternal cares made undeniable demands on her, that she expressed herself as unable to do that which she had hitherto done.

CHAPTER IV.

"Now pile your gold, like Inca's, high,
And show Golconda's mine,
But not for wealth, that worlds might buy
Would she her child resign."

For a time the deep-seated selfishness of Harry was rebuked or held in check by the appearance of their little one. His wife and child receiving his waking thoughts at morning; and whispered blessings on them were the last sounds that fell upon the ear of Catharine, from the lips of her husband, when

the hour of rest returned. But who shall tell the joy all unalloyed, which filled *her heart*, who had just begun to know this most pure and unselfish of all earthly affections?

Often, when her husband and the nurse were absent from the chamber, she would raise herself partly up in the bed, and, supported thus on one arm, gaze with emotions of the deepest tenderness on the babe who slumbered unconsciously at her side. At such times she would exclaim, half audibly, "Can it be that every mother knows the joy I feel? I thought I had been happy; but never until now was my heart full."

Then imagination would picture beautiful scenes before the vision, and her future course was seen to be all that the fond parent could desire. She saw her, at the hour of noontide, travelling through cool refreshing vales, or plucking the flowers which grew on the banks of running and shaded streams; and then a thought of her own chequered experience came quickly over her mind like the fleecy cloud in a summer's day, and a momentary sadness was excited as she seemed to enter into the feelings of the poet:

"Strange that flowers of earth
Are visited by every wind that blows,
And drink in sweetness only;
While the child, that shuts within its breast,
A bloom from heaven, may take a blemish
From the breath of love,
And wear the blight forever."

Then came thoughts of her own mother's watchful care; and the high and strong resolves she made for herself in the future chased away the shadows, and the sun rose clear again.

Was it strange, when the husband saw her again in the family, and in her accustomed place, that he should relax his attentions, or allow them to cease altogether? He felt that a change had come over her, and that the special regards or care, she had been accustomed to lavish upon him, were all transferred to another channel; and are we surprised to be told that a feeling of jealousy sprung up when he saw how influences were in operation that would deprive him of the ser-

vices he had always found it so agreeable to receive? He wished still to be loved, just as his wife had always loved him, provided that affection was to be exerted to anticipate every wish, to fulfil every command.

But it was a brief sojourn that the babe made here, with its cheering presence; and when it raised its wings, hitherto concealed, and flew away to a fairer clime, the heart of Catharine Appleton followed it to its heavenly home, and, in the new and holy emotions which sprung up within her soul, she found a calm joy such as she had never known when her happiness was drawn from the fountains of earth.

With a submissive and chastened spirit, she trod from day to day the path of duty, which was illumined by a light unseen to mortal vision; but there were those, that knew her intimately, who felt that the mental suffering she had passed through had not been without its withering effects on her weak and over-tasked system.

CHAPTER V.

A few days after the conversation had taken place, by which Esquire Appleton and his wife became introduced to the reader, he entered the dining-room where Catharine was waiting for his appearance at the tea-table, saying, "Well, wife, I have made fifty dollars this afternoon, and now I am going to let you spend it."

"I think I should like to know how you made it, first; and, after you are seated, perhaps you will tell me," was the reply.

"Well, I do not know about telling you; perhaps you will think I was wicked," said Harry, trying to look serious.

"Perhaps I shall if you do not. I feel almost certain of it unless you do. Now I am all ready for it," Kate replied, while that old smile of hers flitted across her pale face, and she handed him his cup of tea.

"Well, then, here it is, '*nolens volens*,'—you are a lawyer's wife, and of course know that means *willing or not*. Now, to proceed, Bancroft, of the hotel, at some nameless place, had got into a scrape about selling liquor. It was known he had sold some to a man who went home, and almost

killed his wife, turned his children out of doors, and all that sort of thing. Well, the people said there should be a stop put to such proceedings, and they had their secret police out, and arranged their plan so nicely, that it seemed as if the fellow would be caught and condemned. His trial was to come off to-day; he felt blue enough, for he knew that he deserved punishment. In his dilemma what does he do but send for your humble servant, and tell me that he would give me fifty dollars and a basket of hock if I would only clear him. Now what could I do but try my best to help a poor soul out of trouble; and *you* know the Bible says, 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you;' and so, after working very hard, I found what I called, and made them believe, *was* a '*flaw*' in the indictment. As the consequence, Bancroft got *off*, and I pocketed fifty dollars. Now, wife, what have you to say?"

"I have only to say, that if you had remembered that we are told to 'have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness,' you would not have taken the Bible to aid you in such a cause," was the reply. "I am sure my father never read his Bible as you do yours," she added.

"O! but your father was one of the old Puritans; he lived on a farm, and read it because he liked it; but you see when I read it, it is to help me get on to a farm, that is, to retire from business. Now, I have to consult Coke and Blackstone, and all those books, and the Bible among them. And you yourself know I can't get time to go to church but half of the day Sundays, while your father began his holy time when the sun went down Saturday nights. I am not certain, but I think he told me once, that he thought it was wrong for the sheep to wag their tails Sunday. And was it your mother, or some other person in that region, who told me they were making hasty-pudding one Saturday night, and the sun had just gone down, although they did not know it at the time, and the pudding flew out and burnt their hands badly, and they always supposed it was because they were breaking the Sabbath?" said Harry.

"Harry Appleton! I should think you would be ashamed

of yourself. I wish you were half as good as my father was," the indignant wife replied.

Harry looked up in astonishment; for not often had such tones come from her. She usually bore his bantering without any reply, and would now if there had been no allusion to the cherished name of her father. This roused her indignation. A thought seemed to flash across Harry's brain, and, recovering himself, he said to his wife:

"Well, there is room for improvement; and *now* let us change the subject, and talk about what I want you to do. I wish you to go to Boston, and consult Dr. Bowditch, and see if he does not agree with me, that your lungs are not diseased."

"How can I go? You think you cannot leave to go anywhere with me; and I do not like to go alone," was the reply.

"You can do well enough without me; all you have to do is to take the cars, go to Boston, and when you hear half a dozen voices bawling out, 'Have a cab?' 'Have a carriage?' just say 'Yes' to one of them, and tell him you wish to be carried to Dr. Bowditch's in Otis place, and, if you do not pay him till you get out, he will leave you at the door of the doctor's office, which is in his private dwelling. It will be worth the ten dollars to me to have this dispute settled between us, for I am certain—although you do not say it—that you think yourself in a dangerous condition," said Mr. Appleton.

"No, I do not think so; but I know I feel very sick some days; other days I am better. I hope I shall get well enough to go and see mother and Charley soon," was the reply of Catharine.

CHAPTER VI.

"Perchance a father's dying look of love
Still hovers o'er her; or a mother's voice,
Whose gentle accents sanction and approve
The object of her young heart's early choice,
Dwells in her ear; but who shall dare reveal
All the sad, bitter thoughts that through her bosom steal?"

"Harry," said a feeble voice in that sick-chamber, while the chilling winds of November were blowing without, "I wish

I had gone to Vermont last summer ; I think mother might have doctored me up so that I should have been better now."

" Well, you know I gave you the money when you went to Boston, and expected you would go before you came home. It does seem a pity, if this sickness might have been saved. A sickly wife is rather an expensive piece of furniture to keep in repair," said the miserable comforter.

" I will never leave nor forsake thee. I have borne thy griefs, and carried thy sorrows," the heavenly Spirit whispered in her ear.

" Yes ; I know you wished me to go ; but I was not able, and thought I could go better when it was cooler." Then, after a long pause, she added : " Husband, will you write to mother, and tell her how ill I am ? I have kept it from her, hoping I should get better ; but the last week has convinced me that I shall not be here long. I feel certain she will come if we send for her."

" I can write, if you wish, but I have no doubt you will rally again, and be well enough to go and see her," said Harry.

" No ! no ! I never shall ; and all I want is to see mother once more ; and if I can lean on her, I shall not be afraid to go into the dark valley. You will do it, will you not, Harry ?" asked Mrs. Appleton.

" Of course, if you wish it ; but it seems unnecessary," replied the attentive husband.

Pleased with the thought of again seeing her mother, Catharine sank into a disturbed slumber, and dreamed that she was again in the home of her childhood ; that kind friends were whispering their benedictions upon her, while a manly form was at her side, and low sweet words were spoken, such as made her blush to hear. Then she seemed to raise her hand to her head, and she thought a thorn in her bridal wreath pierced it, and she awoke to find that old pain was in her side, and her hand was placed unconsciously upon it.

Hope buoyed up the heart of the young wife until her husband returned from the post-office one night, about a week after, with the announcement that her mother could not leave home just then, but hoped to be there early in the spring,

when, she had no doubt, Catharine would be able to return with her.

Too feeble to reason on the improbabilities of such an answer, she only knew that she was disappointed. Earthly joys and expectations with one struggle left her heart, and henceforth her soul rested on her Saviour, and her desires were for her heavenly home.

The watcher's dim lamp has long glimmered from the cottage windows, but it may soon go out; for the days of a short but wearisome pilgrimage are fast drawing to a close, and she for whom it shines will not need the light of the sun, nor any lamp, in the heavenly land which is so near.

As her mind wanders, in the feebleness caused by disease, she thinks a fond mother bends over to hear her say, "Dear, dear mother! I knew you would come. They tell me I am sick, but I think I am almost well."

Then reason returns again, and she feels the conflict is almost over.

"Harry, kiss me once more; I cannot see you now, but bright angels I see around me. Annie waits for me. Tell mother not to feel bad, because she could not come; tell her I was happy—I wanted to go and see my Saviour—I am almost ——" "Home," we must add, for she is there.

"She sleeps in Jesus, blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep."

No more shall she be affected by cold selfishness, or insulting inattention; never shall she be told, in those blessed regions, of the dark deception practised toward her here; none shall whisper in her ear, that her dying request was disregarded, and the sweet message her loving heart dictated was never sent; none shall tell her, as she walks these golden streets, of the bitter, agonizing tears shed by a widowed mother, that her last beloved daughter "died so suddenly that she could not be summoned to her bedside" to smooth her dying pillow. Of all this she shall never be told; for, in that happy land, she has clasped the hand of her child again, her trials are all over, and her perfect bliss knows no alloy.

RELY ON YOURSELF.

BY REV. CYRUS MANN.

Most persons are averse to close thinking and investigation. They would rather rely on others, and follow the beaten track, than strike out new paths, and aim at greater progress and higher attainments. It is the part of indolence and imbecility servilely to copy others, and to remain satisfied with walking in their steps, instead of soaring into higher regions, and taking wider views. Much depends on early education in regard to the future intellectual efforts of children. If they are furnished with everything the young heart can desire, — if every gratifying object is placed around them, and there is nothing left for the exercise of their own powers, — their minds will be feeble, and never acquire the vigor necessary for extensive usefulness. Parents often greatly mistake in providing too many playthings for their children. They appear to think that, by heaping around their little ones a multitude of toys, they shall add to their enjoyment and expand their minds. But the more a child has of these things the more restless he becomes. He throws aside one after another his playthings, and is almost equally dissatisfied with whatever is placed within his reach. He has too many objects; they are a burden to him, and render him fretful and uneasy.

Even the child derives his highest pleasure from doing something for himself. Give him a few articles, and let him add others by his own invention; let him try what he can do, and see that his efforts have accomplished something, and he will be delighted and stimulated to renewed exertion. The boy who has made but the rude imitation of a ship, a cart, or a house, will be more cheerful and happy than he would have been by the most costly and brilliant toy. But, what is of far more importance, his mind has received a new impulse; it has acquired new vigor, and is better prepared for other efforts. It is by a succession of these infantile attempts, by an almost

infinitude of trials to imitate the sterner realities of age, that the mind gathers strength, develops its powers, and rises to the highest attainments. The pyramids of Egypt, it has been said, were built by the successive strokes of the pickaxe and the chisel, and the mightiest intellect is formed by a gradual process from the imbecility of infancy. Its progress may not be observable for a time, like the coral rock built up from the bottom of the ocean; but it ultimately rises above the waves, and becomes an island, adorned with verdure and beauty. So the childish intellect, by its own action, rises above the common level, becomes an ornament to society, and a blessing to the world. Could you have seen, in childhood, any one of the self-made men who have honored the country and the age in which they lived, you would have found him left to his own resources. His self-formation commenced with the first bud-dings of reason and imagination. So it was with Franklin, Sherman, and Greely. Their humble origin shows that they were not surrounded with a profusion of splendid toys. Their minds were daily acquiring fresh impulse and increased energy from the very circumstances of destitution in which they were placed. What Webster, the great statesman and careful observer of human nature, says of older scholars, is equally applicable to children: "Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. As a man is in all circumstances, under God, the master of his own fortune, so he is the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect, that it can only grow by its own action, and thereby it will certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, educate himself." Let parents improve the clue here given, and apply it to the training of children. Assist them in their rude endeavors to do something for themselves. Furnish the means, and they will soon learn to apply them in accomplishing their purposes.

They should early be taught that they have a character to form, on which depends their own happiness, the esteem of friends, and, above all, the approbation of their Maker and Redeemer. They can soon learn that there is no pleasure like that of doing right, of being kind, generous and thankful

for favors shown them. He who would have friends must show himself friendly, and there are innumerable occasions recurring daily for the exercise of the best and noblest affections. A child should love to please and oblige others, and should love to do good. This should be his element, the very air he breathes, the rejoicing of his heart. He is amiable and lovely just in proportion as he exhibits good-will and kindness, and a regard for justice and rectitude; and he is an object of pity, to be pointed at by the finger of scorn, when these traits are wanting, or the opposite ones displayed. His character is himself, his dispositions, affections, and general conduct. It is that which he will carry with him in future life, and which will shape his destiny. He can easily be made to realize its importance, and how much it depends on himself. Parents must look after their children, when away from under the parental roof. Their eye must follow them to the village school, and they must see what influences are operating there for good or evil, and what are the restraints under which they are placed. It is surprising how much mischief they will learn, in a short period, from wicked companions, and how much they may do to corrupt the minds and morals of others. They should be made to realize their individual responsibility, while mingling with their associates, and that they are accountable for their conduct in company equally as when alone. Each individual is singled out and marked by the all-seeing One, and the sins of youth may cause regret and remorse at a future day.

The formation of character demands the study of the Scriptures with a view to their precepts and examples. It requires the cultivation of the heart, the moral affections as well as the intellect. It involves improvement in external deportment, in ease, propriety and manly behavior, in consulting the feelings of others, and in often yielding our convenience to theirs. Civility is a great ornament, and next in importance to the first principles of knowledge.

Children should early be taught self-government. They must learn to govern their temper and passions, and not be left as the "horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding;

whose mouth must be held in with a bit and bridle." It is shameful and ruinous to allow them to fly into a rage, and give way to violent passion, when unexpectedly disappointed in regard to a pleasant walk or ride, or some other anticipated enjoyment. Whenever such ill temper is manifested, they must be called to an account, whatever other business is on hand, and must be taught its exceeding sinfulness and its destructive consequences to themselves.* Self-government is essential to all true peace and happiness; it is essential to the quiet of families and communities, and to all civil freedom. A free government cannot exist where the people have not learned to govern themselves. Anarchy and despotism will ensue, and the masses must be controlled by the strong arm of absolute power. A vigilant, an all-pervading police, or a standing army, must accomplish what the people might easily do for themselves. The foundation of all free government must be laid in the early training of children. They must be made to control their temper. This may be a difficult task; it may require a long course of discipline; but the object is worth all the care and effort it may cost. Washington well understood its importance, when he said, "I can more easily govern the American army than my passions." But he had them in subjection, and the world admired his self-possession and unruffled temper in the most trying circumstances. Scarcely a greater blessing can be conferred upon a child than the ability to govern himself in the fear of the Lord in every emergency.

The young should be taught to rely on their own efforts in their studies. They must use the utmost endeavors to solve a difficult problem, or investigate an abstruse subject, before resorting to others for assistance. They must learn to clothe their thoughts in their own language. It may not be as learned and elegant as that of the most accomplished writers; but one idea expressed in their own way is more improving and worth

* The Rev. Joseph Emerson, on his way to officiate at a funeral, discovered a child of his doing mischief, and immediately stopped, fastened his horse, and corrected the youthful delinquent. Subsequently, being asked how he could spare time to do this, he replied, Nothing on earth was of equal importance with the proper correction of his child.

more than the copying of whole pages from other authors. By giving utterance to their own feelings and conceptions, they are preparing to become the future ministers of the gospel, the eloquent advocates at the bar and in the senate. They acquire the habit of thinking for themselves, and thus become qualified for taking a part in the great enterprises of the day, and pushing forward the movements which are to renovate the moral world.

Let it not be thought that this self-reliance is inconsistent with a proper sense of dependence on the Supreme. All our powers are given us by the Creator, to be employed for his glory in accomplishing the purposes of redeeming mercy. They must be improved diligently by us, while realizing our entire dependence on a higher power. "Without me," saith the Saviour, "ye can do nothing." He only who quietly and with child-like simplicity submits himself to God, accomplishes the end of his existence, and enjoys lasting security and peace.

"From Thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavor and his glad success,
His strength to suffer and his will to serve."

EDUCATIONAL MAXIMS.

IN the education of children, there is nothing like alluring the appetites and affections, otherwise you make so many asses laden with books, and by virtue of the lash, give them their pocket full of learning, to keep; whereas, to do well, you should not only lodge it with them, but make them espouse it. — *Montaigne.*

Education is incompatible with self-indulgence, and* the impulse of vanity is too often mistaken for the impulse of nature; when miss is a wit, I am apt to suspect her mother is not over-wise. — *Cumberland.*

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

"Ora, mater, ora."

BY E. S. D.

CANTO I.

O ! as I enter on this sacred theme,
Let me recall the mother of my youth,
And linger on her features in my dream,
And hear her voice, where kindness, love and truth
Were blended ever in such music deep,
That in my fancies of the songs that roll
From seraph voices while their lyres they sweep,
Some tone like hers goes thrilling through my soul.

How faithful is the record memory keeps
Of happy childhood, by her love made blest ;
And sadly sweet the tears affection weeps
Above her form laid low in earth-bound rest !
Sweet the instructions from her lips that fell,
Mild the reproof, and kind the counsels given,
The serious look and tone remembered well,
That won our youthful thoughts to God and heaven.

Bright were the mornings when, 'neath warm spring skies,
In the green fields we sought the flowers she loved,
And met, returning, in her radiant eyes
The loving smile that marked the act approved.
And, taught by her all beauteous things to love,
Pleased by her side we walked at fall of even,
And found delight in orchard, field and grove,
In running brook, and clouds that sailed the heaven.

She taught us that whate'er God made was good,
The singing-bird and squirrel leaping free,
The flower that bloomed unnoticed in the wood,
The weed beneath our feet, and giant tree.
Each season had its glory for the eye,
Its music sweet for the attentive ear ;
Its lesson for the heart, as it went by,
From spring's bright blooms, till ice bound up the year.

What soothing charm the winter hearth possessed,
When, school-hours o'er, our light cares flown away,
The dove of peace, close nestled in each breast,
Had hushed the mirthful voices of the day ;

While in the sky the twilight lingered yet,
And through the room the cheerful fire glowed bright,
And gathered round it the home circle met,
And kind parental eyes shed loving light !

Then, by our mother's side we lowly sat,
And listened to her tale of olden time ;
Or Bible history of the good and great ;
Or nursery ditty, sung in simple rhyme.
And tales of hopeless poverty she told,
Of suffering children, poorly clad and fed,
With scarce a shelter from the piercing cold,
And for their weary limbs no pleasant bed.

And, while our hearts were warm with pity's glow,
She taught us thankfulness to God in heaven ;
And on the needy taught us to bestow
The generous bounty which his hand had given ;
And with our basket filled with dainty store,
On festal days we cheerful hied away,
Bearing our treasures to the widow's door,
On her lone hearth to shed one hopeful ray.

At morn, at eve, and oftentimes, her prayer,
Faithful and fervent, like sweet incense rose —
Rose for the children of her love and care,
And for the weary, burdened with earth's woes.
Such generous sympathy her soul possessed,
She sought the woes of wounded hearts to bear,
To point the sorrowing ones to promised rest,
To smooth the furrows on the brow of care.

O ! from the darkened earth her smile hath flown ;
Her voice among its music-tones is hushed ;
A heavenly home that loving heart hath won,
Whence full and free the tide of pity gushed !
Yet are the scenes wherein she loved to move
Made fairer by the tender thoughts they bring ;
So are the orchard path, the slope and grove,
Hallowed by memories which around them cling.

'T is pleasant on the turf to lie,
Beneath the greenwood's whispering shade,
And hear the stream go rippling by,
And listen to the music made
By the soft winds the leaves among,
And the glad notes by free birds sung.

And sweet to yield to memories,
 That o'er the hushed heart softly steal,
 Beneath the calm of summer skies ;
 To wander back in thought, and feel
 Again upon the low-bowed head
 A mother's hand in blessing laid.

And gazing on the cloudlets bright,
 That on their viewless pinions fly,
 To trace that freed soul's upward flight
 Through the bright regions of the sky,
 And almost think the low wind brings
 The rushing of those angel wings.

While o'er the spirit, soothingly,
 Come words of Israel's psalmist sweet,
 Of the still waters gliding by,
 And pastures green, where weary feet
 Are gently by the shepherd led,
 And hungering, thirsting souls are fed.

CANTO II.

What fount of human love, in earth so wide,
 Sends forth such healing streams beneath the heaven,
 As the fond mother's heart in gushing tide
 Pours for the children whom her God hath given ?
 What thrilling memory calls the wanderer back
 From sin's allurements and life's poisoned springs,
 And bids him journey in the heavenward track,
 Like that which round a faithful mother clings ?

What power arrests th' assassin's upraised arm ;
 From midnight revel steals the sweet away,
 And, like some unseen but all potent charm,
 Bids the unspoken blasphemy to stay ?
 What prayers and tears hedge up the paths of sin,
 Making it hard in evil ways to go ;
 What sweet, low tones are heard amid earth's din ;
 What mild beseeching eyes the night look through ?

Full oft, alas ! will wild and reckless youth,
 Chasing his phantom-pleasure, fame or gold,
 Scorn and o'erleap the barriers which truth,
 And love, and faith, had placed his steps to hold !
 And yet, when far adown those treacherous slopes
 His feet have slid — his phantom not yet won —
 Backward his vision turns on better hopes,
 Which cheered him ere his headlong race begun.

And though dark clouds have gathered o'er the track
Down which he came, and the ascent is steep,
Yet through the gloom one vision calls him back
With beckoning hand and eyes that glistening weep.
And if he turn not yet, but still press on,
To grasp the bubble from his hand that flies,
He cannot bid that vision fair begone,
Or take his gaze from those still, mournful eyes.

And in the quiet of the calm moonlight,
While summer airs breathe softly o'er his cheek,
Or in the thoughts that visit him at night,
He hears the whispered words she used to speak,
And to the dear dream yielding up his soul,
Glad to be free from sordid cares a while,
Feels through its depths in blessed fulness roll
The tide of love as when he knew no guile.

And in the twilight of the early morn,
As if awaked from childhood's placid sleep,
Abroad o'er dewy fields his feet are drawn,
And on his mother's grave he stays to weep ;
And in the gush of late repentant tears,
That fall refreshing as the summer rain,
While pondering on the record of past years,
His childhood's heart comes back to him again.

And wandering slow beneath the solemn trees,
That nod and whisper o'er the forms below,
His early home and youthful loves he sees,
Like shadows o'er a lake's smooth surface go ;
Then, sick at heart with all earth's promises,
Which long have lured him on in ruin's way,
And with a sigh for manhood's wasted years,
Forms high resolve that downward course to stay.

Oft is the dwelling in life's vale obscure
Made the abode of happy, calm content,
By a loved mother's teachings kind and pure,
And the sweet influence of a life well spent.
Though cares press on her, and her daily need
Her daily labor only will supply ;
Yet does she trust in Him who giveth heed
When sparrows fall and the young ravens cry.

And, kneeling with her household, fails she ne'er
To lead their thoughts in grateful love and praise
To Him who guards them with a father's care,
And keeps their feet from dark and sinful ways.

They bless him that their peaceful lot leads far
From hurtful snares in higher walks that lie,
And that the dwellers in the valleys are,
Though all of men unseen, beneath God's eye.

Sweet is the Sabbath in that lowly home,
That ever with its balm of welcome rest,
And happy interchange of thought, doth come
With calm refreshing to each weary breast.
Led by the parent hand, in early youth,
Up to the courts where saints adore their God,
They learn, like her, to love the words of truth,
And tread the pilgrim path she long hath trod.

Mother ! now thy prayers are answered,
And the angels round the throne,
In the courts of heaven, mingle
Their rejoicing with thine own.

For the erring one, who wandered
Far from wisdom's peaceful ways,
Hath returned, all broken-hearted,
And for guidance humbly prays.

All his sins at last forsaking,
Life for him begins anew ;
And his course will be henceforward
With the noble, wise and true.

And hereafter, when the anthems
Of the ransomed hosts arise,
Thine and his in blessed union
Shall reëcho through the skies.

SHE led me first to God ;
Her words and prayers were my young spirit's dew ;
For when she used to leave
The fireside every eve,
I knew it was for prayer that she withdrew.
How oft has the thought
Of my mourned mother brought
Peace to my troubled spirit, and new power
The tempter to repel !
Mother, thou knowest well
That thou hast blessed me since my natal day.

[TO LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.]

BESSIE.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

WHAT sight is more delightful than a group of brothers and sisters playing together, amusing and interesting each other, when they are guided and governed by the law of kindness; when they strive to obey the gospel rule, "Be kindly affectioned one to another, in honor preferring one another"?

Many of you, dear children, who read these letters, have a beloved brother or sister, perhaps you have several, toward whom you can fulfil this charming precept. There is nothing which more effectually destroys the peace and happiness of a family than quarrelling children; brothers and sisters who consult only their own happiness, and are not willing to make a sacrifice for each other's good.

I will relate to you the history of little Bessie, and what she accomplished in the family to which she belonged.

Mr. Palmer lived in a pleasant country town not far from Boston. When his youngest child was but a few months old his wife died, and the poor children were motherless. An aged aunt came to reside in the family, who soon became so dotingly fond of the little ones, that, in her eyes, they could never do wrong. Sometimes, when the noise was too loud, or when Francis, the oldest, had thrown his sister to the floor, and Sarah, in return, sprang up and struck him, she would say, softly, "Don't, dears! Play pretty, now, and I'll buy you some sugar-plums."

But, as they knew this was the extent of her authority, they never gave heed to her gentle admonitions.

When Ellen, the baby, was three years old, Mr. Palmer married again, and the young mother soon found she had undertaken an almost hopeless task. She talked with the children; she kindly reproved them for their unkind treatment of each

other ; but her words were like water spilt upon the ground. The habit of quarrelling only strengthened as they grew older, and the mother sighed as she looked forward to their future lives. At length she determined to administer chastisement, and did so after a very dreadful quarrel between Francis and Sarah ; but their aunt, who was now extremely childish, took their part, and more than undid all the good she hoped to accomplish.

By and by another little sister was added to the family, and this one the young mother determined, by the blessing of God, should be brought up to live in peace with those around her. Every day, when she had washed her darling, and laid her in the neat cradle, she lifted up her heart in prayer to God that the dear child might in some way be a blessing to her brothers and sisters ; and her prayers seemed answered at once, for the rude, noisy Francis, and the fretful Sarah, stepped on tiptoe to the darkened room of their mother, that they might take a peep at the dear treasure it contained. And when, as it began to take notice, and would return their caresses by a little story, such as babies love to tell, their delight was unbounded.

Mrs. Palmer was exceedingly pleased at their fondness for their sister, and skilfully made it an occasion of reward. She soon found that no punishment was so great as being excluded from the nursery and care of the baby.

When Bessie was a year old, she, for the first time, witnessed quarrelling between her brother and sisters. She was sitting upon the floor, amusing herself with a basket of toys, when they had a sudden falling out, and began to strike each other and to scream with all their might.

Poor little Bessie ! She dropped her toys, her lips quivered, while she shook from fright, until, at a renewed scream from Sarah, she began to cry with such violence, that the whole household assembled to learn the cause. She sobbed and cried until they feared she would have convulsions, and at length fell asleep perfectly exhausted. The frightened children confessed their quarrelling had been the cause, and Mrs. Palmer eagerly embraced the opportunity to point out to them the sin as well as the danger of their conduct. She appealed to them,

by their love of their dear little sister, to restrain their tempers, and try to cultivate love for each other such as they felt for the baby. "You are each ready," she added, "to give up anything you have, if she holds out her hands for it; and when she was sick you walked softly about the house, lest your noise should make her worse. Now only think what a happy family we should be if you, Francis and Sarah, and you, too, little Ellen, should love each other as much as you do Bessie! She will soon be old enough to imitate; and if you cannot learn to be kind, so as to teach her to be so, I shall have to keep her by herself, for I cannot have her learn to be a naughty girl."

For many months the children remembered what their mother had said, and if suddenly betrayed into speaking rudely or unkindly, in the presence of their sister, would glance at her to see if she had noticed it. When Bessie began to call them by name, and could say little words, they were delighted to make her repeat them again and again. When she was little more than two years old, Francis was proud to say he had taught her to repeat her first sentence. It was this: "Please love Bessie." This the sweet child said over and over again to every member of the family circle, and then clapped her hands and laughed aloud at the joy she witnessed. There was no need for her to say "Please love Bessie," for she was dearly loved by every member of the family; and even aunt Sally confessed that she was "the sweetest little thing" she "ever set eyes on." A few days after Francis came into the room in search of a book; Ellen was sitting quietly in her low chair, looking at the pictures it contained, when her brother caught it roughly out of her hands; Ellen began to cry, but Francis, glancing at his darling sister, said, "Hush, Ellen, you'll frighten Bessie."

The little girl grew very red, as if she were going to give a loud scream, and then, as her brother ran to soothe her, lisped out, "Pease love Ellen." Francis was delighted, and bent down to kiss her, forgetting all his haste to read his book. But no, the little miss withheld her red lips, and kept pointing to Ellen as she repeated "Pease love Ellen;" nor would she be satisfied until he called Ellen, kissed her, and gave her the

book. Then the little peace-maker danced up and down in her glee, and willingly went back to her old tune, "Pease love Bessie."

The influence of this lovely child was so great that by the time she could talk plain, and tell them how very dearly she loved them, they had gradually learned to be kind and forbearing to each other, even as they were to her, and now form one of the happiest families that I am acquainted with. Dear children, try to imitate little Bessie, and be kind to one another.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

I WILL give you two or three good rules, which may help you to become happier than you would be without knowing them; but as to being completely happy, that you can never be till you get to heaven.

The first is, "Try your best to make others happy." "I never was happy," said a certain king, "till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people; but, ever since then, in the darkest day, I have had sunshine in my heart."

My second rule is, "Be content with little." There are many good reasons for this rule. We deserve but little; we require but little; and "Better is a little, with the fear of God, than great treasures and trouble therewith." Two men determined to be rich, but they set about it in different ways; for the one strove to raise his means to his desires, while the other did his best to bring down his desires to his means. The result was, the one who coveted much was always repining, while he who desired but little was always contented.

My third rule is, "Look on the sunny side of things." The skipping lamb, the singing lark, and the leaping fish, tell us that happiness is not confined to one place. God, in his goodness, has spread it abroad on the earth, in the air, and on the waters. Two aged women lived in the same cottage; one was always fearing a storm, and the other was always looking for sunshine. Hardly need I say which it was wore a forbidding frown, or which it was whose face was lighted up with joy.

THE SCHOOL AND THE SCHOOLMASTER.

BY REV. W. WARREN.

MORE depends on the *teacher* than on the text-book. There is a greater difference in school-teachers than in almost any other class of persons. Some will do more in a single week to wake up mind and create enthusiasm in a school, than others will do in a whole term. Great care should be taken in the selection of teachers. I will give an outline of a "*model master*."

He has *mind*; at least respectable talents. There must be stock in him; at least, the foundation, the elements of mental power. It is *mind* that awakens mind. Intelligence itself teaches,—not the *show* of it, but the thing itself. Knowledge is power; and nowhere more really so than in the schoolroom. It requires thought to kindle thought. Ignorance often hides itself in a wilderness of words. Strength of mind lies at the foundation of the necessary attributes and qualifications of the successful teacher.

He has a good share of *culture*. No one can teach clearly in the twilight of his own knowledge. He cannot communicate more definite ideas than he himself possesses. His knowledge must extend *beyond* his present necessity and requisitions. He needs more than a knowledge of the branches he is expected to teach. He must have some *general* information. This liberalizes his technical knowledge, and helps him to illustrations, and enables him to make pleasing digressions into adjacent fields of knowledge. A clear view of the subjects and sciences taught is indispensable. But, without *other* knowledge, the light the teacher throws upon the studies will be something like what our sunlight would be if there was no atmosphere to diffuse and reflect it; it would be all in one direction, and there would be *darkness* everywhere else.

The teacher must have a *well-balanced mind*; his powers must be proportioned, and his knowledge liberal, for we teach

by what we *are* as well as by what we do and say. Symmetry pleases and impresses. The odd, erratic genius should not attempt to teach. Eccentric characters, persons of irregular and slovenly habits, ought never to set themselves up as instructors. Children are fine copyists. They take instinctively their early tendencies by imitation. Unconscious influences and impressions mould them. As in ambrotype the exact countenance falls upon the susceptible surface, so the teacher is always sitting or standing for his likeness, which he leaves not upon metallic, polished surfaces, but upon imperishable tablets. And his pupils are exhibiting him to the world unconsciously wherever they go. They are his echo, his imitators, in some sense. They assume his airs, imitate his gait, habits, tones, and very looks. They copy his uncouthness, stereotype his oddities, and perpetuate his phrases and blunders. The teacher, then, is at work when he seems to himself to be idle. Unconscious influences emanate from him. Education does not begin with the alphabet, nor end with the science or diploma; nor consist mainly in the task of lessons. No; *character* teaches; symmetry teaches; intelligence, politeness, interest and kindness have a plastic power. Those who attempt to teach should possess mental symmetry and moral refinement.

The teacher must have *common sense*,— a trait worth more in this desert world than even the gem of genius. It is wisdom in practice. It teaches us to do right things right. It sees by a sort of instinct the propriety and fitness of things; the connection between cause and effect, means and ends. It is more conversant with reality than with *romance*. It adapts men to circumstances, to society, and to duty. It is to the mental powers what the hair-spring or regulator is to the watch, taste to the musician, or skill to an artist. It is associated, usually, with mental balance and symmetry, and sound moral principle. The teacher must have a good share of *common sense* to succeed well in his profession.

The teacher must have an aptness to gain a *knowledge of human nature*. If a play on words is allowable, I would say he must understand *human nater*. *Nature* is lovely, and beauti-

ful, and inviting; but "*nater*" is low and vulgar, deceptive and ignorant. Some teachers are well versed in nature, and science, and books; but of perverse, crooked, ugly human *nature*, with which they come into contact so largely in the school, they are strangely ignorant. They must be able to read *boys* as well as books, and detect, as by a sort of instinct, the springs and motives of action.

The teacher must have *self-control*; this is essential to his own character and cultivation, and indispensable to his success in controlling others. Without self-control the teacher is like a ship in the storm, without helm, driven to and fro, and tost. Self-control gives a teacher the respect of his scholars and of himself. It gives him *authority*. It will be natural and legitimate authority. It will set easy upon him. For the more authority one has in his own make, the less he will need to assume and exercise in his rules and administration. Authority is less a natural gift than the result of other cardinal and cultivated traits, such as principle, decision of character, independence of mind, dignity, disinterestedness, refinement of feeling, and reasonable self-rest. These elements of character are commanding and magisterial. They give power and impression to the whole man; his eye, his step, his voice, and all his movements and expressions. Not only an entire command of his temper and tongue, but of his knowledge and furniture of mind is essential to the model teacher.

The teacher must have *enthusiasm*. Apathy is contagious. So is zeal. It diffuses itself like fire. The indolent teacher lulls his class; the enthusiastic teacher electrifies. Energy inspirits and inspires! Energy, like charity, covers a multitude of faults; and deservedly. It not only atones for defects, but *overcomes* defects. Real enthusiasm without other qualifications is better than culture without enthusiasm. Indifference in the teacher — and indolence in the school, the certain consequence — is the bane of all improvement. Why does not the schoolroom present the busy aspect of the work-shop, or bee-hive, or the "glow of labor" presented by the classic Virgil? The fault lies in the teacher; the mind acts best when it is warm and wide awake. It is bent, and wrought, and shaped

like the steel when it feels the flame. The dull teacher makes a dull school, just as dull preachers make sleepy congregations. Enthusiasm must enter into the attributes and composition of the successful teacher. Let no one attempt to inspire others with the love of knowledge, who is not touched with the same inspiration himself.

The teacher must have a *large view of his work*. He does *more* than give first lessons in science. He forms principles, establishes mind and habit, moulds character and destiny. His mind operates among the germs and tendrils of humanity; where a *touch* of the finger makes more impression than a *stroke* of the pruning instrument in later life. No future hand will entirely obliterate these first impressions. The child is father of the man. More is actually learned in a short time, in childhood, than is learned or *unlearned* in long years afterwards. The teacher will be remembered when he is dead. It may be among the happiest of his recollections, in old age, that *this* great man, or *that* learned divine, or the *other* world-renowned hero or reformer, was once his pupil; that he taught him the alphabet, or gave his thoughts their first direction in a career of usefulness and renown. Let the teacher reflect that he is privileged to bend the twig or trellise the osier of some sublime genius or world-renowned benefactor. He that works upon the stone, or the canvas, may achieve a work of perfection; but it is a work that must perish. But none will deny to him, who achieves a work that can *never* die, a rank next to the Creator.

There is implied, in what has been said above, the necessity of high moral qualities in the teacher. His influence is felt not less in the moral than in the mental part. And, as the production of a pure and noble character is a greater achievement and a better fitting for the great future, than of a noble intellect without character, it follows that the immortal work of the teacher requires as a qualification the purest motives and the highest moral rectitude.

OLD MOLL AND LITTLE AGNES; OR, THE RICH POOR AND THE POOR RICH.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

CHAPTER IV.

NOTWITHSTANDING the return of their son from school in disgrace, and his unwillingness to apply himself to his studies at home, Mr. and Mrs. Buckingham had never passed so gay a winter. Parties, balls and card-playing, the theatre, and opera, occupied all their evenings, while receiving and paying ceremonious calls filled up, for the lady, the greater part of the day. In addition to the family carriage which had heretofore contented Mrs. Buckingham, she now induced her husband to purchase for her exclusive use an expensive phaeton. This involved the necessity for another coachman and outriders; but Mr. Buckingham made no objection, and at length the lady found herself in the condition, to attain which all her energies for years had been bent, namely, leader of the ton. Her sayings and doings were quoted as patterns for her admirers and imitators. Her dress, style of living and equipage, the *beau monde* pronounced models of fashion and beauty, and the carriage of the elegant Mrs. Buckingham seen at the door of a house immediately stamped the inmates as belonging to the first class of society, and they were henceforth treated with due consideration. But, now that she was at the very pinnacle of popular favor, was she happy?

Let us enter her splendid residence, where taste, art and skill have exhausted their resources to make it a fit abode for their goddess. It is a bleak, windy day in March, but within doors the air is as balmy as June. As we advance into the parlors, costly lounges, divans, and easy-chairs, beautiful Italian statuary and rare paintings, meet our eye whichever way we turn. A cheerful fire is blazing in the open grate, and seated in a luxurious chair in front of it is a lady so nearly asleep that she does not notice our entrance. Let us

take advantage of this, and, seating ourselves in the recess formed by the heavy folds of crimson damask draped from the back window, listen to what will follow. Presently a little girl runs across the hall and enters, passing at once to the side of her mother.

"Mamma, I say, mamma, wake up! Cousin Florence is ugly, and won't let me into her room."

"There, child, do go to the nursery; you are the bother of my life."

"I say I won't! I'm tired of staying all alone with Bessie, and cousin Florence is hateful that she won't let me in."

"I dare say you deserve to be shut out," said Mrs. Buckingham, impatiently, now thoroughly aroused from her slumber. "What tricks have you been at now, miss, I should like to know? I declare it's enough to wear one's life out, the way you go on."

"There's where I perfectly agree with you, Mrs. Buckingham," said Louis, advancing into the room with the air of a finished dandy, and, after a low bow, taking a seat near his mother. "I consider your daughter, ma'am, quite a bore;" and he complacently stroked the place where his whiskers would be if he had any.

The lady could not restrain a smile, as he imitated the manner of her most devoted admirer, Lord Esterhall, from London. But she immediately responded,

"Louis, how can you? There, do go away, and take Lily with you. I want to be quiet."

"Presently, mamma, after you have done me a slight favor;" and Louis bowed again the most approved style of London lords.

"Well, what do you want?" she inquired in a voice not as soft as it might have been.

"Fair lady," rejoined the youth, sinking on one knee, and pressing his lips upon her hand, "bless my ardent affection with a return of but a tithe of the love which burns in my heart for you, and I will be content."

The rouge which covered the lady's cheek could not conceal the angry flush which mounted to her brow as she under-

stood that her son had overheard a declaration intended only for her ear. For one moment shame and vexation kept her silent, as, to tell the truth, the original declaration had done; but she instantly rallied and said, "Nonsense, Louis; that was all a joke. Lord Esterhall has a wife at home."

"A joke, however," replied the youth, resuming his natural tone and manner, "which my wife would be a party in but once. Yet my memory shall be oblivious of the fact if you will advance me a little of the needful."

"Again!" she urged, holding up her hands in astonishment. "Why, Louis, what have you done with that hundred dollar bill I gave you last week?"

"Gone, ma'am," he answered, with mock gravity, "gone to meet necessary expenses, and I need another bill of the same amount."

"Louis, you will kill me with your extravagance. I insist upon knowing what you do with so much money." At this moment a violent scream was heard from Lily, who was again pounding upon the door of her cousin's room, and, Mr. Buckingham entering the parlor, Louis left it after a hasty whisper to his mother, that she had better not mention the joke to the old man.

"I do wish Florence had never taken a fancy to that ugly beggar!" exclaimed the lady, irritated by the scream of passion from her child. "Before that, she used to be fond of Lily, and took a great burden off my shoulders." Her husband gazed steadily into the fire, and made no response.

"I might have known I should have no sympathy from you," added the lady, in a vexed tone. "You can never see any fault in Florence, and I dare say you think more at this moment of that hideous pauper than of your own child."

"I was not thinking of either of them," at length answered the gentleman, gravely; "but I certainly am of opinion that our daughter would do well to imitate the example of her companion. I have, however, subjects of far more importance to contemplate;" and he heaved a sigh which startled his wife from her anger. She continued, therefore, in a more softened, though complaining tone: "And there is Louis going on to

ruin as fast as he can go. I don't see what will become of us all."

"Go to ruin with him!" muttered he between his teeth.

"Mr. Buckingham, I do wish you would have some consideration for my nerves," screamed the lady, almost in hysterics. "It's enough to frighten one to death to hear you. I can't think what has changed you so."

"Ahem!" was the only reply, and the lady, no longer able to control her feelings, arose hastily, and putting her embroidered handkerchief to her eyes, à la Buckingham, retired to her chamber.

After she had gone, her husband sat looking into the fire. He was indeed changed, for he hardly noticed her absence, but seemed revolving some important point. From a genial, warm-hearted man, Mr. Buckingham had become moody and fretful. Every demand of his wife for money increased his irritability to the highest pitch; yet still he insisted that no change should be made in the household, and, by his silence, encouraged the most lavish expenditure. With regard to his son, as they rarely met, except at meals, he seemed wholly ignorant of, or indifferent to, the course of dissipation he was pursuing. Toward his ward alone his treatment was unchanged. He was invariably kind and courteous to her, and this kindness extended in some degree to her protégée. At least, his conduct towards her was marked by more affection than toward Lily, who had formerly been his plaything and pet. But, now that he was depressed and careworn with some secret anxiety, the caprices of the wilful child annoyed him, and he looked with comparative pleasure upon one who was uniformly sweet-tempered and quiet.

After sitting a while, shading his eyes in the deepening twilight, and twice sending away the girl who came to light the lamps, he at length started from his chair, saying, in an excited under tone, "That is the only way I can save myself." He paced the long parlor to and fro with uneven steps, occasionally stopping short, as if the motion interrupted his thoughts, and then sank into his seat again. "If Hanley were out of the way there would be no danger," he again muttered; "the

trouble would be to account for it! He is so clear-headed, I couldn't pull a cap over his eyes, and there would be certain disgrace!" and with repeated sighs he seemed to relinquish as not feasible the plan he had formed.

When Mr. Buckingham arose, in obedience to the summons to tea, and reluctantly joined his family in the breakfast-room, the recording angel unrolled the book of God and wrote therein: "*There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.*"

In a large front room, on the second floor, at an earlier hour of the day, sat Florence Mowbray and her little charge. Though the rain beat against the windows, and the prospect without was gloomy, yet their faces were bright and happy. The countenance of the younger was almost beautiful in its eager expectation of pleasure, as she gazed at the nimble fingers of her benefactress. Florence had promised her pupil a large doll when she had advanced in her reading through the first primer, and to-day the toilet of Miss Rose was complete, and the prize was to be awarded. There beside them was the small trunk, in which the young lady's wardrobe was to be kept. Agnes had folded the articles again and again. She could not sufficiently admire her new treasure, upon which her dear Florence's skilful hand had been employed for a week.

"Florence, see, I have left the nightgown and nightcap on the bed, just as Bessie does mine," repeated the little girl, for the dozenth time. "Shall you have it done time enough for me to put it to bed, and may Rose sleep with us?"

Florence raised her eyes for one moment from the work to glance at the animated countenance of her little questioner, and then answered pleasantly, "I don't know about sleeping three in a bed; but if you will be sure to keep her over your side, I will try it for one night."

Agnes laughed a low, musical laugh. She was brim full of happiness, and when her kind friend had arrayed Miss Rose in her neat crimson merino dress and black silk apron, with a tiny handkerchief sticking out of the small pocket, the enthusiastic child could not contain her joy. "O! O!" she exclaimed, dancing up and down, "it's mine! it's my own!"

Rose is my own doll ! ” Not content with kissing again and again the bright face which reflected so fully her own happiness, Agnes repeatedly pressed both the dear hands to her lips.

For some minutes Florence sat watching the manœuvres of the child as she caressed the doll ; her voice sometimes sinking into a low lullaby, and then exclaiming in joyful tones, until she was startled by a knock at her door. It was Bessie asking permission for Lily to come and play with Agnes ; and she urged her request by saying, “ I ’m just tired out with trying to please her. It does my eyes good to see Miss Agnes’ bright face. La ! Miss Florence, that child is no trouble at all.”

The young lady hesitated. She had had abundant experience of the difficulty complained of by the sable nurse ; but Agnes entreated, “ Do, please do, let her come ; I want to show her my pretty Rose ; ” and she reluctantly gave her consent.

Lily soon entered, seated herself in Agnes’ chair, and then looked about her in a manner that showed she considered herself condescending to be amused by anything her young companion could show her.

Florence turned to her writing-desk, and was soon wholly absorbed in answering a letter to her absent friend ; but her attention was suddenly called to what was passing in the room by a cry of pain from Agnes.

“ Do take your ugly doll, then ! ” screamed Lily. “ I don’t think it’s a bit pretty,” and she threw it violently to the floor.

The face of Agnes was perfectly crimson with anger at this outrage, and she raised her hand to return the blow which had caused her to cry ; but, meeting a glance of sorrowful reproach from her only friend, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into a passionate fit of tears.

Florence quietly arose and rang the bell for Bessie to take Lily from the room, knowing, from repeated trials, that she could exert no beneficial influence over the child while under the excitement of angry passions.

Lily kicked and screamed when the nurse came, and could only be removed by force, when she ran to her mother with

the complaint mentioned in the commencement of the chapter. The young lady had only time to take the weeping Agnes on her lap, with an attempt to soothe her, when Louis entered. She did not look up to greet him, as she usually did, but kept her eyes bent upon the floor. She did not even cling to Florence, when he tried to induce her to come to him, but sat upright and mournful, as if she felt herself unworthy to lay her head against the dear breast of her friend.

"Why, what is the matter with Beauty?" at length he asked, in surprise. "She looks as demure as a church-mouse. Have you been whipping her, coz?"

She shook her head, and said, "Lily has treated her unkindly."

"But that a'n't what makes me cry," sobbed the child, bursting out afresh.

"What is it, my dear?" asked the young lady, soothingly.

"Because I was so naughty, and I'm afraid God won't love me any more; and I don't want Jesus to know I was going to strike Lily, and write it down in his book! O, dear, *dear*!"

Louis looked very sober, and seemed to understand that in this case his joking would hardly be proper; so he merely took her hand in his, saying, as he patted it, "There, don't cry so; I dare say you did n't mean any harm," and then left the room.

As soon as he was gone, Florence arose and locked the door, but not before Lily, in a loud tone, demanded admittance.

"Please may I ask her to forgive me?" asked the penitent child, trying to suppress her sobs. "I *am* sorry I did so."

Florence gave her consent, and rose to open the door, when she perceived a deep scratch the whole length of the child's cheek. "How came your cheek scratched so badly?" she inquired quickly.

Agnes' lip quivered again, but she replied, softly, "Lily would n't let me take Rose, and I wanted to."

"So she did it!" continued the young lady, angrily. "She ought to be whipped. No, you shall not ask her to forgive you! She ought to ask your forgiveness."

Lily, not being able to gain admittance, continued to pound rudely upon the door, until her mother passed through the hall,

and called her nurse to lock her up until she could behave better.

When the noise ceased, Florence drew her chair closer to the fire. It was growing dark, and she tried to compose her ruffled feelings. She was conscious of speaking impatiently, and was dissatisfied with herself, but did not like to confess to the child. "Come, darling," she said, when lights had been brought, "we will undress Miss Rosy, and put her to bed. I don't think she will need any supper."

Agnes partially arose from her chair, and then sunk back again. "Will you please," she whispered, "put her in the drawer for to-night? I a'n't good now."

Florence sighed at the mournful tone in which this was spoken, and something whispered to her, "Learn a lesson from your child; for out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God ordains praise." She quietly raised the doll from the floor, replaced its clothes in the small trunk, and laid it carefully out of sight, with a fixed determination to remove from the house of her guardian as soon as the weather would permit. Then, having bathed the eyes and smoothed the hair of her young charge, she led her down to tea.

It was a silent meal. The hostess was out of sorts, and vexed that her husband did not notice it. The host was continually falling into fits of abstraction. The tender conscience of his ward had received a wound, and she was disinclined to converse. Louis was serious at the thoughts called up by the remark of his favorite Beauty, about God's book. To divert his mind, he occupied himself with helping her to every delicacy upon the table, at the same time motioning her to eat; but she mournfully shook her head. All were relieved when the form of sitting together at table was complied with, and they could retire to their own apartments.

Florence resumed her writing until it was time for Agnes to go to bed. The child sat in her low chair close to the fire, watching the shadows which played upon the carpet, as occasionally a flame burst up from the Liverpool coal. Once or twice she started uneasily, and her lips parted, as if she were about to speak, but, remembering that her friend was busily

engaged, restrained herself. At length she arose softly, and, kneeling by her chair, clasped her hands, while her lips moved as if in prayer.

Florence was not an unmoved spectator of all this, though she appeared not to notice it. The tears almost blinded her, but, wiping them away, she wrote as follows: "Agnes grows every day and every hour more dear to me, and I am rewarded a hundred fold for all that I have been enabled to do for her. She is a tender lamb of the great Shepherd. She goes to him with all her griefs and sorrows, as naturally as to a kind parent. Even now she is kneeling beside me, her hands clasped, while the pure devotion which fills her heart renders her upturned face almost angelic. O, how precious are the prayers of such a child! I feel stronger, and better able to bear the trials and afflictions allotted to all, when I remember how fervently she implores blessings for me. How much of beauty, as well as truth, is there in the sacred words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven"! How much more is she to be envied than Lily, to whom nature as well as fortune has been so profuse in her gifts; who, as a beauty and an heiress, will be caressed and courted, but whose heart is destitute of all that is really lovely! *My child*, though bearing in her countenance the marks of six years of poverty and destitution, and who, if I should be removed from her, would again be cast forth to starve in the streets, literally having no place to lay her head, yet carries about with her a gem from the Saviour's crown,—a gem which will shine brighter and brighter forever. I have this very evening been learning, or trying to learn, a lesson of charity and forgiveness from this little one. Pray for me, dear Andrew, that these lessons be not lost upon me, for I confess that sometimes I am tried beyond my strength. My situation here would be unendurable were it not for Agnes; but, as you say, the contrast will be so much the more delightful when we have a home of our own. Scarcely a day passes without some pleasant imaginings, on the part of Agnes and myself, as to where and what that home will be. Already we have planted our flower-beds, laid out shady walks, and arranged every article of household furniture. You can hardly realize (because

men shut up their thoughts in their own breasts) how delightful it is to have one to whom I can confide all my joy, sure of the fullest interest and sympathy."

"Please, dear Florence," urged Agnes, when, an hour later, she came to give her benefactress a good-night kiss, "please to let me ask Lily to forgive me! I want her to know how sorry I am, and then I can go right to sleep."

Florence was in no disposition to resist the appealing look and tone of her darling, and, without a word, she threw a shawl around the child, arrayed as she was in her night-dress, and carried her across the hall to the nursery. Lily was in bed, and her cousin, advancing to her side, sat Agnes upon the floor.

"Lily," plead the child, in a trembling voice, "will you forgive me for wanting to strike you? I am very sorry, and I've asked God to forgive me."

"No!" answered Lily, irritated by her punishment. "All the folks hate me since you came, and treat me just as bad as they can; and I wish you would just go away."

"Shame! *shame!* Misse Lily," exclaimed Bessie, who was wiping away her tears at the astonishing request of Agnes.

Florence was surprised that so unfeeling a reply did not bring a burst of tears to the sensitive child, who only turned with a grieved expression to her, and said, "Please carry me back now." Bessie sprang forward, took the child in her arms, and placed her in bed, then, beckoning her young mistress to the door, she whispered mysteriously, "I allus said there was something powerful strange about that child. I used to think her a ghost, but now I know she's an angel. There a'n't no human natur' in her, and some day she'll just stretch her wings and fly right away up to heaven she talks so much about. La! Misse Florence, don't take on so! You'll be jess as well off as you was afore, and ma'be she'll stay till Mas'r Hanley comes home."

That night, while all the inmates of No. 7 were locked in the arms of slumber, a fire broke out in the next square, which, in its fury, threatened to carry all before it. But God had heard the infant prayer,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
Let angels guard my bed,"

and, perhaps, for the sake of the little suppliant, he changed the course of the angry element, and gave vigor and strength to the noble army of firemen who were endeavoring to extinguish the flames.

Blessed child ! poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith. Rich indeed, for your "angels do always behold the face of my Father in heaven."

LADIES' SWEETING.

WE are permitted to present our readers with a plate of this apple in colors, engraved expressly for this work, from a design, executed under the critical eye of Mr. Hovey, for his excellent Magazine, by whose permission it is transferred to our pages. By the judgment of amateurs, it is one of the finest winter sweetings in the country. Its external beauty, its delightful perfume and rich flavor, and the long period during which it continues in perfection, render it a universal favorite. The tree is a thrifty grower and a free bearer. "The fruit," says Downing, "is large, roundish-ovate, narrowing pretty rapidly to the eye. Its skin is very smooth, nearly covered with red in the sun, but pale yellowish-green in the shade, with broken stripes of pale red. The red is sprinkled with well-marked yellowish-gray dots, and covered, when first gathered, with a thin, white bloom. There is also generally a faint marbling of cloudy white over the red, on the shady side of the fruit, and rays of the same around the stalk. Calyx quite small, set in a narrow, shallow, plaited basin. Its stalk is half an inch long, in a hollow cavity. Its flesh is greenish-white, exceedingly tender, juicy, and crisp, with a delicious, sprightly, agreeably perfumed flavor. It keeps without shrivelling or losing its flavor till May." At the date of this issue it is in perfection ; and we advise any of our readers not familiar with it to obtain a specimen from the market, and test for themselves the accuracy of this description, which corresponds substantially with that given by Mr. Hovey and other writers.

USEFUL REPROOF.

BY REV. WILLIAM BATES.

ONE of the ways of exerting a good influence is through advice, warning, reproof. This may not be the most efficient method, for the very reason that it is one of the easiest. It is often not so difficult to tell what ought to be done as to actually do it. It is vastly easier to reprove a child for manifesting a bad temper, than to show him an example of self-control and forgiveness. In reference to almost any good work there are multitudes more to say *go*, rather than *come*. Many parents will reprove their children for faults of which they are themselves guilty. It is not difficult *to tell* children to be good; but *to show them how* to be, to give them a living pattern, to illustrate in daily life the excellence of the virtue that is opposed to the fault reproved,—this is labor, hard work. Much wholesome truth may be spoken in anger, or in an impatient, censorious mood, to children or to pupils. But to speak in this way is to make the truth uttered as hateful and repulsive as the temper in which it is uttered. Such arrows leave poisoned barbs behind. Taunts and jeers, denunciatory censure and malignant wit, are not instruments of good. Instead of receiving the real truth, coming to you in such a garb, you place yourself in an attitude of defence to repel the anger and maliciousness which enshroud it. This is true in society as well as in the family. An arrogant, dictatorial, denunciatory manner, in those who aspire to be reformers, arouses worse passions than it would correct, and does more harm than good to the cause of temperance, liberty and righteousness.

To administer reproof rightly is a difficult, delicate duty. You must first aim to be free yourself from the fault for which you warn and rebuke others. Let him who is without sin cast the first stone. In vain is it for a profane man to upbraid the swearer; for an avaricious man to rebuke the miser; for a tyrant to denounce the oppressor; for a censorious man to

reprove the uncharitable reproacher. No good result will follow from a passionate man's lecture on self-government, or from a brutal, ferocious man's commendation of tenderness. Satan can never do good by chiding sin, or by pronouncing eulogiums upon virtue.

Whoever would employ reproof as a means of good, must not be noted for the very sin he sternly denounces. Yet it is too apt to be true that men do reprimand others for the self-same faults for which they are most distinguished. Consistency is a jewel; self-knowledge a rare attainment. Few see themselves as others see them.

If we would hope to produce good results by our reproofs, we must also watch for those favorable times when our words will be regarded; we must make it appear in our manner that our object is not to show our wit, nor to vent our anger, nor to gratify our envy. But it must be made evident that fidelity to our own conscience impels us and the good of the one we censure leads us to utter the rebuke.

SWEET REPROOF.

FROM MIDDLETON.

PRITHEE, forgive me;
 I did but chide in jest; the best loves use it;
 Sometimes it sets an edge upon affection.
 When we invite our best friends to a feast,
 'Tis not all sweetmeats that we set before them;
 There's somewhat sharp and salt, both to whet appetite
 And make them taste their wine well; so, methinks,
 After a friendly, sharp and savory chiding,
 A kiss tastes wonderous well, and full o' the grape.

FEW mercies call for more thankfulness than a friend safe in Heaven. — HAMILTON.

“Where that innumerable throng
 Of saints' and angels' mingled song;
 Think what a Sabbath there shall be —
 That Sabbath of Eternity.”

ANCIENT ETHIOPIA.

SELECTED.

SCRIPTURE and the classical writers concur in attributing to the Ethiopians, a people situated at the sources of the Nile, and on the territory which forms the modern Abyssinia, the precedence, in the order of time, over all other civilized nations. Between this people and that which at the same time occupied the peninsula now called Hindostan, there was probably much communication, as appears from the similarity of their monuments, and some other circumstances ; but, as the period when they both flourished lies beyond the domain of history, we have no means of deciding with certainty which was a colony from the other. As far as the accounts carry us, the priority belongs to Ethiopia. The history of this nation is almost wholly concealed in the night of ages ; and we know but little of their great power, wealth and luxury, and the point from which they diffused themselves over all the neighboring regions. From this remote quarter, civilization descended the Nile into Egypt, and was carried over the Red Sea into Arabia, Syria, and Mesopotamia. Babylon and Nineveh are represented in Scripture as colonies of Ethiopia. Phœnecia, which included Tyre, and, of course, Carthage, which was a colony of the latter city, sprung from the same stock. In short, the whole north of Africa and south-west of Asia, the whole vast extent of territory which stretches from the straits of Gibraltar to the Ganges, was peopled by a family of kindred nations, of which Ethiopia was the parent, and Egypt the most prominent member.

Egypt is, undoubtedly, one of the most remarkable nations that have ever flourished ; and has, indeed, lately been pronounced, by a powerful British writer, decidedly the most remarkable of all. Her history, like that of Ethiopia, is nearly unknown in its details ; but there is evidence enough remaining

of the power, wealth, and high civilization which distinguished her at the period of her greatest prosperity. In proof of this, we need only mention the Pyramids, and the ruins of cities and temples that cover the banks of the Nile; monuments that are so far from having been equalled or surpassed at any subsequent period, that we can even now hardly form an idea of the possibility of their construction. These magnificent ruins are, however, by no means, the only records of the glory of Egypt. The text of Scripture, the works of the Greek and Roman writers, are filled with descriptions of her wonders, admiration of her wisdom, wealth, and luxury, and terrors of her power. The height of prosperity which she had attained as a nation is the best proof that we could have of the excellence of her political constitution; while it appears, from the paintings and utensils found among the ruins of her cities, that the practical arts of life were carried by her to nearly the same degree of perfection as with us.

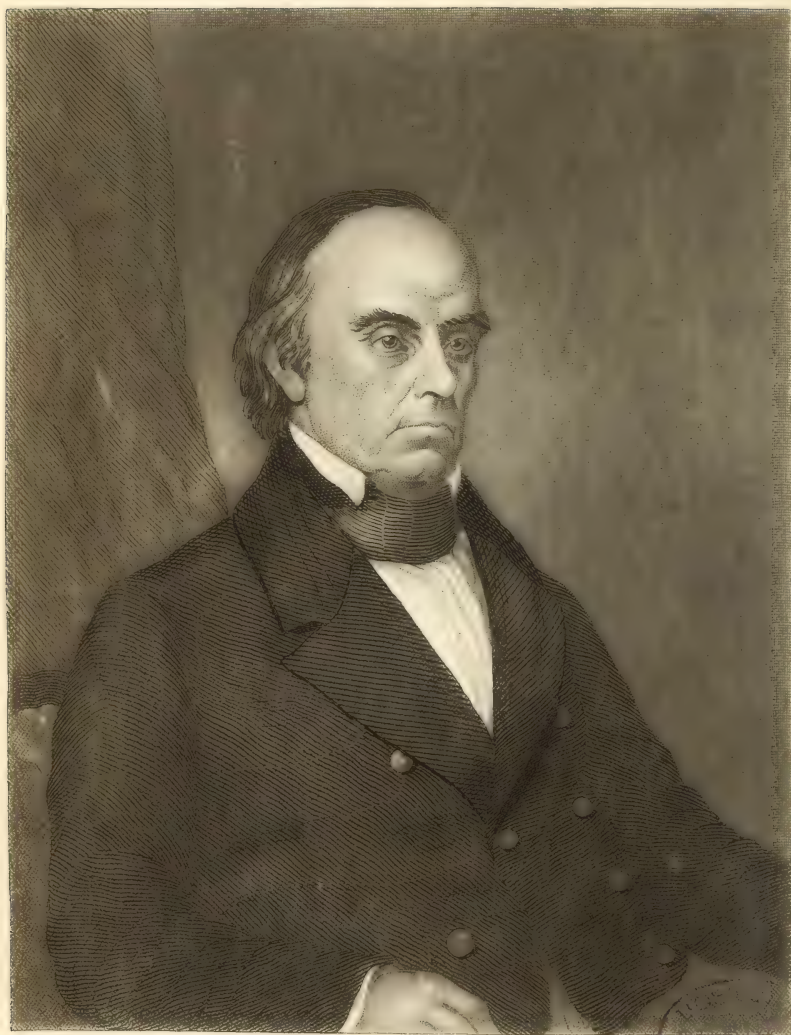
By the side of Egypt, and on the foreground of the same historical picture, Babylon figures with hardly less magnificence. The Greek writers, particularly Herodotus, have exhausted their eloquence in describing her splendid monuments; and the details he gives us are of so extraordinary a character that they have been regarded by some writers as fabulous; although from the well-attested veracity of the Father of History, as to every point that came within his own knowledge, there is little doubt of their correctness. Egypt and the kindred nations around her were, in short, the civilized world of that primeval day. There it was that the generous and stirring spirits of the time, Pythagoras, Homer, Solon, Herodotus, Plato, and the rest, made their noble journeys of intellectual and moral discovery, as ours now make them in England, France, Germany, and Italy. The great lawgiver of the Jews was prepared for his divine mission by a course of instruction in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. The colonies that gave the impulse to improvement in Greece, the founders of Argos, Athens, Thebes, and Delphi, came from Egypt or her colonies, and for centuries afterwards their descendants constantly returned thither, as to the source and centre of civilization.

Such was the height to which improvement attained in Africa; and it may serve to moderate the pride we are apt to feel in the supposed superiority of the white race, to which we belong, over every other, to recollect that the whole civilized world of this early period was inhabited by men of a color which, in this country, we hardly venture to call by its proper name in connection with the human species, — in short, by blacks. Ethiopia and Egypt, India, Babylon and Nineveh, Tyre and Carthage, are all represented by the Greek writers as peopled in their time by men of this color. The Egyptians, in particular, are described by Herodotus as blacks with woolly hair. Some modern writers have, it is true, attempted to dispute the positive assertion of Herodotus on this subject.

We may add, that, at this time, there was no prejudice entertained by the Europeans against the color of the African race. The early Greeks appear, on the contrary, — as was natural enough, considering that the blacks had the advantage of them in power and civilization, — to have regarded the latter not merely as their equals, but as a superior variety of the species, — superior to themselves, not only in wisdom and virtue, but, what may seem to be much more remarkable, in outward appearance. The Ethiopians, says Herodotus, excel all other nations in longevity, stature, and personal beauty.

The black prince, Memnon, probably the king of Egypt who served in the Trojan army at the siege of Troy, is uniformly spoken of, by the Greek and Latin poets, as a person of extraordinary beauty, and is denominated the son of Aurora, or the morning. There are, in short, no traces to be found of any prejudice against the color of the blacks, like that which has grown up in modern times, and which is, in fact, much stronger in this country than in Europe. It is, obviously, the result of the relative condition of the two races. We hate and despise the blacks because we have deeply and shamefully injured them. The prejudice against them proves, not that they are naturally inferior to us, but that we, in our treatment of them, are inferior to ourselves.





Don't Helite



Double white flowering
Almond.



Double crimson flowering
Peach.

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION.

WORDS BY META LANDER.

MUSIC BY B. F. BAKER.

1. In this hour of tri-bu - - - la - tion, Lord! I lift mine eyes to thee;
2. With the tempt-er thou hast wrest - led; In the des - ert, drear and wild,
3. Since dear Sa - viour, thou canst sor - row With my hours of deep dis - - tress;
4. Sweet the sym - pa - thy thou giv - - est In my hours of deep dis - - tress;

Ritard.

Struggling with this sore temp - ta - tion,
 Lone in conflicts sore he met thee, —
 Granting me di - vin - est suc - cor,
 When the storm - cloud o'er me gathers,

Sa - viour! my de - liv - er - - er be!
 Thee, the pure and un - - de - filed,
 When the bil - lows o'er me roll;
 Be thou near to aid and bless.

Tempo.

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION, Concluded.

Plu Moto.

Trust - ing thee, Hu - man All in migh - ty a - rows thy gra - cious weap - ons I me name, tried, flog, hide Let me 'Gainst thee To thy wound - ed, al - cross a - ed, thy now all cross wound - ed, thy prom - ise claim! lure - ments plied. I cling - bleed - ing side.

Let me 'Gainst thee To thy wound - ed, al - cross a - ed, thy prom - ise claim! lure - ments plied. I cling - bleed - ing side.

THE RELIGIOUS VIEWS OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY REV. LUTHER FARNHAM, A FORMER PASTOR.

THE time has not come to write the life of this great man, particularly his political and religious life; for prejudice or favoritism may still lead some to deny the best authenticated facts, or to attach to them undue importance. Besides, other facts may yet come to light more fully to illustrate the subject. The learned Dr. Johnson, with all his faults, had a religious life, and that life has been written. So Mr. Webster had a religious history, which will yet be written, like that of some good men whom the Bible briefly describes, for the instruction and for the warning of the world.

The object of this article — commenced January the eighteenth, the birth-day of Mr. Webster — is to present a cursory view of some of the religious opinions of this departed statesman, together with his daily life, so far as known to the writer.

Mr. Webster was favored with a religious education. Both his father and mother united with the Trinitarian Congregational Church in Salisbury, N. H., immediately after it was organized in 1773.* In the year 1793, Colonel Webster was chosen Deacon; an office which he declined, though he very soon accepted that of Ruling Elder, which he filled until his death. He was always very energetic and active in church matters, as well as in everything else.

Very little appears in the autobiography or letters of the son in reference to his early religious instruction. He remarks that his parents were deeply religious, and frequent allusions are made in his writings to their strict observance of the Sabbath, and their conscientious regard for all the duties of our holy religion.†

* Letter of Thomas D. Little, Esq., dated Salisbury, N. H., February, 1856.

† Letter of Professor E. D. Sanborn, dated New York, February 1, 1856

Following in the steps of his revered parents, Mr. Webster united with the same church with which they were connected, on the 13th of September, 1807, or when he was at the age of twenty-five years, and of course fully capable of acting for himself. The Rev. Thomas Worcester was at that time the pastor of the church, whose widow, still living, remembers distinctly the fact of his coming forward *alone* to make a public profession of his faith in Christ. Mrs. Worcester adds, "Daniel was always a very modest and pretty appearing young man. He was trained up to go to meeting and to *behave well*; and it was his delight to join, so far as he was able, in singing Old Hundred." She testifies, further, that, to the best of her knowledge, "his conduct was always exemplary and dignified, and marked by that solemnity which always characterized him."

The above corresponds with an extract of a sermon of the Rev. Dr. Thompson, a Unitarian clergyman of Salem, in which he describes a conversation he once had with Mr. Webster. The latter said, "In my youth I joined an orthodox church in New Hampshire."

The late Rev. Dr. Choules, of Newport, Baptist, confirms the same in his discourse on the death of Webster. On one occasion, not long before the death of Mr. Webster, Dr. Choules had a conversation with him, and asked him if his religious views were those of the Orthodox Congregationalists, with whom he had heard he united in early life. "Yes," said Mr. Webster, "I regard Jonathan Edwards as being as nearly the stamp of truth as any mere human writer." In regard to the atonement, he observed, "It seems to me to be the great peculiarity of the Gospel; to deny it is to reduce the whole to a level with other systems of religion."

When he removed to Portsmouth, he attended upon the ministry of that orthodox divine, the Rev. Dr. Buckminster. On his removal to Boston, in 1816, he connected himself with the *congregation*, not with the *church*, whose house of worship stands on Brattle-street. As this congregation has generally been understood to have been Unitarian, let us pause to see if Mr. Webster became Unitarian at this period; and, if not,

what induced him to select Brattle-street Church as his place of worship. To refer again to Dr. Thompson's sermon: Mr. W. said, in the conversation above alluded to, — "When I went to Boston, I connected myself with a Unitarian *congregation*; but I have never withdrawn my connection with the former" (the Orthodox church of New Hampshire), "and never shall. I am still a member."

He has sometimes been censured for attending Brattle-street Church, since he was not a Unitarian. On this point, it may be said, that the line between the Unitarians and the Orthodox was not so clearly defined in 1816 as afterwards; that only two Orthodox churches at that date existed in Boston, — the Old South and Park-street; and that the pastor of Brattle-street was a son of Dr. Buckminster, of Portsmouth, Mr. Webster's former minister. Besides, it is asserted, at the present time, on the best authority, that Trinitarians, as well as Unitarians, are *now* attendants upon public worship at Brattle-street.

On one occasion, in conversation with the writer, Mr. W. alluded to his former attendance at Brattle-street. He gave, as one reason for his course, that his personal and other friends worshipped at that church. It may be added, that Orthodoxy at that day in Boston was not generally supported by numbers, wealth, or social position. It must, therefore, have been quite a sacrifice for a young man of thirty-four years, — a lawyer and a politician, who was wishing business, if not friends, — to have broken away from all his personal and political friends, and have attended an unpopular and uninfluential church. Still, he would have displayed more of primitive piety if he had done it. Let those, however, who reproach him for his conduct in this particular, ask themselves, if they had been just in his situation, whether they would probably have done better or different, and whether many Orthodox professors would not fail just where he was vulnerable. This is not said to screen his inconsistency, but to take the most charitable view of his conduct.

There is another consideration. Mr. Webster was by no means a uniform attendant where Unitarianism was preached,

during the twelve or fifteen years of his residence in Boston. As early as 1830, the first meeting of the proprietors of St. Paul's Church was held, and at this very meeting, Daniel Webster, among others, signified his wish to become a member of the parish, and was received. He was one of the earliest pew-holders. This church, as every one knows, is of the Episcopal denomination, whose thirty-nine articles are Calvinistic, or the very doctrines of Jonathan Edwards, whom he regarded as specially his theological master. An additional reason for his connection with that congregation, no doubt, was the fact that his first wife, like his second, was an Episcopalian. During the same period, or while a resident of Boston, Mr. W. resided for a summer or two not far from the church of the late Rev. Dr. Codman, of Dorchester, Orthodox Congregationalist, whose church he attended.

Previous to the year 1830, he made his first Marshfield purchase, and removed his family there for their proper and permanent home. In that place, as is well known, he made it his general practice to attend the Congregational church, though there was a Unitarian church, at about the same distance from his home, in the village of Duxbury. It is true that Mr. Webster occasionally attended the Episcopal services at Hanover and at Plymouth, to favor the preferences of Mrs. Webster, or of Episcopal visitors at his house.

So at Franklin, and at Washington, where the great statesman resided years, in all, after he commenced his public life, he was uniformly, so far as I can learn, an attendant upon the worship of the Congregational, Episcopal, Presbyterian, or of some evangelical church. The Rev. Dr. Butler, of Washington, at one period of his ministry, was a favorite preacher of his, and he heard him much. The same was true of Dr. Wainwright, while he preached at Trinity Church, Boston.

But it is time to consider more fully how Mr. Webster, an Orthodox Congregationalist, though he has been claimed by both the Episcopalians and the Unitarians, could be induced to attend upon the worship of the last mentioned denomination for a number of years. It is not necessary to repeat any reasons that have already been alluded to. But perhaps the

most considerable reason was the catholic spirit he both possessed and cultivated. This spirit led him to enjoy the gospel wheresoever and by whomsoever preached. He was a very unsectarian man. Though not a Unitarian, he heard some truths from Unitarian pulpits that he loved just as well as though they had fallen from any other pulpit.

Let us hear him speak his own views in reference to the divisions existing among Christians, and on the unity of the true church. To a Unitarian clergyman he expressed, after hearing him preach, his regret, with the greatest earnestness, that so many divisions existed in the Christian household. He believed they proceeded, in great part, from mutual misunderstanding. He added, "The view of Divine Influence [that was the subject of the preacher], presented in your discourse this morning, would be held as evangelical in any Christian church of whatever name. There is a common ground of Christian faith and principles. These divisions ought not to be. Names are bad." Mr. Webster added, "Christian is all the name I want. It is the comprehensive name I love. There is one text I have often thought upon as expressing a great and most interesting truth. Why is it not preached upon? — 'The Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.' The whole family; Christians a *family*, — *one* family, whether on earth or in heaven."

In the same spirit, Mr. Webster remarked to a Baptist clergyman, "I have no taste for metaphysical refinements in theology, but prefer plain statements of truth." He thought the pulpit would have much to answer for in producing differences of opinion among Christians, and expressed his belief that the best and safest way to oppose all sorts of error was the plain enunciation of the truth.

It is not strange that such a man was willing — yea, delighted — to hear gospel truth presented by preachers of different denominations, and that he rejoiced to commune, at the table of Christ, with all those who loved and honored the Saviour. Such a man, too, would be willing to hear evangelical truths from those clergymen who are commonly supposed

neither to hold nor to preach them, and to give them credit for all the Christianity they exemplified in their lives and in their preaching.

In the summer of 1847 the writer visited Marshfield for the first time, and conducted several services in the First Congregational Church of the town, where Mr. Webster was accustomed to worship ever after he removed to that place. That visit resulted in his becoming the minister of the church and congregation for a number of years; and it was among the most pleasant things of my ministry there that he was my parishioner, and a *good* parishioner. On my first visit to his house, he received me with the consideration due to the ministerial office, though unmerited by me as an individual. He discoursed for nearly an hour on the clergymen that were in and around Boston when he removed there. He spoke particularly of Dr. Codman, of Dorchester; of Dr. Osgood, of Medford, whom he regarded as a very eloquent preacher; and of Dr. Morse, of Charlestown. Of the last he said, "He was always preaching, always writing, always studying, always planning, always thinking, always acting." He expressed the greatest regard for good ministers of the gospel, and for the clerical profession; and any one, who was privileged to hear him converse on this topic, could readily believe him the author of that noble defence of the Christian ministry in his argument against the validity of the Girard will, and that those were the sentiments of his heart, and not simply uttered professionally for the occasion.

Another portion of that conversation was devoted to the Bible as an intellectual and divine book. Mr. Webster spoke like one familiar with its contents from his youth up. He dwelt upon the beauties of the book of Job, and said it was as much superior to the vaunted poems of Homer, as Homer is above the productions of mere schoolboys. In reference to the views of Mr. Barnes on Job as a historic character, the speaker took exception. "Mr. Barnes," he observed, "teaches that there was, and must have been, just the person J-o-b [spelling the name]; whereas I regard the book as a great,

inspired epic poem, and consider Job the prominent character of this epic."

Of the New Testament he spoke with the deepest affection. He descanted like one specially familiar with it. He dwelt on Christ's sermon on the Mount, and expressed a wonder that ministers did not make it oftener the subject of discourse. The whole conversation, thus briefly sketched, was deeply interesting, and would appear well in print.

Mr. Webster was a particular friend of the Bible as a divine revelation. On one occasion, about the year 1832, he remarked, at the house of a friend in Rochester, N. Y., while laying his hand upon a copy of the Scriptures, "*This is the book.*" He said this with great emphasis; after which the conversation turned upon the importance of the Scriptures, and the too frequent neglect of the study of the Bible by gentlemen of the legal profession. Mr. Webster further remarked, "I have read through the entire Bible many times. I now make a practice to go through it once a year. It is the book of all others for lawyers as well as divines; and I pity the man that cannot find in it a rich supply of thought, and of rules for his conduct. It fits man for life; it prepares him for death." On the same occasion, the conversation was considerably upon doctrinal points, and particularly on the plan of man's salvation through the atonement of Christ. One person, who heard the conversation at different times, himself Orthodox, as commonly received in this country, expressed the opinion that Mr. Webster was as Orthodox in his religious belief as any individual with whom he ever conversed.

On another occasion, in that house, the topic of conversation was sudden deaths. Mr. Webster, in this connection, spoke of the then recent death of his brother Ezekiel, who expired suddenly in the Court House at Concord, N. H., while making a powerful legal argument. "My brother," he remarked, "knew the importance of Bible truths. The Bible led him to prayer, and prayer was his communion with God. On the day on which he died, he was engaged in an important cause in the court. But this cause, important as it was, did not keep him from his duty to his God. He found time for prayer;

for on the desk which he had just left was found a prayer written by him on that day, which, for fervent piety, and devotedness to his heavenly Master, and for expressions of humility, I think was never excelled."

To another clergyman Mr. Webster made this impressive remark on the Word of God: "I take the Bible to be inspired; and it must not be treated as though it merely *contained* a revelation; *it is a revelation.*" On another occasion, at a dinner partaken of by a few friends, a remark was made respecting the poetry of the Old Testament. Mr. Webster immediately remarked, "Ah, my friend, the poetry of Isaiah and Job and Habakkuk is beautiful indeed; but when you reach your sixty-ninth year you will give more for the fourteenth or seventeenth chapters of John's Gospel, or for one of the Epistles, than for all the poetry of the Bible." He then said to another friend present, "Sir, I deeply regret that I have never recorded my opinions of God's Word in some public manner." He proceeded to remark, that he had declined speaking before Bible societies, from fear that the motives prompting to such a step would be regarded as sinister.

Mr. Webster had, in his own private library, many Bibles of different editions, and in various languages. Added to these were a large number of religious works on doctrinal and practical theology, which he was accustomed to read much. He was "greatly interested in the reading of Edwards' History of Redemption; but he preferred to find truth as it is conveyed to us in the word, without system, yet so clear and lucid." In his Marshfield library, as seen at the present time, may be found several of his religious companions, when enjoying that quiet retreat. He thus spoke of some of them to a friend: "Barrow and Taylor are my favorites of the seventeenth century, although so different in their style. Howe's Living Temple is grandeur itself. Charnock must have been a capital preacher; his discourses on the attributes are very solemn. Bishop Horsley is the greatest polemic of the church; there seems to be no escaping from his grappling-irons. It will not do to say that he was an infidel; no infidel could write as he does." He expressed the opinion that Robert Hall is the best

writer of this age, but he admired Foster's Essay on Popular Ignorance, as the best book of the day for thought.

He was in the habit of observing the Sabbath. His custom at Marshfield was to attend church in the morning, and sometimes both morning and afternoon, according as his health or other circumstances admitted. Though many persons were accustomed to ride from the neighboring towns on secular days to visit his mansion and grounds, there was no riding there on the Sabbath. Indeed, he would not have permitted it, as his gates were closed, and it was contrary to his custom to receive Sabbath visitors. I never knew him to take a drive for pleasure on the Lord's day, or to break the day by any outward disrespect, or to encourage the same in any of his numerous visitors.

For many years he was accustomed to maintain daily family worship, with which exercise he frequently, especially on the Sabbath, associated the religious instruction of his household. In this latter, he was accustomed to expound the Scriptures, and to catechize his children and servants, after the manner of his pious parents. During his most public career, his long and frequent absences from home, and pressing cares, interrupted somewhat the uniformity of these services. It was his uniform practice, through life, to bless God for the bounties of Providence that crowned his table.

He entered the house of God like one who revered the place. His appearance in the sanctuary was uncommonly devout and reverential. He was an attentive listener to discourses, and was not in the habit of making disparaging criticisms in reference to faithful preaching, that must have often seemed common-place to his great understanding. When a text was announced, it was common for him to refer to it at once in a small Bible that was constantly before him in his pew. He seemed to enjoy the songs of praise much, and frequently joined the choir with his deep bass.

Mr. Webster was a good parishioner at Marshfield, so far as the writer was concerned. He was uniformly kind and considerate. He paid the largest ministerial tax of any person in the parish, although he was at Marshfield only a few months

of each year. On one occasion, he gave me some thirty religious and theological books. He, no doubt, thought they would be useful to me, and, through my lending them, to his friends and neighbors of the congregation. He was repeatedly reminding the parish minister, in such ways, that he was his friend, and a friend to the work in which he was engaged.

Doubtless he had faults, though I was not an observer of them. It would not be strange, as he had great excellences, if he had great faults. Yet perhaps no man in the United States has been so much slandered. Some years before his death the question was often proposed to me, "Do you think Mr. Webster is a Christian, — a converted man?" My reply was, "I think he gives as much evidence of being a Christian as the majority of professors of religion." How few members of the churches give that clear, distinct evidence of being Christians in deed and in truth, that removes all doubt as to their final salvation!

It seems to be generally admitted that the proof of his final acceptance with God was much increased in his last days and hours. Though he had so much to endear him to life, so fair a prospect of reward for years devoted to the public service, and of domestic comfort in his Marshfield paradise, which he had been adorning for a quarter of a century; and though he wished for a longer stay upon earth, that he might write a book on Christianity, which he had contemplated for several years, — still, he met the king of terrors with calmness, having previously executed his will, and having given minute directions as to his burial. On the last subject he spoke as follows: —

"I wish to be buried without the least show or ostentation; but in a manner respectful to my neighbors, whose kindness has contributed so much to the happiness of me and mine, and for whose prosperity I offer sincere prayers to God."

On Sunday evening, October the tenth, or a fortnight before he departed this life, he desired a friend, who was sitting with him, to read to him the passage in the ninth chapter of St. Mark's Gospel, where the man brings his child to Jesus to be cured, and the Saviour tells him, "If thou canst believe,

all things are possible to him that believeth ; and straightway the father of the child cried out with tears, Lord, I believe ; help thou mine unbelief." "Now," he continued, "turn to the tenth chapter of St. John, and read from the verse where it is said, 'Many of the Jews believed on him.'"

After this he dictated a few lines, and directed them to be signed with his name, and dated, Sunday evening, October 10th, 1852. "This," he then added, "is the inscription to be placed on my monument." A few days later, on the 15th, he recurred to the same subject, and revised and corrected with his own hand what he had earlier dictated, so as to make the whole read as follows :—

"LORD, I BELIEVE ; HELP THOU
 MINE UNBELIEF."
 PHILOSOPHICAL
 ARGUMENT, ESPECIALLY
 THAT DRAWN FROM THE VASTNESS OF
 THE UNIVERSE IN COMPARISON WITH THE
 APPARENT INSIGNIFICANCE OF THIS GLOBE, HAS SOME-
 TIMES SHAKEN MY REASON FOR THE FAITH WHICH IS IN ME ;
 BUT MY HEART HAS ALWAYS ASSURED AND REASSURED ME THAT THE
 GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST MUST BE A DIVINE REALITY. THE
 SERMON ON THE MOUNT CANNOT BE A MERELY HUMAN
 PRODUCTION. THIS BELIEF ENTERS INTO THE
 VERY DEPTH OF MY CONSCIENCE.
 THE WHOLE HISTORY OF MAN
 PROVES IT.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

This inscription has sometimes been spoken of as indicating sceptical doubts in the mind of its author. It may be supposed that Mr. Webster, in the course of his life, had profoundly examined the evidences of Christianity. And to do this he must have considered the objections to Christian faith, that would occur to any thoughtful mind. But the interpretation of his inscription seems to be this :—"After all the possible reasonings of human philosophy against the doctrines of Christianity, still my heart is firmly persuaded of the truths of the Gospel." The inscription is adapted to arrest general attention, and particularly to impress sceptical minds,

since its great author, who was so well qualified to appreciate all that could be said or thought against the religion of the Bible, was still led by his understanding and his heart to a practical belief of it.

It may be proper to state that Mr. Webster, in a conversation with the writer, as early as 1849, repeated the substance of this inscription. It was near his mansion that the conversation occurred, and in full view of the spot where he expected to be buried. He referred to the insignificance of this little globe, "which," said he, "is only as the point of a pin to the universe." He expressed the thought that there was a strong probability that the starry worlds above us are inhabited by moral and accountable beings, that may have sinned, and that Christ may have died for them as well as for us. In view of all these mysteries and wonders, he said, over and over again, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." It is not unlikely since he was then often ill, and was feeling the infirmities of age increasingly, that he was reflecting upon the destiny of his body in the grave-yard, and upon his spirit, that was so soon to return to God who gave it; and, possibly, he was even then meditating upon the inscription suitable for his monument.

The subject of this notice died on Sunday morning, October 24th, 1852. On the Thursday previous his symptoms were so unfavorable, that he completed his will and signed it, after which he folded his hands together, and said solemnly, "I thank God for strength to perform a sensible act." "In a full voice," says a friend, who took notes of his words, "and with a most reverential manner, he went on and prayed aloud for some minutes, ending with the Lord's Prayer, and the ascription, 'And now unto God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be praise forever more. Peace on earth, and good will towards men.' After this, clasping his hands together, as at first, he added with great emphasis, — '*That* is the happiness — the essence — *good will towards men!*'"

On the evening before he died, he was taken much worse. He was apprised that his end was near, and sent for the female members of his family, and, addressing them by name, took his leave of them, and spake to them words of religious con-

solation. He next called in the male members of his family, and his personal friends, who were in the house, and addressed them in like manner. He afterwards prayed in his usual voice, strong, full, and clear, ending with, "Heavenly Father, forgive my sins, and receive me to thyself, through Christ Jesus."

Thus he bid adieu to the earth, which had been such a grand theatre for his noble deeds. He was conscious to the last, knew and addressed his friends, uttered his great thoughts as when in health, and, if he did not triumph over death, he met it with composure, — prayed for the forgiveness of his sins with his dying breath, and in simple reliance upon the Divine Redeemer. Indeed, his death corresponded much with his life. He spoke not many words on religion, but those he did utter were always satisfactory, and to the point, and always showed that he felt more of the power of religion in his heart than he was wont to express with his lips.

There is this important consideration for those who suppose that Mr. Webster did little for religion in his active life, — that he has not written a line or word against Christianity, and that they cannot point to one of his numerous public acts that was aimed against, or that has proved hostile to it. Besides, his speeches are highly moral as a whole, and a few of them, certainly, contain more religion than some modern sermons. Take, for example, his remarks made in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, on the 14th of November, 1848, on presenting to the Court the resolutions of the Bar of Suffolk, prepared by Mr. Choate, in honor of Jeremiah Mason. In the course of that brief eulogy he said: —

"Political or professional reputation cannot last forever; but a conscience void of offence before God and man is an inheritance for eternity. *Religion*, therefore, is a necessary and indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe; its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death. A man with no sense of religious duty is he

whom the Scriptures describe, in such terse but terrific language, as 'without God in the world.' Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far, far away, from the purposes of his creation." *

What I have written of Mr. Webster's religious views and history has been carefully prepared, and in good faith; not to place him in any false light before the public, but to represent him as he was, and to present faithfully his religious connections; not to advance any sect, but to promote the truth. He of whom I write was not a sectarian; yet he belonged to a denomination, and was willing to say what it was. After all, the name of all others that he preferred was that of *Christian*.

It is obvious to remark, that the intellectual greatness, which placed him in the front rank of the mental giants of all time, did not prepare him to die. On the bed of death he was not comforted and sustained by the thought that he had charmed "listening senates," and gained a world-wide fame, but by the Scriptures of truth, and by communion with God. As the beggar and the prince find a common bed after death, so, in walking through the dark valley of the shadow of death, they must find a rod and staff in the same good Shepherd.

How pleasant to hope that the immortal Webster has entered upon an immortality of happiness; that he is casting his crown before the Saviour; that he has met Jonathan Edwards face to face; that he has become reunited to Buckminster, Wainwright, Codman, Choules, Mason, and to other Christian ministers, whom he loved to hear, when worshipping in houses made with hands! If, through the preparatory school of this stormy life, he has entered the university of heaven, there is a day coming, not very remote in eternity, when he will regard his earthly attainments, both mental and moral, as those merely of a babe compared to what he then shall be. If this be so, he is studying the mysteries that angels desire to look into; and his future attainments shall surpass the present advancement of highest cherubim and seraphim.

* See Webster's Works. Vol. II., p. 490, seq.

LOOK FOR THE BRIGHT SPOTS.

BY MARY A. OSGOOD.

SARAH Blake was a very sunshiny character. She was not what you would call merry; her happiness was of a more gentle and quiet kind. She never laughed loud, but she had a winning smile for every one, which brightened up her whole face, giving it a charm which mere beauty could never impart. And she was always just so cheerful. Pleasant or stormy weather made no difference to her; there was always sunshine upon her.

This was owing partly to natural temperament, but still more to religious principle. She felt that it was her duty to be cheerful. Having professed to renounce the world, and choose God in Christ for her present and eternal portion, she would never give any one reason to think that she had chosen an unsatisfying portion. Neither would she encourage the idea that religion had anything gloomy about it. She would let every one see that she was even more happy and more cheerful than before. The darkest cloud had for her a silver lining; the gloomiest day had always some bright spots, which she never failed to discover. It was her firm belief that there was a bright side to everything, and she seldom failed to find it. Thus, the little vexations and disappointments of life lost their sting; and when real trials came, she bowed meekly to the chastening rod, and kissed the hand that dealt the blow. In the bitterest cup she gratefully acknowledged some lingering drops of sweetness.

Brothers and sisters had once made her home glad; now they all slept in the grave-yard, by their beloved father's side, and Sarah was left, the sole comfort and support of her widowed mother. When the strong arm that they had leaned upon was cut off, and the husband and father slept in death, they were no longer able to retain the old homestead, which had so many years been the scene of their joys and sorrows. So their beautiful house was sold, and they retained only furniture enough for the little cottage which they had taken in Ashton.

The cottage was indeed a great contrast to their former home, and Sarah felt it keenly; but she was not one to allow regrets for the past to unnerve her for present duty. She endeavored to arrange their small stock of furniture so as to give the cottage as much of a home-look as possible; and, though she dropped a few tears over the precious relics of happier days, they were soon wiped away.

"How desolate it looks here with no shrubbery!" said Mrs. Blake, as she entered the gate.

"It will not look so long, dear mother, for you see I have set out some rose-bushes, which I brought from the old house; and here is a slip of woodbine, which we will train to run over the roof, just as it did at home. I dare say we shall be very happy here."

Mrs. Blake thought that any home would look pleasant where Sarah was, and she thanked God that he had left one sunbeam to cheer her darkened lot. The inmates of the cottage did not seek much society; but some of the neighbors formed their acquaintance, and Sarah became a great favorite with the little children who used to go by to school, and for whom she always had a bunch of flowers, or a few pleasant words, or a cheerful smile. And Mr. Sutton, who was too feeble to work, would often, on a pleasant day, walk down the lane to see the good young lady, who did not despise him because he was an old, gray-headed man.

Mr. Harrington, the richest man in Ashton, lived near Mrs. Blake's cottage, and his daughter Annette took a special fancy to Sarah Blake. The contrast in their characters may have contributed to this feeling. Annette was charmed by the unvarying cheerfulness of her new friend. Petted and spoiled child as she was, bred in luxury and indulged in everything which wealth could purchase, she was never satisfied, but was always fretful and discontented. She was not ill-tempered, but a habit of fault-finding had insensibly grown upon her, which even the religion she professed had failed to overcome.

If Sarah had an uncommon faculty of finding bright spots even in the darkest sky, Annette was quite as skilful in detecting shadows in the most glowing sunshine. To Sarah, every-

thing seemed to present itself on the sunny side ; to Annette, on the shady side. Annette was a girl of good sense, and she often asked herself why it was that Sarah was so much happier than herself, when she had, apparently, so much less to make her happy. With Annette, it was always too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry ; while Sarah never troubled herself about the weather. No one could enjoy a fine day more than she did ; and when it rained, she seemed equally happy with her in-door occupations. Annette always wanted things a little different ; Sarah took them as they came, and made the best of them.

Annette had just returned with her parents from an excursion to Niagara, and Sarah hastened to welcome her friend home again.

"How much you will have to tell me !" said she ; "of course you had a pleasant time."

"Of course I did not. You would have had, I dare say ; for you seem to derive pleasure from everything, while I always seem to meet with annoyances."

"I should think it must be a great annoyance which would destroy the pleasure of a trip to Niagara," replied Sarah. "What could have happened ?"

"O, nothing in particular ; only the thousand petty annoyances which meet one at every turn. I do hate travelling !"

Sarah thought if she had Annette's purse how much she should enjoy the change and variety of an occasional journey ; though she did not feel in the least discontented at being obliged to remain at home. Annette entertained her with a long catalogue of the grievances with which she had met ; "and," said she, "the most provoking of all was, that we had to wait at the depot three whole hours to-day ; so near home, too ! Was n't it really provoking ?"

"Why, I don't know," said Sarah ; "I never feel impatient of such delays. I almost always become interested in some of the people whom I see."

"Yes," said Annette ; "I remember, last summer, when you went to Boston on business, you had a great deal to talk about when you got home. Why, I might travel around the world, and not meet with so many pleasing incidents."

"You must learn to look out for the bright spots. There are always some, if people will only see them."

"That is a favorite expression of yours, Sarah. Is it original?"

"O, no; but I like it very much, on account of the pleasant associations connected with it."

"Then there is a story about it. Do let us hear it."

"It is not much of a story."

"Nevertheless, I must hear it, now that you have raised my curiosity."

"Well, then," said Sarah. "Years ago, when I was a mere child, I went to visit my grandparents. They had been very urgent for this visit, but my parents hesitated at first, because neither of them could accompany me. There was no railroad on that route; and, as I was to travel by stage, it was necessary that I should go a part of the distance the previous day. My father carried me to L——, where I stayed with some friends, who promised to see me safe in the stage the next morning."

"But did you not feel dreadfully to go alone?" asked Annette, who was already looking on the dark side.

"O, no; I was full of courage; but I was rather disappointed the next morning to wake up and find it raining. I had heard a great deal of the delightful scenery through which my route lay; and, from my childhood, I had a passionate fondness for scenery."

"O how provoking! What a miserable day you must have had!"

"By no means. It was a day which I have looked back on ever since with the greatest interest."

"Just like you. You always find the bright spots. For my part, I think a rainy day is horrible at any time, but when one is on a journey it is intolerable; and then the disappointment, when you were expecting to enjoy the scenery so much."

"Well," said Sarah, "hear my story through, and then you will know why I review it with so much pleasure. When I entered the stage, there was but one woman in it. I seated myself by the window, where I might see what was to be seen;

and very soon an elderly man entered, and seated himself opposite to me. He had a most benevolent expression —”

“I dare say,” said Annette. “You always find interesting people wherever you go; while I never see any but what look as though they were just out of states-prison, or ought to be there. Well, what did your old gentleman say to you?”

“He ascertained where I was going, and, learning that I had never been on that route before, expressed his regret at the weather, as he was sorry I should lose the delightful prospect. ‘O,’ said I, ‘perhaps it will not rain all day.’ ‘It may clear up at noon,’ he replied; ‘and then you will still have the pleasantest part of your journey by sunshine.’ He conversed in a manner which showed him to be very intelligent and kind-hearted. He evidently wished to make the journey as agreeable to me as the unpleasant weather would allow.”

“And did it clear up at noon?”

“No; the clouds seemed, at one time, to be breaking away, but soon grew thicker and darker than ever. But whenever I espied a bright spot, I was sure to point it out to my new friend, who was quite amused at the number I found. ‘I believe,’ said he, smiling, ‘you have a wonderful faculty of finding out the bright spots. I hope you will always retain it, and apply it to every situation in life. There are always some bright spots, if people will only look out for them.’ When almost at our stopping-place, he said, ‘I should like to have pointed out to you the beauties of our unrivalled scenery; but I think, after all, we have had a pleasant day.’ ‘O, yes,’ said I; ‘looking after the bright spots was quite an amusement, even if we could not find many of them.’ The old gentleman was the first to be left. He shook hands cordially with me, said the journey had been much pleasanter for my company, and added, with a smile, ‘We shall probably never meet again in this world; but remember, my dear, all through life, *always look out for the bright spots.*’”

“And you have followed his advice most faithfully.”

“Well, do you not think it was quite a pleasant little adventure?”

“Certainly I do; but, if I had been in your place, instead of looking out for the bright spots, I should have cried all day on

account of the rain ; and the old gentleman would have thought me a peevish, discontented girl, and taken no notice of me."

" Well, Annette, I wish you was more apt to look on the bright side of things, because I think you would be a great deal happier."

" No doubt I should ; but I was not made to be happy in this world."

" But, dear Annette," continued Sarah, more gravely, " did you never think it was a Christian duty to cultivate cheerfulness ? "

" Why, what solemn views you always take of things ! No, I do not think there is any duty about it. It is my misfortune to have things always go wrong ; and, as for cultivating cheerfulness, how can we cultivate a trait of character which is not natural to us ? "

" If we wish to please God, we must cultivate a great many things which are not natural to us, and root up a great many which are. We must cultivate meekness, humility and forgiveness of injuries, none of which are natural to the unrenewed heart. We should not need new hearts at all if we were naturally what we ought to be. When you first felt that you were 'bought with a price,' did you not wish to consecrate yourself unreservedly to the Saviour, and to make his glory the great object of thought, word and deed ? "

" Yes," said Annette, thoughtfully.

" And can you not glorify him a great deal more, if you recommend his religion to others by a cheerful demeanor, than if you repel them by your discontented state of mind ? If they see that religion fails to make you happy, will they not be led to doubt its efficacy ? "

This was opening a new train of thought to Annette. Though sincere in her religion, as far as it went, she had, like many other Christians, failed to perceive its intimate connection with every-day life. She found just as much fault with everything around her as if the Bible had not said, " Be content with such things as ye have. She was as much annoyed by the little trials and vexations of life, as if she had not professed to set her affections on things above. She had never thought that it was her duty to be happy. The " exceeding weight of glory "

which she hoped to receive in another world, was not sufficient to enable her to bear with patience the trials of this. Her soul was not so firmly anchored within the vail, but that it was the sport of every wind and wave. Anticipations of home never made her forget the weariness and inconveniences of the way. But, had she really been dishonoring her Saviour by yielding to this discontent? Then she must begin anew to learn and practise the duties of a Christian.

"Sarah," said she, after a long pause, "supposing you could convince me that it is my duty to be happy, how am I to set to work?"

"I can give you no better advice than my travelling friend gave me, — *always look out for the bright spots.*"

"That will be new and, consequently, hard work for me."

"Yes, but, if you feel it your duty to struggle against this 'easily-besetting sin,' you know where to go for help. We have many a struggle to go through with here, but we do not have to fight in our own strength. He who has made it your duty and your privilege to be a cheerful, happy Christian, will enable you to be so."

"Well, Sarah, I never thought before of making it a subject of prayer. Indeed, I never thought of it at all as a duty; but I will do so from this time."

"And when you have prayed, you must practise. Strive constantly against the habit of looking on the dark side. When you feel inclined to dwell upon your trials, think of your mercies. You will find that your trials are, in comparison, but as the small drop of the bucket."

"O, I know I have *no* real trials; but little things, which you would scarcely notice, are trials to me."

"I know it; but you must strive against the habit. Determine that you *will* be happy, and then by God's grace, you *can*. And, when real trials come, as they will come to every one, sooner or later, look above and beyond the clouds. There is bright sky somewhere. Do not expect life to be all sunshine, — do not make it all gloom. Light and shade are always intermingled here; but remember that it is your duty, as well as your happiness, *always to look out for the bright spots.*"

[TO LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.]

JACK, THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

IN my last letter to you, dear children, I told you a story of a boy who broke the sixth commandment. I now intend to tell you of one who was sorely tempted to break the eighth. I hope all of you who read these letters have learned to repeat God's holy commands; else how can you keep them? You will remember, then, that the words are "Thou shalt not steal."

It seems dreadful to think of any child being so wicked as to steal. Once, when I was teaching a large class in the Sabbath-school, this commandment was the lesson for the day. When the scholars had repeated it together, I noticed one little boy lean back in his seat with a complacent air, while his looks said very plainly, "I have never broken that command, and therefore I have nothing to do with the lesson." Presently he whispered to a little girl who sat next him, and said, "I never steal." But, by and by, as I told them that sometimes children went softly and slyly to their mothers' closets, and took fruit or cake without her leave, and that this was one way to break the eighth command, I saw that he was leaning forward, listening very intently, while a tear stood in his eye. The dear child, no doubt, remembered some time when he had been guilty of a similar offence. I hope he did what I entreated all the class to do, and that was, to ask God, for Christ's sake, to forgive all their offences, and to help them keep all his commands.

If any of you, while reading the above, have recollected going to get sugar or raisins, or anything else, from your mothers' closets or drawers, without permission, I hope you will not close your eyes in sleep until you have confessed your sin to them, and also to your Heavenly Father, and sought forgiveness.

There once lived a boy whose name was Jack. He knew nothing of the pleasures of home, nor of the happiness of having a fond father or mother to watch over and love him. As long as he could remember, he had lived in an old garret with a black man, who gained a living by sweeping chimneys. Jack was not a colored boy, though his face was generally as black as his master's. But often, when he went to bed at night, and saw that the parts of his arms and neck which were covered by his clothes were soft and fair, he wondered whether he had ever lived with white people, and how he came to be so poor and forlorn. One day he had been happy. It was the Sabbath. He had been wandering about the streets, when a gentleman met him, and asked him to go to the Sabbath-school. He expressed his willingness to accompany the stranger, though he did not exactly understand what a Sabbath-school was. The kind gentleman took him to his house, washed and fed him, and, having provided him with clothes from the wardrobe of his son, led him to a large room where nearly two hundred children were engaged in studying the Scriptures. He was invited to be present every Sabbath; but only three times in the four succeeding months had he been able to obtain leave to do so.

One morning, early in November, Jack's master received orders to send a boy to a house on one of the principal streets of the large city where he resided. He did so; and Jack, who was a nimble little fellow, soon ascended the chimney, and performed the labor. The roof of the house was flat, and connected with a number of houses in the same block. The boy amused himself for a few moments by running back and forth from one chimney to another, and then prepared to descend. He easily gained the top of the chimney, and began letting himself down. But he had mistaken the house; and soon found himself in a large and elegantly furnished chamber. It was still early; and the lady had left her room, after the making of her toilet, without stopping to put away any of her jewels, which, probably, she had taken off the night before. For a moment poor Jack stood bewildered, and then softly approached the table. There lay an elegant gold watch, chain,

and seals, and by it many valuable rings and brooches. He took up one ring, and tried it on his finger; but, small as it was, it would only fit his thumb. Then he carefully lifted the watch, and held it to his ear. "O, what a beauty!" he whispered. "I'll take it for my own. No one will ever know who took it;" and he hastily thrust it into his pocket, and turned to dart up the chimney again.

Suddenly he stopped, and seemed to hear a soft voice whispering, "'Thou shalt not steal.'" He glanced around quickly, but no one was near. The poor little fellow burst into tears. "O, what have I done!" he exclaimed aloud. "It was a kind lady who taught me that in the Sabbath-school; and she said that God could look from the sky and see everything we did. There, I'll put it back; I won't steal. No, I won't; for God will know it." He crossed the room, and replaced the watch upon the table; then, with one lingering glance around the chamber, returned to the fire-place.

"Stop, little boy, stop a moment," said a lady entering the room. "How did you come here?" He told her he had come down the wrong chimney by mistake. She then led him on to speak of himself, and told him she had heard what he said about taking the watch, and was glad that he resisted the temptation to steal it.

Her kind tone and manner opened the boy's heart, and he unburthened to her all his griefs, the cruelty of his master, and the hardness of his lot. "I'm white, ma'am, when my face is clean; and I don't like to live there."

Every moment the lady's interest increased, and at length, with a sudden resolution, she rang the bell and ordered a warm bath to be prepared. Then she sent her servant to a clothing-store, and soon the little sweep appeared before her a new boy.

If she had been *pleased* before, she was *affected* now. She called the child to her side; she gazed in his face, while tears ran down her cheeks. She could not account to herself for her emotion, nor decide what to do with her protégé. The longer she talked with the child, the more her emotion increased; and at length it became so great that she determined

to send to her husband's counting-room, and request him to return home.

He did so; and, without one word of explanation, she led him into the room, and pointed to the boy. The gentleman gazed for one moment, and then caught the astonished child to his breast: "It is our Willie, our lost boy!"

"Yes, it is, *it is*. I am sure of it," exclaimed the lady! "It must be our Willie."

The little fellow began to cry, as she hastily pulled off his new jacket, which had so delighted him; but she soothed him by saying that she wanted to see his arm. "Our Willie had a large brown mole near the elbow," she said in a low voice, while she trembled in her eagerness to convince herself that that was indeed her darling child.

"Yes! *yes!*" they both screamed, "it is he! it is he!" And so it proved that Jack's black master was the wicked man who, years before, had taken him from his parents and his home, and had brought him up like a slave.

O, how glad the little fellow was that he did not take the watch, but that he remembered God was present everywhere! In the very room where he resisted the temptation to steal, his Father in heaven, who had put the good thought into his heart, restored to him his father, and his mother, and his sweet home. Dear children, I hope you will remember, when you have read the story of Willie, the chimney-sweep, that God sees you, whatever you do, and if you endeavor to keep his commands, and to love him, he will give you, too, a beautiful home above the skies, where you will be happy forever.

WHEN hearts are filled with holy affections, and home is happy, then do the young dwell in a charmed circle, which only the naturally depraved would seek to quit, and across which boundary temptations to error shine out but feebly.

PARENTAL TRAINING.

BY C. KIMBALL.

I ONCE spent a short time in an excellent family, consisting of four members, the parents and two sons. The father was a pious lawyer, a man of wealth, and of great weight of character. The mother was intelligent and ardently pious, attentive to her domestic concerns, and earnestly engaged in doing good. The two sons, though surrounded by many temptations, resulting from their position in society, were hopelessly converted in early life. One of them became a minister; the other, a physician.

Whilst enjoying the hospitality of this amiable family, and seeing how much intelligence, piety, moral power, and true excellence, were combined in this lovely circle, I had the curiosity to ask the mother how it was that her sons, in the midst of so much prospective wealth, were converted to Christ so early in life. She replied, in substance, as follows:—
“When my children were born I laid them down at the feet of Jesus, and there I left them. I never would withdraw them from that hallowed spot. There I met them, wept over them, prayed for them, and instructed them in the ways of religion. I gave them to Christ, and humbly trust he accepted them at my hand. God, in sovereign love and mercy, enlightened and subdued them by his Spirit, and made them the subjects of his renewing grace.”

On one occasion, I rode a short distance with the younger of these brothers, and asked how it came to pass that he, surrounded by so many worldly attractions and enticements, was led to embrace religion so young. He replied, “My father held on the reins with a steady hand.”

The mother laid them at the feet of Jesus, and the father held the reins. This was the secret of their early conversion. What, now, did those parents lose by this judicious treatment of their children? Nothing in reputation or property, nothing in time, comfort, honor, pleasure, health or influence. What did they gain? The approbation of God, the smiles of Jesus,

the indwelling of the Spirit, the esteem of the great and good, peace of conscience, happiness in their offspring, and an inheritance for them, glorious and eternal, beyond the grave.

What a blessed change it would soon make in our world, should all heads of families follow the example of those discreet and pious parents! And why may they not do it? The Adorable Father is with them; Christ is with them; the Holy Spirit is with them. The promise is given, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Let us begin to sow, and keep sowing. Where? In the heart and all around it. When? Early, daily, hourly. With what seed? Divine truth. Is the soil promising? Highly so: tender, genial, productive, when well cultivated. How shall we sow? In tears, with intense desire for a rich and speedy harvest. May we expect it? The promise is, "They shall reap in joy." Hath he said, and will he not do it? Hath he promised, and shall he not make it good? Trust him then. "To believe is to receive." The harvest you gather shall be your joy and crown. "Win and wear it," says Latimer, "is the motto written upon the crown for which we strive."

"But my children are very corrupt." So was Saul of Tarsus; but he was suddenly converted. "They are exceedingly wayward." So was Colonel Gardner; yet he was reconciled to God. "They are stubborn." So was John Newton; but the Holy Spirit, through the counsels and prayers of his pious mother, brought him to Christ.

When your children are converted, think not that the work is done. It is only begun. They must be fed with the sincere milk of the word. They will still need your kindest care and tenderest watchfulness, that they may behold in you a living exemplification of the Spirit of Jesus, till they arrive to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. Thus nurtured, we may hope to see them favored in their religious experience, not merely with the dim reflections of a hazy moonlight, or the brightness and beauty of the morning star, betokening the approach of day, but with the full-orbed Sun of righteousness, and shedding upon their path the splendors of meridian day.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

"Ora, mater, ora."

BY E. S. D.

CANTO III.

NE'ER will that Sabbath rev'rence be forgot,
Nor love of kindred, which their life makes sweet :
These, with their being are so deep inwrought,
That, to forget, their hearts must cease to beat.
In after years, when death shall still the hand,
And hush the voice they so have loved to hear —
Though they may wander in a far-off land, —
Yet will her lessons in their life appear.

Behold the orphaned one, repining not,
Going forth, duly as the morning comes,
Unto the toil which is her earthly lot,
Passing the thresholds by of happy homes.
At eve returns she, weary and alone,
In night and silence shedding unseen tears ;
She mourns her counsellor — her mother gone,
And the dark shadow cast o'er future years.

Yet guardian wings seem hov'ring round her then,
And a soft whisper through her bosom thrills,
And hope upon her pathway smiles again,
While faith uplooking lightens earthly ills ;
And through the dark her softly murmured strain
Like the low wind of evening floats along,
And trusting thoughts steal from her breast the pain,
As dies upon her lips the breath of song.

In the deep hours of night,
When o'er the azure sky the darkness creepeth,
And earth beneath its shadow silent sleepeth,
And watching stars are bright ; —

When the low wind hath caught
A mournful tone — a whisper softly hushing,
And the deep sound of waters onward rushing
Cometh with voices fraught ; —

When the still dews descend,
Upon the flowers their kindly influence weeping,
And vapory clouds in the far heaven lie sleeping,
And lights and shadows blend ; —

When in the Orient bright
 The silver moon her fount of light unsealeth,
 And upward springing, all the charms revealeth
 Of the dim, shadowy night ; —

And when the words of love
 Reach my sad ear, by kindly voices spoken,
 There comes the thought of one whose chain is brot
 Whose rest is high above.

In my lone musings oft
 The mellow moon and fitful starlight gleamings
 Seem to my soul the watchful spirit-beamings
 Of her mild eyes so soft.

And the low-breathing air
 The memory of my mother gently bringeth,
 And the sweet streamlet with its tinkle singeth
 Of her kind guardian care.

E'en thus my way is led,
 Haunted by voices round me breathing ever,
 Waking within me thoughts which perish never,
 Thoughts of the silent dead.

Yet, O ! rejoice my soul,
 That in the mansions which the good inherit,
 Dwelleth in bliss her meek and quiet spirit,
 Where songs of praises roll.

CANTO IV.

Afar and near, night broods upon the sea,
 Which lieth tranquil as a child at rest ;
 A gallant ship, its sails hung peacefully,
 Beneath the moon, floats idly on its breast.
 A lonely watcher on the starry train
 Looks with a thoughtful, but untroubled gaze,
 While silence and the stars recall again
 The cherished scenes and hopes of early days.

Childhood, and home, and parents — names how dear !
 How full of sweetest meaning to his soul !
 What faithful scenes in memory's glass appear,
 As forth his fancy flies beyond control !
 Boyhood with all its joys — its cares forgot —
 And happy-school-days and companions gay,
 And growing youth, when to their peaceful cot
 Came household plenty, duly as the day.

One picture 'mong the shadows of the past
Stands fairer, lovelier, dearer than the rest ;
And, if on land or sea his lot is cast,
While his loved mother lives, his lot is blest.
O she, to his fond heart, an angel seems !
And in its depths, like precious gems, lie hid
Her kind instructions ; — and his nightly dreams
By her dear image oft are visited.

One gift alone that tender mother gave
Unto her son at parting, with the prayer
That the blest book might be a light to save
The wanderer's soul from error and despair ;
And he hath pondered well its pages o'er,
And kept its holy precepts in his heart ;
And learned the gracious Being to adore,
Who, of life's voyage, hath drawn the faithful chart.

He sees God's glory in the ancient heaven,
His wondrous skill in the broad firmament ;
And utterance to the mighty deep is given
To speak His praises to the ear attent.
And now, while mirrored on its tranquil breast,
Amid the blue the stars unnumbered shine,
He feels its language to his soul addressed,
And loves to recognize the voice divine.

And should the storm-wind ere the morning rise,
And ocean's waves to giant fury lash,
And clouds and blackness gather o'er the skies,
And on the noble ship the tempest dash,
Taught by the words of life, his soul shall be
Though filled with solemn awe, yet undismayed :
A Father's hand controls the wind and sea ;
And though tempest-test, he will not be afraid.

When storms are past, and wind and sky are fair,
And toward their destined port they swiftly speed,
How fervently will rise his grateful prayer,
That God hath helped them in their hour of need !
God's holy word hath been his polar star,
Hath taught him how temptation's storms to ride ;
And be his haven near, or be it far,
Safely he 'll reach it, trusting in his Guide.

OLD MOLL AND LITTLE AGNES; OR, THE RICH POOR
AND THE POOR RICH.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

CHAPTER V.

IN pursuance of a resolution mentioned in a foregoing chapter, Florence Mowbrey wrote early in April to an aged aunt, residing near Albany, requesting leave to pass the summer in her family. The answer was as cordial as she could desire; and nothing now remained but for her to impart her intention to her guardian. But, upon doing so, she was surprised that he expressed himself unwilling to part with her.

"There is no telling what may happen before the summer is gone," he said, in some embarrassment, as he witnessed her start of astonishment. "Everything is so uncertain."

"That is very true," rejoined Florence, a gleam of joy flashing from her eyes at the thought, — he at length realizes that his wealth cannot afford him happiness, and wishes me near him to assist him in his search for something more enduring. "Dear uncle," she continued, clasping his hand, "if I can be of any real service to you, I will readily give up my summer excursion; but in truth I am heartily tired of city life."

"I did n't mean exactly that — that is — you see you don't understand me — hem. Florence," he asked, recovering himself by an effort, "when do you expect Mr. Hanley?"

"He wrote that I must not be disappointed if he did not reach New York until quite the last of December; but he would try to pass New Year with us." And the young girl blushed when she remembered what he had said must take place the very next week after his arrival.

"So soon!" exclaimed Mr. Buckingham, turning from the eager gaze of his ward. "Well, if you want so much to go to S——, perhaps it will be the best plan, after all. If I need you I can send for you."

And she went, early in May, taking with her not only her child-teacher, as she loved to call Agnes, but her entire wardrobe; for she had fully determined never to return to her uncle's residence. In the quiet country farm-house which she had chosen for her retreat, both the young lady and her pupil passed a delightful summer. To Agnes every moment came laden with health and happiness. The fresh green fields, — the swelling buds, — the delicious breezes, — the tiny violets, — each, in turn, called forth exclamations of gratitude and delight. Florence lived over, in the joy of her child, the happiness of her young days. Again she wandered in the fields in search of buttercups and wild roses; again she made curls of dandelion stems, and wreathed them in the hair of her gay companion; and again she picked green cheeses, with which to supply her miniature store-house behind the rocks. Miss Rose was the companion of all their rambles, and well sustained her part in the important cares which housekeeping brought upon her little friend. At least Agnes always gave her credit for the best intentions.

"O, Rose!" exclaimed the child one day, "how I do wish you could talk, and tell me that you are as happy as I am." Agnes knew now that dolls were made of wood, and could not go to heaven; but, for a long time, she used to include Rose in her daily petitions, and ask God to help her conquer her naughty feelings, and make her a very good girl.

From the family on C—— street, Florence seldom heard, except a line now and then, informing her of their health, in an envelop which enclosed a letter from Mr. Hanley. But in August she was pleasantly surprised by a visit from Louis, though pained at the marks of late hours and dissipation upon his once bright intellectual face.

"Where's Beauty?" he inquired soon after his arrival.

"There," replied his cousin, pointing to a pretty picture in front of the house. Agnes was walking by the side of a large house-dog, of the Newfoundland breed, whom she had unwillingly impressed into her service, while Miss Rose was riding in triumph on his back. The wreaths of gay flowers, with which both she and her canine companion were decked, gave

beauty to the scene, while the sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks of the young girl, as her merry laugh rang out clear and full on the still air, presented a pleasing contrast to the demure countenance of her sedate companion.

Louis gave a stare of surprise, and then sprang out to meet her. "Don't you know me, Beauty?" he inquired gayly, as she shrunk back with the dignity of a queen from his familiar greeting.

"Yes, I know you now; — has Lily come too?"

"No, no one but me; and I might as well have staid away, for you are not glad to see me."

"Are you sick?" asked the child, gazing earnestly into his face.

"No, no," was the reply, as he turned away from her searching glance. "Here, coz," he added, returning to the house, "I almost forgot that I was the bearer of two letters to you." She took them eagerly, and tore them open. One was postmarked Paris; the other was from Catskill, about thirty miles below Albany, on the Hudson, and contained an invitation from a New York friend to join a party in an excursion to the mountains. The plan delighted her, and the next morning, in company with Louis and Agnes, she went to Albany, and took the boat for Catskill landing. At the hotel, on the main street, the party were only awaiting her arrival to proceed on their way, ascending the mountain through the clove.

Here they found a large and merry company, assembled to pass the month which was so debilitating in the valley below. Every day parties were made to the falls and other places of interest. The excitement of being followed by a guide with a loaded gun to keep off the panthers and wolves, which then abounded in that region, added greatly to their enthusiasm. Here ladies, who in New York would scream at the sight of a helpless worm, or busy spider, walked courageously, in the very face, as it were, of wild beasts; while young gentlemen, whose only aspiration had been to be more elegantly dressed than any of their fellow-dandies on Broadway, threw off their shackles of fashion, and appeared for the time like sensible men, who

had been formed in the image of their Maker. So much for the influence of Nature. Even those who had been too long grovelling to appreciate the sublime and soul-inspiring beauties which surrounded them, seemed raised for the time from the dust, and elevated to the knowledge of joys to which they had never reached.

Among the many agreeable acquaintances formed by Florence, — for among the visitors to the mountain-house, cut off as they are from all other society, there exists the freedom of one family, — she was particularly pleased with Mr. and Mrs. Van Lennap. Nor did her interest decrease when told that they owned the beautiful place where the first years of her life had been passed. As their acquaintance progressed, she cordially accepted an invitation to return with them and revive the associations of her youth. Mr. Van Lennap, who had purchased Beech Grove of her father, assured her that she would find it but little changed. To be sure, the hedge of sweet briar was taller by half, and the grape vines now furnished a welcome shade to the arbor, but the brook gurgled the same sweet music as of old, and her rocky house on the bank was unharmed.

"I think," added his wife, laughing merrily, "that I saw there within a few weeks a piece of broken china, which was probably one of your plates. When we first moved to Beech Grove there was quite an assortment of crockery set out in the little cave."

A shade of anguish passed over the face of Florence at this unexpected reminiscence; and it was with difficulty she commanded her voice to reply: "That cave was a favorite resort of my dear little sister. Every bit of broken china was carefully preserved for her play-house; but I cannot bear to think of it; the recollection is too painful."

"Ah, yes; I understand that it must be so. I remember well the excitement it caused at the time," added the lady. "Excuse, me, dear, if I pain you by the question; but I think I heard that your mother never recovered her reason after the fatal catastrophe was announced to her."

Florence sadly shook her head. "No," she replied in a

tearful voice. "It caused the breaking up of our family. Dear mother died, calling upon Adelaide, and Frank followed her the next day. They were buried together in the tomb at the bottom of the garden."

"Which, in compliance with my promise to your father, I have sacredly kept from intrusion," resumed Mr. Van Lennap, "With regard to the little girl, I think her body was never recovered."

"Never," repeated Florence, "though father paid large sums of money to have the river dragged. But there was no doubt the dear child was murdered for the sake of the jewels she had about her, and then thrown into the water. There was a part of her muslin apron hanging on the bushes, and her little shoe was discovered half full of sand. It was a dreadful affliction to father to be deprived of mother's religious fortitude at such a time. He used to come home from New York, where he was vigorously prosecuting his search for the murderer, and hear her frantic cries for her child, while she seemed to have forgotten that an infant was pining away for want of the nourishment which she could no longer give him. Oh!" exclaimed the afflicted daughter, as bitter memories of the past came crowding into her mind, "how vividly the scenes of that never-to-be-forgotten day are before me! It was the anniversary of Adelaide's birth, and was a gala day with the whole household. The children from all the neighboring families were assembled, and sweet little sister was crowned as queen. We had a nurse, who had taken care of Ada from her birth, and who was excessively attached to her. After the little creature was chosen to occupy the garland-covered seat, Ruth called me aside, and asked me to add my entreaties to hers, and obtain mother's consent to deck the darling with jewels. I think Ruth must have had a strange fancy for ornaments, for I never saw such an overloaded toilet as Ada presented when she returned. There were the whole contents of mother's jewel-casket about her; and she cast down her eyes, as if conscious she presented a ludicrous appearance. Mother remonstrated; but Ruth, who was greatly pleased by the dazzling show her darling presented, begged that she might re-

tain them until dark, when she would replace them. How the child could have been enticed away from her companions, or who committed the dark deed, remains to this day a profound mystery."

"Has your father ever returned to his native country?" inquired Mr. Van Lennap, after a pause.

"Never; and now that he has married again, I despair of seeing him."

Early in September Florence accompanied her new friends to Beech Grove, and was alike saddened and pleased by a visit to each of her old haunts. Agnes accompanied her when she extended her walk to the tomb at the end of the garden, but was seized with such violent trembling when told in that silent retreat lay all that was mortal of the mother of her friend, that Florence sent her back to the house. An hour later, when she joined the family in the parlor, her host was reporting to his wife his conversation with Agnes in the garden. "I followed you," he resumed, addressing Florence, "but turned back upon perceiving where your steps were bent. I walked slowly toward the brook, when I heard an exclamation from Agnes. I hurried to the cave, as she was not in sight; and there I found her kneeling on the stones, her hands folded on her breast, while her countenance expressed astonishment mingled with delight. She did not perceive me; and I stood back to watch her. In a moment she caught a glimpse of some broken china, and instantly darted toward it, caught it up and pressed it to her lips. She then crept behind a shelf, and presently brought out from some hiding-place her apron full of broken ware of bright colors, when, looking up, she saw me, and eagerly advanced to show me her treasures."

"She is full of enthusiasm," rejoined Florence, her eyes beaming with pleasure. "Do you remember how she was entranced by the view of the sunrise from the Mountain House? A lady near us, seeing her standing so quietly, with her lips parted, as she gazed upon the glorious spectacle, asked, 'How do you like it, Agnes, my dear?' She put up her hand imploringly as she whispered, 'Please, ma'am, don't speak.'"

The visit of Florence to Beech Grove was nearly completed,

when her young charge met with quite an adventure. The grounds about the place were so secluded that Florence felt no hesitation in allowing her to play for hours by herself. She therefore experienced no alarm upon being told, on her return from a ride with her friends, that the child had not been in door since she left. But as night advanced, and she did not return, fears were excited lest some accident had happened to her. In company with her friends she visited the cave, and every place where the child was in the habit of playing, but without success; and they were returning in haste to the house for assistance, when they heard the voice of Louis Buckingham shouting to them from the road. Agnes was with him, but bore the marks of such violent agitation, that for a time her friends forbore to question her. Florence conveyed her to her chamber, bathed her swollen eyes, and, after giving her a cordial, left her to sleep while she sought from Louis an explanation.

"I left the Mountain House this morning," he commenced, "and stopped to make you a call, as I promised. On my way from the landing I passed a low house back from the road, from which I distinctly heard loud cries of distress. I approached cautiously, intending to make an excuse by inquiring the shortest way to Beech Grove, when I heard a disagreeable voice exclaim, 'Stop your noise, I say, or I'll gag you! I tell you, I shan't hurt you if you will only be still. Come, now, that's a good child, go with me, and I'll give you a lot of money.'

"'No, no!' screamed a child's voice, 'I want to go home; I love Florence best, and I want to stay with her.'

"'You fool, you,' added the man; 'but I won't be baulked by a child now I've begun. So come along;' and he caught her by the shoulder, when I knocked loudly at the door. The man loosened his hold, and the moment Agnes saw me she threw herself into my arms. I soon succeeded in quieting her, but when I turned to look for the brute he was gone. She said he was her uncle Sandy; but she begged me with tears not to let him carry her away with him."

The next morning, when the little girl was more composed,

she related to her friend the events of the preceding day. She played for hours in the garden and in the cave, when, toward night, she grew weary, and, supposing Florence had not returned, walked upon the road to meet her. She had already gone some distance when a man came out from the woods and called her. "In the name of wonder, Aggy, how came you here?" he asked eagerly. She told him she was visiting with Miss Florence. "Well," said he, "I've got a home now, and I want you to live with me."

"He was very kind at first," Agnes continued, "and told me if I would go with him to the old house in the field he would show me something he had brought for me. But as soon as we went into the house, he shut the door, and told me I must go with him to New York. When I began to cry, he struck me, and said if I made a noise he would gag me. I was so glad when Louis came, and took me away with him!"

Neither Florence nor her friends could account for this conduct on the part of the man, who had hitherto manifested no particular affection for his niece; but the thoughts of the young lady were soon diverted from Agnes by a hurried message from her guardian, requiring her presence in New York. Taking an affectionate leave of her kind friends, she went on board the next boat for New York, where she arrived in a few hours.

Mr. Buckingham had been seized with a fit of apoplexy; but, as it was not severe, when Florence reached him he was convalescent. His spirits were much affected, and at times he was peevish in the extreme. Finding her aunt exceedingly averse to the confinement of the sick-room, the self-denying girl immediately established herself as head-nurse, though at first she could plainly see that her guardian would have preferred another.

"It shocks my nerves to witness the change in your uncle," exclaimed Mrs. Buckingham to her niece. "I should soon be in the same state that he is, if I were to remain with him. You are so cool and self-possessed, and never answer him sharply when he is cross; you are just the one for a nurse. So, he is vastly better off in your hands." And having con-

vinced herself of this, the worldly-wise woman lost no time in recommencing the life of gayety which had for a short time been interrupted by her husband's sickness.

Florence soon found herself in a trying condition ; her patient was exceedingly *impatient*, being detained at home when every moment was precious in the settlement of some important business. Florence gathered, from his hints and half-muttered exclamations, that his affairs were embarrassed, and that he feared a failure. Several times, when his gentle nurse had been endeavoring to allay his irritation by chafing his partially benumbed hand and arm, he seemed on the point of making some confession to her, but with awkward hesitation restrained himself. The young lady, after a few days, allowed Agnes to bring her toys and books, and occupy a retired corner of the invalid's apartment. She was so quiet that he hardly seemed to notice her presence ; but one night, as Florence was unable to leave her patient, the child, by her desire, kneeled at her side and offered up, in a low whisper, her simple petitions for pardon and protection.

Mr. Buckingham had lain for some time with his eyes closed, but, hearing the continuous sound, he turned quickly toward the little suppliant in time to listen to her prayer in his behalf. "Heavenly Father," lisped the sweet child, "please make Mr. Buckingham well, and make him good, so that he can be happy. When he dies, and looks in God's great book, may he find his name written there, and then go and see Jesus who died for sinners just like me."

Florence glanced anxiously toward the bed, fearing her patient would be seriously displeased ; but what was her astonishment when she saw his breast heaving with emotion, while great tears were rolling down his cheeks ! She arose quietly when the child resumed her seat, and led her from the room, deeming it best to leave the petitions of Agnes to produce their own effect upon his heart. In her own room she passed a few moments in earnest supplication that what he had heard might prove the "word in season" which should arouse him to a sense of his condition as a sinner before God, and awaken

in him a desire to embrace Jesus as his Saviour and Almighty Friend ; after which she returned softly to his chamber.

A few moments past midnight she resigned her place to Bessie, and, in passing to her own room, encountered Mrs. Buckingham, who was but just returned from a party, and who, in suppressed tones, declared herself wearied to death. "I really envy you, Florence," she added quickly, as she witnessed the expression of devotion which lighted the features of the young girl. "You're a strange child, and I can't understand you."

No, she understood nothing of the holy joy which burned in the bosom of her young relative, who had passed the silent hours of her midnight watch in lifting up her heart to that great Spirit, whose presence surrounded her, for blessings upon herself and the dear objects of her affection. She knew nothing of all this, but in the midst of her ceaseless pursuit after pleasure, herself the object of envy as well as admiration, she secretly acknowledged the unsatisfying nature of her pursuits, while her very soul craved something more substantial and enduring.

"She was rich, yet had nothing."

THE WIFE.

It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart ; the absence of content, the mutterings of spleen, the untidy dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted hearth — these and other nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair. O ! may woman, before that sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and, cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awake and keep alive the promise she so kindly gave. And though she may be the injured, not the injuring one ; the forgotten, not the forgetful wife, a happy allusion to the peaceful love—a kindly welcome to a comfortable home—a smile of love to banish hostile words — a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that ever locked in the breast of selfish man will soften to her charms.

ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY.*

THE classic mythology seems to have been regarded by the Greeks with somewhat of the veneration with which the Hebrew nation regarded the books of their sacred writers. The poems of Homer, and a few others of their early bards, constitute what may be called the Greek book. They give, according to the popular notions, a history of the creation of the gods, and then, devoting themselves to the particular history of one nation, they detail the nature and origin and progress of Greece. The Greeks believed themselves to be the favored people of Heaven; the mighty heroes, the ancestors of their race, were allied to, and descended from the gods; not a hill-top in their land, not a river nor a fountain, but was the favored abode of some deity. Their faith, though not based on truth, was sincere and deep, and seems to deserve our respect and our earnest consideration.

It is with such views that we must examine the Greek and Roman mythology. In the former we shall find, it is true, a few passages which should be sealed up from the student; but they are very rare, and do not appear to have been dictated by impure minds. In general, their best writers are singularly free from the charge of indecency; — their own thoughts were evidently unsullied; they degraded not their own mythology by rendering it the exciter of unholy passions; they descended not from the lofty station they occupied, as the interpreters of the gods, to minister at the altars of indecency and wantonness.

It was this trait in the classic mythology which rendered it so highly poetical. With the Greeks, all that belonged to poetry belonged also peculiarly to religion. The same name was applied in their language to the prophet and the bard; and they hailed the fancies of the poet as revelations from their gods. Hence, as the Grecian bard sang the praises of the immortals,

* This is a more favorable view than most entertain of heathen mythology; yet, so far as it may be relied upon, it reproves the impiety of many nominal Christians. — ED.

the lively minds of that gifted race welcomed and repeated the beautiful fictions, which added new charms to their religion. In man's connection with the outward world, they beheld his communion with the gods. Was a fair youth drowned in the dark waters of the sea? It was the tutelary nymphs who, enamored of his beauty, had carried him down to their blissful abodes, to enjoy with them an eternity of happiness beyond the reach of the pains and sorrows of human life. Was the lovely maiden lost to her companions as she gathered flowers on the fields of *Ætna*? She was not dead; she was reigning in awful pomp over the world of shades, by the side of her stately consort, who had braved the hated light of the upper earth to win her. The fires that blazed from the unfathomed crater of the volcano, the planets that glittered in the firmament, the golden clouds bathed in the effulgence of the setting sun, the winds that wafted perfumes from the balmy south, or rushed in their terrors from the unknown north, the mysterious songs that echoed from the shores of *Ausonia*, the enchanted fruit that ripened in the garden of *Hesperides*, the trees that dropped amber on the banks of the king of rivers, were all intimately connected with this poetic religion, and spoke to man of his dependence on the gods.

To enlightened and reflecting worshippers, the word needed but to be spoken, which could explain the mystery of the universe, and make it plain that in every portion there was but the same all-pervading nature, which could reconcile the contradiction of the elements, and explain their union; which, like the key-stone of the universe, was to bind all in perfect and indissoluble order; and this word was God. Toward this grand idea, the religion of Greece seems to us to have been constantly verging; it beamed on the soul of *Socrates*; it hallowed the thoughts of *Plato*; it was not unknown to the vast mind of *Cicero*.

From the whole land of Greece, then, arose one universal sound of devotion and praise. The laborer worshipped his gods by his toils in the garden and the vineyard; offerings of praise ascended from all who were engaged in the different vocations of active life; from the shepherd, and the goatherd,

and the mariner; from the hunter who followed the moonlight chase over the hills; the virgins that revelled on the vine-clad steeps; the bards and the heroes who contended for the prize at Olympia; the warrior who rode triumphant over the field of carnage, and directed the storm of battle from his blood-dripping car.

Finally, the classic mythology was characterized by the grand ideas which it revealed, and through which it acted with almost incalculable power on the national mind, both in Greece and Rome. It distinctly taught the doctrine of immortal life after death; of happiness for the good, and punishment for the wicked. The belief in the soul's annihilation seems never to have been generally entertained in Greece. Homer speaks of a dim and shadowy existence, which continued after the termination of the present life, though not of a nature to console and cheer by the prospect.

Pindar, in his second Olympic, gives a beautiful picture of the habitation of the virtuous after death:

“ ————— they,
Alike by night, alike by day,
Behold the glory of the sun ;
Their lives unlaboring pass away ;
They harrow not with sinewy hands the ground,
Nor yet upturn the waters of the sea,
For empty aliment.
But in the blessed company
Of spirits by the gods with honor crowned,
Men who rejoiced to keep their oaths unshent,
Their days through tearless ages run.”

A LESSON IN DOING GOOD.

I WAS a rude boy and very fond of play. Every moment, when out of school, was given to some sport or another, and anything which stopped me in my games was borne with an ill temper.

One day, at tea, my mother directed me to take a small basket of food and some wood to a poor woman in a distant

part of the village; charging me to go at once, as she was sick and in great want. It was winter, and the ponds were covered with ice. While securing in a little basket my mother's gift, a group of schoolmates came along, on their way to the mill-pond, to slide. They called for me, and said they should have fine sport.

"Come, Charley!" they cried, "we are all waiting for you—come along!"

"I cannot go now," I replied; "I've got to take these things down to widow Long's."

"You would not catch me doing such business as *that*," said one; "I let people carry their own wood!"

"O," said another, "you have plenty of time to slide and do that too."

Little did I need urging; so, leaving the wood and basket, we were soon sliding on the pond.

The evening came on; it was moonlight, and the crusted snow shone like silver. There were many men and boys enjoying the sport, and the air rang with merry shouts as the skaters swiftly glided about, and the sliders tripped one another up.

At first conscience smote me for my selfish pleasure-seeking, for my mother's strict charge told me that it might be at the cost of another's suffering. This, however, was soon forgotten in the excuse that a few minutes would not matter; and in the joy of the occasion the village clock struck nine. It was then too late to go on the errand; so, hurrying home, I crept softly to bed, not caring to meet my parents.

At breakfast, next morning, my mother said to me, "Well, Charles, how did you find Mrs. Long, last night?"

My cheeks became quite red, and I made no answer. When the truth was known, I shall never forget the look of pain with which it was received.

"O!" my mother cried, "what may not that poor woman have suffered from your neglect! Gladly would I have gone myself, rather than left her thus."

Then, adding to the store of good things, she hurried me away. It was, however, no welcome task to me. I was unhappy, and was ready to blame the poor for *being* poor, and

thus giving others trouble. How colder than all other mornings seemed that, as I went on the forced mission of mercy! The cottage was at length reached; it was an old hut, with broken windows.

"Does widow Long live here?" I asked of a strange-looking man who came to the door.

"Yes! first door at the right hand, at the head of the stairs."

Those narrow, rickety stair-cases; how plainly I seem to see them now! Rapping at the door, a feeble voice said, "Come in!" I entered, and what a scene! All alone, on her lowly, thinly-covered cot, lay the aged woman, helpless from pain and age, with no food, no fire, and the snow, sifted by the winds through the loose windows, had fallen on the floor. This was a new scene to me, brought up, as I had been, in the midst of plenty. My heart was deeply touched.

"Here are some things my mother sent you," said I, showing the basket.

"O, thank the Lord!" she said, lifting her hands in deep feeling. "How good he is to raise me up such a friend; and how kind your mother is to send these things! And I need them so much *just now*! But our heavenly Father knows what we need, and the best time to give it to us. Last night, I lay here so cold and faint, without food, and no one to help; it seemed as if I should starve. But I called on my Saviour, and, late in the evening, the man who lives below, a poor drinking man, came in with some wood, and made me up a fire, and got me a good bowl of porridge. He could not do much for me, he is so poor himself; but it was so strange that *he* should do it. O, it was the Lord's doings, and I praise him for it!"

"I have brought some wood for you, too," said I; "and it is at the door; let me get it and make you a fire!"

"Thank you! thank you!"

That scene of poverty and piety had wrought a sudden change in my feelings, and I hastened for the wood, with mingled emotions of self-reproach for my hard-hearted neglect, and joy in being able to do anything for one so pious and so needy. That face — calm, trustful, grateful, even amid the sufferings

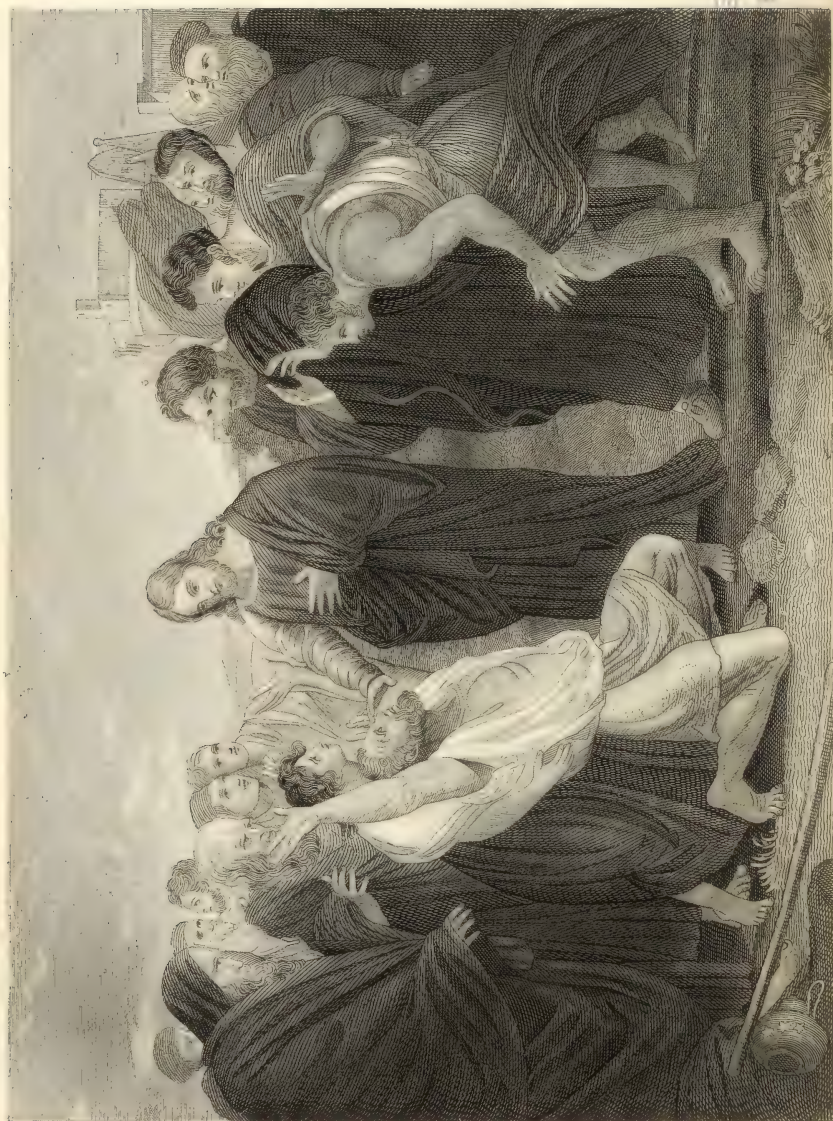
of dying old age and the discomfort of the gloomy chamber — beamed on me like a star amid thick darkness.

As the fire threw its faint warmth over the room, the aged woman called me to her bedside, to thank me again and again for what I had done. “I cannot reward you,” said she, with falling tears; “but God can!” Then she prayed — O how fervently! — that I might “grow up to be a pious man, and through faith in Jesus Christ become an heir of heaven.” Is it strange if the prayer of such an one, at such a time, moved the soul of the wayward boy? Never, in after life, could he listen to the tale of want without the stirrings of sorrow, and the desire to afford timely relief.

FLOWERS OF THE ALMOND AND OF THE PEACH.

WE are indebted to “The Horticulturist” for the beautiful designs, which we here present, of the double white flowering Almond and of the double crimson flowering Peach. Among flowering shrubs, these are favorites for their delicacy and beauty. They produce such a profusion of blossoms, that their branches present the appearance of wreaths of flowers. They were originally obtained in China, and imported to this country, by way of England, six or seven years ago. The plants are about as hardy as our common peach; are propagated and cultivated in a similar manner. “Their great value,” says the Journal, to which we have referred, “consists in the novelty of their colors — *pure white* and *deep crimson*, quite distinct from the pale rose or peach blossom of the old sorts. Flowering side by side, they produce a fine effect, and commend themselves to a place in all ornamental plantations, where the climate is not unfavorable to the peach. Where the peach-blossoms are generally killed, they will, of course, be of no value unless protected. The flowers of both are semi-double; that is, they have several rows of petals, and show some stamens in the centre.”

STB
MAY
1871





THE HOVEY'S SEEDLING STRAWBERRY.

A PARAPHRASE.

WORDS BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

MUSIC BY B. F. BAKER.

Andante.

Fine.

VOICE.

1. This earth, it is beau - ti - ful,
 2. Whence then are those long - ings of high - born
 3. Why gleam in sweet beau - ty on

But can it be said 'tis our be - - ing's rest? That
 hope, Which leap forth like an - gels from hu - - man hearts, To
 sky, Like things of a ho - li - er, pur - - er birth, I'll

ACCOMP.

A PARAPHRASE, Concluded.

life at the best is a bub - ble of air, Thrown up on E - ter - ni - ty's O - cean-breast, To
 strength - en the soul with its foes to cope, And ward off the mal - ice of sa - tan's darts; And
 arch of the bow, with its sev - en - fold dye, And cloud - lets, whose tint - ings are not of earth, And

glit - ter a - while with a rain - - - bow hue, Then van - ish for - ever from hu - - man view.
 why, though un - re - al - ized live they still, Through years of de - crip - tude, pain and ill.
 then, on their va - po - ry wings de - part, To leave a sad void in the yearning heart.
 [See other stanzas on next page.]

D. C.

Why hold in calm beauty round midnight's throne
The stars their magnificent festival,
To mock with their splendors of wealth unknown
The mind that would gladly explore them all ;
Each seeming afar like a thinking globe,
With lustre and glory its folding robe ?

Or why do life's sweetly enchanting forms
Of beauty and loveliness fade so soon ;
While love, which the heart of affection warms,
Is chilled into grief o'er the fading boon,
To deluge our breasts with its icy flow,
Like an Alpine torrent of frost and snow ?

We're fashioned no doubt for a surer rest,
Where never the Emerald bow shall fade,
Where stars, like calm isles on the ocean's breast,
Shall be to our wondering gaze outspread,
And the beautiful beings that mock us here
Shall gladden for aye, in that nobler sphere.

CHRIST RESTORING SIGHT TO THE BLIND

[See Engraving, and Mark 8 : 22—26.]

THE fame of the Saviour's preaching and miracles extended through Palestine, and wherever he went gathered about him the afflicted for healing and consolation. During the last year of his earthly ministry, just before he departed finally from Galilee for Jerusalem, to celebrate the Feast of Tabernacles, he entered Bethsaida, a city of that country, near the northern shore of the Sea of Tiberias. The news of his arrival spread rapidly, and reached the ears of a poor blind man, well known in that city, where he had been often seen led by another's hand, or alone thumping his staff upon the hard ground at every step, to catch in the reverberating sound the idea of safety or of danger.

In his affliction, he had heard that Jesus of Nazareth preached, in fulfilment of prophecy, "the restoring of sight to the blind," and that he had lately healed a "great multi-

tude" of "lame, blind, dumb, and maimed," in a town in that district, called Decapolis, whom their friends brought and laid down at his feet. "There may be," thought he, "a kind providence in the visit of this Master in Israel. It is possible that he may once more enable me to behold the sun, moon, and stars, the blooming face of nature, and the smiling countenances of my kindred and countrymen. I will apply to him for help. Guide me," he cried, "to this stranger, that I may beseech him to interpose in my behalf."

A few moments later, and he stands in the august presence of the Son of God, and cries, "Lord, remove this grievous blindness!" His friends repeat the prayer. It enters that ear which is ever open to hear, and moves the heart which delights in compassion.

Jesus takes him by the hand, leads him from the busy and crowded mart into the suburbs of the city, where grateful shades, velvet lawns, and blooming gardens, add to the variety and natural beauty of the scene, and there, in the free air and beneath heaven's blue arch, he stops and looks upon him with pity. The blind man kneels by his side, and in prayer and expectation stretches out his hands towards heaven. In the thronging multitude are Christ's apostles, and others whom curiosity or faith inclined to follow him.

Jesus, standing in calm dignity, moistens his eyelids, to enable him to open them when the film is removed, and the light falls upon his sightless balls. He gently touches them with his finger, and inquires, "Seest thou aught?"

The man, looking on the multitude who press around him in their anxiety to witness the miracle, replies, "I see men as trees walking;" that is, I see, but so indistinctly that I cannot distinguish a man from a tree. Wonderful skill in the exercise of miraculous power! Christ could have restored his sight in a moment, and by a word; yet in that case the evidence of the miracle, and of course of his Messiahship, might have been less influential and persuasive with the astonished multitude. Another application of those fingers, from the touch of which such a mysterious energy proceeds, enables him to see "every man clearly."

Imagination naturally represents this man returning to the city, leaping for joy, and proclaiming the result: "Behold I see! Jesus of Nazareth has opened mine eyes. O that all would hasten to him! He has eyes for the blind, ears for the deaf, tongues for mutes, health for the sick, and life for the dead."

But God's ways are not like ours. The meekness of Jesus sought no notoriety, no personal advantage by this miracle. He would not have his name heralded as a distinguished oculist. He was a peace-maker, and therefore he would not have the man whose sight had been restored, return and proclaim the miracle in Bethsaida, lest that proclamation should kindle the hatred of the Pharisees to burning wrath. He took away occasion from those who sought it. "He sent him away to his own house," that he might there be more free from exposure, have a better opportunity to render to God the praises due for so wonderful an interposition of divine power and love, and to grow in the knowledge and grace of God. He goes to his dwelling, and there publishes the result.

" ' Mercy, O thou son of David ! '
Thus blind Bartimeus prayed ;
' Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid.'
Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still ;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
' Come and ask me what you will.'

O ! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around ;
' Friends, is not my case amazing ?
What a Saviour I have found !
O ! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me !
Surely would they listen to him,
He would cause them all to see.' "

[TO LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.]

THE LOST CHILDREN.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

My young reader, can you repeat the fifth commandment? I hope so, for it contains a blessed promise to those who keep it. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." All children are fond of life, and pleased with the idea that many years will pass before they lay their bodies in the grave; but many little boys, and girls too, have lost their lives by disobeying this command. You have, no doubt, often heard of children who, in direct opposition to their parents' wishes and positive commands, have gone upon the water in a boat, or upon the ice, and been instantly drowned. I now propose to give you an account of two children, a brother and sister, who came near dying in consequence of their disobedience.

James and Henrietta were the only children of Mr. Stillman, a farmer in N——. James was seven, and Henrietta five years of age. They had been carefully taught God's holy commands, and, generally, were loving, obedient children. One afternoon, in July, Mr. Stillman, with his men, was going to a field, about a quarter of a mile from the house, to rake up and get in a large load of hay, which was dry upon the ground. Henrietta begged that she and her brother might accompany them, and, her father having readily consented, the kind mother hastily wrapped in a paper some gingerbread for their luncheon, and lifted them into the hay-cart, which was just starting off. "Come home if you are too warm," said she, speaking after them; "but be sure not to go beyond the field, or out of sight of the men."

James readily promised obedience, and then turned to his sister, who was laughing aloud in her glee. They soon arrived at the bars, where they jumped from the cart, and amused themselves pleasantly, for more than an hour, in following their father,

as he raked after the men who were loading, occasionally finding a stray bunch, which they gayly carried to the cart. At length they grew warm and weary; and, while the cart was driving slowly home to unload, they went to the shady side of a large cock of hay, where they ate their cake, and soon fell asleep.

When Mr. Stillman returned, his first thought was for his little ones; but he smiled when he saw them lying so peacefully side by side, and, having thrown over them his linen jacket, hurried to another part of the field. One of the men pointed out to him a small cloud in the west, which increased so rapidly, that the farmer and his faithful assistants soon forgot everything in their eager desire to get the well-dried hay safely housed before the shower reached them. The field was now alive with running to and fro, and many shouts of encouragement, as one cock after another was quickly disposed of. When they reached the place where he saw the children asleep, Mr. Stillman saw that they had arisen, and had not a doubt but they had gone home. Their arduous labors were successful; for, notwithstanding many anxious glances cast at the darkening sky, the wish expressed by the good farmer seemed to be granted,—“If it would only hold up ten minutes longer;” for, just at the expiration of that time, the sturdy oxen, all in a foam from their haste, entered the large barn, when the windows of heaven were opened, and the rain descended in torrents.

As they drove into the yard, Mr. Stillman noticed his wife gazing anxiously from the door, and called out “All’s well,” supposing her anxiety was for him.

She ran out through the long wood-shed, into the barn, saying, “I expected you would be wet through. But where are the children?” she added, suddenly checking herself, as she saw they were not on the hay.

“The children!” exclaimed the father; “why, are they not at home?—they left the field nearly an hour ago.”

He followed her quickly into the house, when they searched every room, calling, constantly, “James!” “Henrietta!” but there was no reply. The poor mother was almost distracted; while the father eagerly related where he had last seen them, and wondered where they could be.

The lightning was almost terrific ; while the heavy peals of thunder, following instantly, showed the shower was very near. The rain still continued violent, though not as heavy as at first, when it seemed to come down in sheets of water ; but the anxious father lost not a moment in imparting the knowledge of his loss to his men, when they readily volunteered to accompany him in his search for them. It was with great difficulty Mrs. Stillman could be persuaded to remain at home, and words could hardly describe the agony of the hours which followed.

We must turn from this, and also from the wearisome, heart-rending labor of the poor father, and inquire what has become of James and his sister. When they awoke, the sun was overcast, and, finding it much cooler, they rambled to the end of their father's enclosure. This was surrounded by a low stone wall, and beyond this was a dense forest of oak.

"How pleasant it looks in there!" said James; "I wish we could get over the wall."

"Mother told us not to go away," replied the little girl.

"But she would n't care if we just sat in the shade of the trees; the sun will soon shine again; and there it looks so shady! Come, I'll help you over."

They were soon under the trees; and then, lured by the pleasant music of a gurgling brook, they wandered slowly on. After amusing themselves for some time, by throwing stones into the water, they were startled by a loud peal of thunder, which seemed to burst directly over their heads. For a moment they cowered to the earth in their affright, and then sprang up to go to their father, when the rain came pouring through the trees, and soon drenched them. They ran back and forth, forgetting which way they had come into the forest, at the same time calling loudly for their father. Unconsciously, they were going further and further from home; and, at length, hoarse from their prolonged cry, and hopeless of finding the right path, they sank upon the ground, clinging closer and closer to each other at every new flash of lightning or loud peal of thunder. They had both ceased crying, and were silent for a few moments, though their young hearts beat wildly at the

danger which every moment threatened them. At length, James spoke. "It seems," said he, softly, "just as if God was angry with me for disobeying mother. I can almost hear him say so in the loud thunder." Henrietta began to sob again.

"Stop, sissy," said he, solemnly; "I'm going to tell him how sorry I am, and ask him to please forgive me." He bent his knees, and, clasping his hands, offered a simple prayer; while Ella tried to restrain her sobs, that she, too, might pray.

"O, God," lisped the penitent child, "forgive me, a poor wicked boy, for disobeying my mother! O, don't let me and my dear sister die here in the woods; but please show my father where we are, and then he will take us home!"

Soon after this, the children were seized with shivering, from their wet garments; and, at length, the little girl was so much exhausted that she sank into a state between faintness and sleep. But James bravely choked back his tears, and, as long as he could see, watched the form of his sister, as she lay against his shoulder. He had been taught that God heareth the prayer of penitent children; and there was inexpressible comfort to him in the thought that he was not alone in the forest, for God, his heavenly Father, was near. It was quite dark, when he saw a faint glimmer of light from a lantern; and, presently, the welcome sound of his father's voice made him spring from the ground in delight.

"Father! father! here we are!" he shouted back, and soon he sprang into his father's arms.

Poor little Henrietta heard nothing of the joyful shouts which announced to the company of men behind that "the lost were found," for, until morning, she lay in a dreadful stupor, from which nothing could rouse her; and this was succeeded by a long and severe fit of sickness, from which, however, she at length recovered. Had I time, I should like to tell you of the joy of the mother when her children were restored, and also of the sadness and anxious care occasioned by the little girl's sickness; but can only speak of the sorrow of James, who never forgot that all this was in consequence of his disobedience. He had long ago asked his mother to forgive him, and

he hoped God had done so; but, as night after night he listened to his dear sister's groans, and saw his parents anxious and fearful as to the result, he thought he could never forgive himself. Upon his knees he made many resolutions, never, no, *never* again, even in ever so small a thing, to break the fifth commandment; and it is to be hoped that God helped him to keep this promise, for he became, from that time, a dutiful and obedient child, honoring his father and his mother in all that he did.

Dear children, let the example of James prompt you to a ready and cheerful obedience to all your parents' requirements; then you will avoid the agony which was his when he thought his sister would die, in consequence of his disobedience.

SYMPATHY.

SWEET is the comfort which sympathy lends
To those who in truth are true-hearted friends;
Those who are sinking in sorrow and grief
In sympathy's ministry find relief.

Troubles may come, and we sink with their weight,
While many dark hours may be our sad fate;
Yet, if sympathy's near, with a beaming ray,
'T will cheer our sad spirits, and brighten our way.

Our sorrows are made more easy to bear,
Our pleasures are raised, with those whom we share:
The reason is plain, — yes, plain unto me —
Our thoughts are made buoyant by sweet sympathy.

What sweet consolation 't is, ever to find
Those who are always true-hearted and kind!
They to us are much more lovely and dear,
For the free, gentle flow of sympathy's tear.

Ch. Mirror.

CHRISTIAN SELF-DENIAL.

BY REV. PROF. E. A. LAWRENCE.

SELF-DENIAL is the practical protestantism of benevolence against selfishness — the warfare of Christ in the soul against whatever opposes the universality or sovereignty of his sway. The apostle summarily expresses it when he says, "For the grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men; teaching us that denying ungodliness and every worldly lust, we should live soberly, and righteously, and godly, in this present world." The essence of ungodliness is self-indulgence, or *selfishness*. Its antagonism is Christian self-denial.

It is also a condition of discipleship. "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." And, "if any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brothers and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." Who, then, can be his disciple? He only who maintains the conflict of holiness with sin; in whom the *new* self, created by the Spirit, is denying and destroying the old and corrupt one. See the test applied by Him who gave it. One came and said unto him, "Good master, what shall I do that I may have eternal life? And he said unto him, Go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions." His construction of the law allowed him to worship in peace the idol enthroned in his heart. But here is an application which transfers the scene from the outward to the inner man. It brings the test to the ruling passion. It requires the thing which he loves supremely, perhaps the only thing which he would not barter away for the assured hope of eternal life. This is the cross that he cannot take up. It discloses to him the fact that he loves money more than his neighbor — more

than God. He went away sorrowful, but he went away. There was an apparent conflict, but selfishness prevailed.

How sweet by the side of this self-indulgence is the poor widow's self-denial! She was in extreme penury. Two mites were all her living. If she gives them she may suffer; yet she gives them freely. Perhaps she afterwards earns four mites, and gives two more; and then earns six, and gives four. But what if she does suffer? It is for the noblest of objects. And suffering is the badge of discipleship, and the means of sanctification.

This spirit of self-denial is the spirit of Christ and of his cross. It is higher than the love of money, deeper than the love of kindred, and stronger than the love of life. With the apostles it allowed no compromise with selfishness, or concession to the world. Without it, they felt that they could not take the first step in following Him whose life was one protracted bearing of the cross. They regarded ease and love of the world as turning away from the cross, not taking it up; as giving indulgence to worldly lusts, not denying them. They not only bore the cross, but bound it closely to their hearts. By it they were crucified to the world; upon it, the world was crucified unto them.

And, in this cross-bearing, they were eminent exemplifiers of the Christian doctrine, the vital centre of which is the cross of Him who "tasted death for every man." Though Lord of all worlds, he had not where to lay his head. He, who thought it not robbery to be equal with God, made himself of no reputation, "took upon him the form of a servant, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." How could so self-denying a Teacher have other than self-denying disciples? Were the demands of selfishness never for one moment able to turn him aside from his work? — looking unto Him when tempted, they opposed to them the same firm denial. Selfishness claimed of them an indulgence in ease, incompatible with their character as disciples; and they denied it. It solicited them to avoid the reproach and suffering attendant on their manner of life, by giving up the object which exposed them to it; and they denied it. It asked them to remove the offence of

the cross by softening its doctrines into a practical admission that they are foolishness; and they denied it. It offered a gratification to the fleshly appetites which would weaken their powers of mental and moral activity in their work; and they denied it. It held out lures to that parsimony which hoards its gains, or that prodigality which squanders them, either of which would turn their means of good into the ministers of sin. But they looked to Jesus, and *abjured and denied it all*. They ate and drank sparingly, because they did neither for pleasure, but for health and the glory of God. They were clad in simple apparel, as becometh godliness, because they were clothed not for ostentation, pride, or fashion, but for propriety and comfort's sake. They looked to the cross, and beheld the one great Victim an offering and sacrifice unto God for the redemption of the world; and, by every consideration of duty, and gratitude, and love, they were impelled to lay upon the same altar their costliest offerings, and their most precious treasures.

The closer their self-denials came to the heart, the higher rose their moral value as testimonials of love, and as means to their great end. Their ardent desire for the glory of Christ, and the advancement of his kingdom, well-nigh destroyed every vestige of selfishness. They laid their convenience, and comfort, and reputation, and health, yea, and their own life, also, upon the altar of sacrifice. "I protest," says the apostle Paul, "I die daily. In labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." O, how touching is this tale of self-denial! What an epitome of his sublime conflict with self in the prosecution of his divine calling!

Every age of the church has furnished some such illustrious

examples of the same sweet grace. It was self-denial in Moses to refuse to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, making himself heir to the reproach of Christ and affliction with the people of God. It was self-denial in Abraham to lay his son, his only son Isaac, whom he loved, upon the altar of sacrifice. It was self-denial in Gordon Hall to decline from the East India Company a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, to leave his missionary work and act as their interpreter. It was the spirit of a similar self-denial in the mother of John Wesley, who, when asked if she regretted devoting her son to such a life of toil, and opposition, and reproach, replied, "If I had ten sons, I would give them all to Christ in the same work." "While I mused on these things," said Mary Lyon, "my heart seemed ready to sink under its load, and I fled away to the cross of Christ, that there my weak and fainting spirit might find support, comfort, and guidance. Then I looked up and cried, 'My Redeemer! make me to know the fellowship of thy sufferings, make me conformable to thy death.' Then, under the banner of the Saviour's dying love, I felt it to be the most precious privilege in the universe to *deny myself*, to take up my cross, and to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

It is not so much a doctrine or sense of duty in such followers of Christ, that occasions this abnegation of self, as it is a high Christian sentiment which gives form and life to both doctrine and duty, and makes self-denial a part of one's very being. It proceeds not so much from the example of their Master, as from a divine *oneness* with him which destroys all divisive and enfeebling influences, and brings the whole energies, as a unit-power, directly to the work of saving sinners. For this they may be cast out as "the filth of the world, and the offscouring of all things." But they are not ashamed of the Gospel, for they count the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. They take joyfully the spoiling of their goods; and cast a glorious contempt upon riches and reputation, when these will not subserve their high design. Their fearlessness of death, and their defiant courage in assailing the powers of darkness, are only the purer forms of that

divine life, which in every true disciple is the germ of martyrdom. Whatever will not contribute to this end, they pass by as worthless. Whatever tends to attract them from it, or enfeeble their powers of accomplishing it, they resist as an enemy.

This spirit of self-denial is not, in such disciples, the reluctant obedience to a law which they dread, but the sweet tribute of affection to a Master whom they adore, and to a cause dearer than life. They cannot help denying themselves, when not to do it is to deny Christ. They cannot help laboring to their utmost, when labor has the noblest object and the richest reward. They cannot help giving all their living, when they see so clearly that what they withhold for self-indulgence is lost, and only what they give is secure, and an augmenting treasure in heaven. To such disciples, when the harvest is so plenteous, and the laborers are so few, ease and indulgence would be the heaviest cross. To be compelled to stand as *idlers* on the borders of the whitening field, would be to them the most cruel of all crucifixions.

PRACTICAL THOUGHT.

NONE are so likely to maintain watchful guard over their hearts and lives, as those who know the comfort of living in near communion with God. They feel their privilege, and will fear losing it. They will dread falling from their high estate, and marring their own comforts, by bringing clouds between themselves and Christ. He that goes on a journey with a little money about him takes little thought of danger, and cares little how late he travels. He, on the contrary, that carries gold and jewels, will be a cautious traveller; he will look well to his roads, his horse, and his company, and run no risks. The fixed stars are those that tremble most. The man that most fully enjoys the light of God's reconciled countenance, will be a man tremblingly afraid of losing its blessed consolations; and jealously fearful of doing anything to grieve the Holy Ghost. — *Ryle*.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

BY MRS. P. P. SOMPAYRAC.

My dear friends, sisters, and fellow-laborers in a great and noble work, my attention has recently been much drawn towards a subject upon which I beg to speak to you through this medium, so particularly devoted to our interests. I would do so, not, as is too often the case, as one standing apart and viewing with a cold and critical eye the difficulties which surround us, and the failures to which we are subject, but with a heart warm with sympathy, and an appreciation which experience has, perhaps, made just and perfect, of all the daily and hourly trials of our lot. It may be that the eye of many a mother, full of anxieties for her children, will peruse the lines which I am now tracing. Wearied with maxims which she has found it difficult to apply, discouraged by the little progress she has *seemed* to make, she will say, "Ah! all this appears easy to them, but almost impossible for me."

My friend, I can understand you, for I, too, have felt this. My own little ones look up with their tender, loving eyes into mine, for counsel or reproof. I, too, "am building for eternity." Yet, it is the "patient continuance in well-doing" only, which elicits the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" "He who hath been faithful in little, will also be faithful in much."

It is no new thing to exclaim at the hollowness of society. We are prepared by bitter experience to look for but little reality in its professions, but little justice in its censures; yet, have you never thought how often, even in private life, the simple moral precept to speak the truth is violated?—how few are the persons upon whose word you can implicitly rely?—how small the number in whom you have never detected the slightest variation from it? Be assured perfect veracity is a rarer virtue than we may at first suppose.

I will not speak of the lustre which it bestows upon charac-

ter, the delightful repose felt in the society of one whom it adorns, because we all understand and feel this. I would rather turn your attention to what may be one of the probable causes of this lamentable want of integrity. We all know that our children are, under the providence of God, much what we make them; that their capacities were placed in our care to develop and train, and while the natural inclination and tendency of them is to evil, yet, by watchful, prayerful attention, they may be guided in the right way; and it is a part of the beautiful, holy faith of a mother, a part of her rich reward while on earth, to believe that the seed sown by her hand, and watered by the dews of heaven, which descend in answer to her prayers, will spring up and bear fruit. How important, then, that the right direction should early be given to these young plants which we are training to blossom in heaven! And may we not fear that, in many cases where they have departed from the right course, we have been neglectful of our duty? To bring the subject to the point to which we have alluded, have we, remembering that life is made up of little things, in all its minutia, in all the details of our intercourse with our children, taught them the beauty and the obligations of *truth*? — always, under *ALL circumstances*, to look to us as examples in this respect, to rely implicitly upon our word, even in small matters?

Be assured that the ground-work of much evil lies hid in the deceptions which are often practised upon children, from a false notion of expediency. Take an every-day example. How often we hear some mother say, "Take this medicine, my child; it will not taste badly." The child takes the nauseous dose, and with it a lesson in deception, which, like the smallest of all seeds, becomes powerful in its consequences. It learns that its mother's word cannot be depended upon, and, in time, to practise upon others the deceit to which it has itself been a victim. Take another example: "I shall certainly punish you, if you disobey me." But no punishment follows. Or, "I will reward you." But no reward is intended.

You will say these are small things. They are of immense magnitude in their consequences. Little sins become great

ones if unchecked, and a child who departs from the truth in small things will, when grown, except under very judicious management, do it in great things. I believe that the remedy for all this, in so much as human means can avail, lies with mothers. We should, in the most minute affairs of life, speak the plain truth to our children, and never, from any false notions of expediency, disguise it. We cannot always say *all* the truth; it would not be wise to do so; but we can always make them understand why they should not expect this, and that they may rely on what we do say.

There are few mothers who do not teach the moral obligations of truth, but, unfortunately, all do not support it by their practice. There is another fruitful source of evil, even where this has been inculcated. No more effectual method of destroying the honorable sensitiveness of childhood can be devised, than unjust accusations. Never accuse a child of telling a falsehood until you are positive the sin has been committed. Do not let him feel that it is a guilt which he may incur with impunity; that it is a little thing to tell a lie; and make him feel its shame and guilt in every fibre of his heart when it is incurred. Let him know and feel that you *expect* nothing but the truth; and win by your generous confidence, until it is abused, his pride, every honorable feeling of his nature, to the support of his integrity.

You will say, "We know all this; why repeat to us what we have so often heard?" It is true. I am sure these same thoughts have presented themselves to many mothers. It is not for such that I write. But it is possible, among all those who shall read these lines, there may be one who has not thought seriously enough upon this subject; one who, in the quiet of her home, oppressed and wearied with the multitudinous calls upon her attention, weighed down by the responsibilities of her situation, will say, "I can conceive how men, impelled by some noble ambition, may nerve themselves up to the accomplishment of great objects. I occasionally feel myself a desire to do something which will leave the impress of my thought upon the world; but, ah! this daily and incessant

labor, unacknowledged and unknown, this constant watchfulness ! I fear I shall never succeed."

My friend, have you ever thought of the magnitude of the work you were about? Have you never felt that you, too, "were building for eternity," and that all merely human objects of ambition sink into insignificance by the side of this? Have you ever reflected that, like those tiny insects who build beneath the "tossing main," and mite by mite add to the rising fabric till the billows of the ocean strike against it in vain, your most trifling words of encouragement, your timely reproofs, even the glance of your eye, is forming a character whose force may shake the world? This is an age of misdirected effort. Some of our own sex, even, impelled by a restless yearning after notoriety, wearied with duties tiresome and monotonous, because imperfectly performed, have bartered the delicacy of their sex for a distinction which has oftener led to destruction than to happiness. How entirely have they mistaken the noble object of their existence! Be assured, a woman's true sphere of action is her home; her crown of glory is her children; her influence is like the air we breathe, unseen, but everywhere loaded with noxious vapors, or redolent with sunshine and perfume. Here her field of action is so wide that none of her energies need be cramped, none of her time unemployed. An action is none the less heroic, that crowds do not witness it; neither is the holy self-sacrifice of her who lovingly bears with the caprice and impatience of childhood, her watchings by the bed of pain, her silent and cheerful endurance of suffering for the sake of those whom she loves, less noble because the adulation of the world does not follow it. No one *can* be really happy, who does not live for a purpose worthy of the immortal nature which God destined to return to himself. It matters not so much how the world regards the action, as how He looks at it, who alone seeth the hearts of men; and it is really great, only as it is a conscientious conquest over selfish impulse, made in obedience to his revealed will and the law written in our hearts. If all our actions are indeed to be tried by this standard, how may the grandeur of Egypt, the glory of Greece, the proudest triumphs

of pen or pencil, sink into nothingness in comparison with yours, O, pious, prayerful, self-enduring mother ! Be of good courage. Labor earnestly, — “ Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little,” — with the blessing of God, you will at last hear Him, “ who knoweth our weakness,” say, “ She hath done what she could.”

FARMER'S GIRLS.

Up in the early morning,
Just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk of the dairy,
Turning the cows away;
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,
Making the beds up stairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Dusting the parlor chairs.

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,
Hunting the eggs at the barn,
Cleaning the turnips for dinner,
Spinning the stocking-yarn ;
Spreading the whitening linen
Down on the bushes below,
Ransacking every meadow
Where the red strawberries grow.

Starching the “ fixings ” for Sunday,
Churning the snowy cream,
Rinsing the pails and strainer
Down the running stream;
Feeding the geese and turkeys,
Making the pumpkin pies,
Jogging the little one's cradle,
Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion,
Music in every tone, .
Beauty in form and feature,
Thousands might covet to own;
Cheeks that rival spring roses,
Teeth, the whitest of pearls;
One of these country maidens is worth
A score of your city girls.

Ch. Intelligencer.

DECISION AND OPINION.

BY REV. WILLIAM BATES.

THERE are many moral and social questions of importance, respecting which multitudes have no definite and certainly no well-considered opinions. Some men have almost no fixed views on moral subjects ; others receive opinions on vital questions of moral right apparently by accident or chance ; others follow the general sentiments, the common belief, right or wrong. It is easier to take up an opinion expressed by some one else than diligently to examine for ourselves.

But whoever would have correct principles, or an earnest belief, or exert a positive, good influence, must make up his opinions after mature deliberation. The father or the mother who would worthily sustain the parental relation, must aim to possess definite and correct opinions on all the great questions relating to Christian education, and parental and filial duties. He who would make his influence felt in the community, must be a man of distinct opinions, of positive principles. A neutral is generally a man of little influence. Cowper's *Dubius* is a man to be despised —

“He would not with a peremptory tone
Assert the nose upon his face his own ;
With hesitation admirably slow,
He humbly hopes — presumes — it may be so.”

The man who speaks of virtues and vices as if there were no difference between them, who disregards moral distinctions as unimportant, and sneers at conscientious scruples as superstitious and timid fears, does much to loosen the foundations of morals and religion. There is a difference between truth and error. There are principles that are sound, and principles that are rotten. Consequently, the man who would be useful must draw lines of moral demarkation. Society is not benefited by those who are indifferent to moral questions, or by those who receive their opinions upon authority, or by acci-

dent, or who are on one side or the other of a great subject, as convenience or interest may prompt. Such men are not leaders — they only follow. Their influence is incidental, negative, more efficient for evil than for good.

The benefactors of society are those who think and who mean to think rightly; who recognize the importance of right principles as the basis of good character, and the foundation of right conduct; who believe that indifference to truth is sin; who make it a point of duty to investigate the leading moral questions that from time to time arise, and take a manly position on the side of truth.

If we would exert a good moral influence in the family or in the community, we must not only have correct opinions, but, in our place and sphere, and in appropriate ways, diffuse and maintain them. Not that we are to be active propagandists of all our sentiments, nor assume to be infallible, nor persecute those who differ from us. Yet this much is required: that our moral opinions shall appear, and that we shall personally be faithful to our own convictions and principles. To do less than this, is to give up one of the appointed methods of influence; is to be contented with a low and unworthy position; is to lack in fidelity to truth and to our own conscience.

ENDEAVOR to make your husband's habitation alluring and delightful to him. Make it a repose from his cares, a home for his heart. Invariably adorn yourself with delicacy and modesty. Let your husband suppose you think him a good husband, and it will be a strong stimulus to his being so. Cultivate cheerfulness and good-humor. In the article of dress, study your husband's tastes. Conceal his faults, and speak only of his virtues. Shun extravagance. Let your home be your empire, your world. In its sober, quiet scenes, let your heart cast its anchor, let your feeling and pursuit be entered. — *Christian Advocate.*

ALICE LEE'S CHOICE.

BY MAY MEADOWS.

"WHERE are my daughters?" said Mr. Elliott, as he entered the pleasant parlor, where his maiden sister, his housekeeper, was knitting. The room looked very inviting in the gathering twilight, the soft carpet flecked with silver spots as the moon glanced through the vine-leaves. But he hastened out, as she replied, "You will find them in their favorite haunt, just beyond the brook, I think. They have been absent but a few minutes."

He crossed the little bridge that spanned a gurgling stream below the garden, and skirted the edge of the wood. He heard the low sound of their voices, and, with a father's love welling in his heart, could but pause to admire them, as, with the grace of young fawns, they reclined beneath the bushes.

As he stood there, his heart thrilled with no deeper love as he turned from the sweet face of Alice Lee, to the brilliant, radiant countenance of his own regal Bell. For, in that dark year of bitter experience, when he drank the cup of sorrow to its very dregs,—when he saw the two best beloved of earth, his heart's chosen one, and his favorite and widowed sister, go down the dark valley,—he clasped the little, lonely orphan Alice, with his own motherless one, in the same embrace, as sacred mementos of the dear departed. And the fountain of his affection had ever overflowed for them both.

The white brow and curling auburn locks of Alice were counterparts of his own, and her soft hazel eyes wore the same expression of sweet thoughtfulness, that had ever made his so beautiful; while the midnight eyes of Bell, flashing beneath a haughty brow, and the slight curve of selfishness in the beautiful lips, marked the predominance of other blood. The sad memories, so busy with his heart as he stood there, and the harassing cares of the day, cast a shade on his brow. He approached, and, seating himself near, cheerfully addressed

them. But the shadow escaped not the watchful eyes of Alice.

"Think you, I shall not be lonely while you are gone? that I shall not miss the carols of my birds, and the tender acts of love which charm my life, my children? Here," he continued, as he placed a roll of bank-notes in the hands of each, "I believe is enough for all your expenditures; you may need more; if so, you will notify me. But I think, with a little economy, this will prove sufficient."

"How I detest that word 'economy,' especially on such a trip as this!" said Bell, with some acrimony.

Alice cast an imploring glance at her ungrateful companion, but with a smile replied, "Father, I hope Bell's coronet will come in good time. What a glorious patron she will make! for the word 'economy' will not be in her vocabulary. But, father," continued she, as she caught the look of deepening sadness that clouded his face, "I am really afraid you have distressed yourself to indulge us."

"Never fear, Alice," said he, as he fondly kissed her brow; "you know I promised you this more than a year ago; for I was well aware how great was the sacrifice you then made. Yet it seemed impossible to provide for you, then; and I am rejoiced to gratify you now; so enjoy this excursion as much as possible, and as you deserve, my darling."

Alice was silent a moment; but, as Mr. Elliott rose to leave them, she clasped his hand, and exclaimed, "Ah, my dear father, do not deceive us; there surely is something you conceal."

"You must not pry too closely," said he, assuming a gayety he did not feel, and turning away; but he could not evade her vigilance.

"Father," said Alice, "if you do not wish to mar my happiness, you will not keep me in doubt, for I shall magnify it to something really frightful."

"Well, my child, since you persist in knowing, I will tell you. Nurse Nancy, in great distress, called me, as I passed her cottage, to-night. She has just received a letter from Jamie, who is very ill, and he prays she will send him money

to reach home, that he may die in her arms. He has contracted debts in California, in consequence of his illness, and the amount he requires to liquidate them, and his expenses home, will be quite large. Of course, there is no one to appeal to but me; and, as I scarcely see how I am to furnish the money, I have felt a little dispirited."

"You never will receive a farthing in return for your kindness to them," said Bell, angrily. "It is shameful to send such a petition, when you advised and urged him to remain here; for he well knows you, and you only, can help him. How could he have a heart to do it?"

"Do not censure him too hard, Bell, for I believe his was a good, though a mistaken, motive. He fancied, like a thousand others, he should accumulate immense wealth. I have no doubt the desire to recompense father for his generosity was the greatest inducement. Poor fellow! I feel for him, and his aged mother, too. How distressed she must be! But, father, will you believe me when I say I shall be far happier to remain at home, and let these flow into another channel?" said Alice, as she attempted to place the bank-notes in his hand.

"No, daughter," returned Mr. Elliott, "I shall resist all your pleading. I know all you would say; but the disappointment would be greater than you suppose. It would outweigh, I fear, the pleasure derived from doing what you deem your duty. I know how you have anticipated this tour. Why, the very mention of sublime Niagara has brought a fresh glow to your cheek. There will be some way provided for me, in this exigency, I doubt not. I did not wish to mar your pleasure, my children, by this knowledge; but you know there is no escape for me when the curiosity of Alice is excited," said he, smiling, as he left them.

Scarcely had the sound of his footsteps died away on the rustic bridge, when Bell exclaimed, "Truly, this is vexing! In the first place, I am not satisfied with the sum he has given me, and intended to sue for more; but in that I am frustrated by all this trouble concerning Jamie, whom I sincerely wish in Hades."

"Why, Bell," said Alice, completely shocked by her heart-

lessness, "you forget yourself; you surely do not mean what you say. Sister dear, calm yourself. Think you, shall we not be far happier to remain at home? This sum would assist father so much."

"Remain at home," answered Bell, harshly, "I would not to save the life of a score like Jamie, when by so doing I should forfeit the society of Percy Carleton. You may, if you please, Alice; but I do not know of a single thing that would tempt me to forego this anticipated pleasure."

"I confess I have thought much of the enjoyment to be derived in listening to his conversation," said Alice, timidly, "called forth by the enthusiastic appreciation of the sublime scenes we should visit. O, how his countenance glows! His soul was filled to overflowing with the exquisite sense of beauty such a sunset as last evening inspires."

"I should judge, some 'exquisite sense' had lent a glow to your face," said Bell, bitterly, as she caught a glance of Alice's speaking eyes. "One would think you in love."

"Hush, sister!" returned Alice, deprecatingly; "you must admire, as much as I, the noble qualities that form the character of Percy Carleton."

"As for the glow of his countenance, you speak of so enthusiastically, Alice, I like the glow of his gold far better; and the most noble qualities of mind and heart fall in the shadow of those noble lands that border on the glorious Hudson."

"Dear Bell," replied Alice, putting her white arms around her sister's neck, "do not so value such trifles. I fear, to your sorrow, you will one day learn how little of real happiness they produce. I should prize the acquaintance of Mr. Carleton no less, did I know him to be penniless."

"And I am quite sure," returned the haughty girl, "he would rapidly sink in my estimation. Alice, your philosophy is not sound; at least, 't is not the kind for me. I only judge as the world does. You know, as well as I, man's worth is measured, not by his heart, but by his purse. I merely strive to rise to the recognized standard."

"O, Bell, Bell, you are — you must be wrong! The world is not all evil; that is the judgment of the few, not of the mass

— the few, who rather remain below the clouds, than soar above, without the golden weight that enthralls them. But, sister mine, if you do not feel you can deny yourself this pleasure, will you assist me in carrying out my plan of remaining at home? Father will leave, you know, to-morrow morn, for the city, before the time appointed for our departure, and need know nothing of my decision till it is too late; and then, I trust, I can reconcile him,” said the sweet girl, with a smile on her lips. “I have not a desire to go now, as circumstances are,” she continued, with a sigh; “and shall be far happier, notwithstanding father’s opinion, in doing what I believe to be my duty. For yourself, you will be your own judge.”

“Of course I will,” answered Bell, haughtily; “and, allow me to say, you are a foolish girl, forever to thrust that hideous monster, duty, as a barrier to a thousand innocent pleasures. Thank Heaven, my moral perceptions are not so acute as to render myself and all others miserable. But I am willing to assist you, all I am able, if you persist in your determination,” she continued, more mildly, as she saw a tear glisten in the soft eyes that were gazing at her so steadily.

As they returned to the house, the heart of Alice Lee was as calm and pure as the water-lily reposing on the unruffled bosom of the lake, conscious she was walking in the right path — the path of rectitude; while Bell was harassed by conflicting emotions, in which selfishness and vanity were crushing the feeble strivings of her better nature.

How little did either imagine that the ear of Percy Carleton had heard all! In the shadowy glade, 'neath the thick foliage of an overhanging oak, he was there before them, and was about to join their company, as they seated themselves on the grass, when he heard his name mingled in their conversation. Therefore modesty forbade his appearing, and he was obliged to remain an unwilling, but interested, listener, as he could not escape unseen.

When he heard the impassioned tones of Alice, his soul was filled with delight; for, though he had admired her as a most lovely girl, he had never before confessed to himself how dear she was becoming. But the thought that perchance he was

beloved by her, and for himself alone, revealed the depths of his own feelings; and, as he listened to their retreating footsteps, a thousand golden pictures floated through his brain, in which the sweet face of Alice was most conspicuous.

When Mr. Elliott bade farewell to his daughters, on the ensuing morning, the face of Alice was flushed with the thought that she was deceiving her father, and for the first time. Yet she doubted not his forgiveness, could he read all her heart, and returned his embrace with the truest affection.

When the carriage arrived for their departure, the good aunt was completely astonished at the determination of Alice; but, with her accustomed indulgence, had but little to say in opposition.

As twilight approached, the time for her father's return from the city, Alice, after extorting a promise from her aunt to keep her secret, took her way, through the softly-whispering woods, to old Nancy's cottage. It was nearly dark when she approached the humble dwelling; and she felt sad, as she glided up the little path between the lilacs, to think she could do so little to alleviate the grief of her beloved father's faithful old nurse.

As she lifted the latch, a sight met her vision which brought tears to her own eyes. The aged woman sat with her open Bible before her, but her eyes were lifted to heaven, with a holy look of trust and confidence on her wrinkled features, while tears were raining down her cheeks.

"O, don't distress yourself so, dear mother!" cried Alice, as she dropped on her knees beside her. "Trust in God; he will do all things well."

The old woman looked down on the beautiful creature before her, while a smile gathered on her withered lips; and, placing her hands on the head of the kneeling girl, she said, "God bless you, Miss Alice! My tears are not tears of grief, but of thankfulness. Though I was ready to faint, and distrust his goodness, last night, when poor Jamie's letter came, it looked so dark, yet God has given me light, and almost like a miracle, too; and I believe he will still bless me, and restore my boy to my poor old heart."

She then related to the astonished Alice, how there came to her humble home, the preceding night, just before she extinguished her little light, one, she knew not, who gave her a package, filled with money, with a note, saying, if she needed more, she had but to address, through the post-office, to the subscribed initials. There was no mention of the object for which she needed it; but it was evident, by the amount, that the donor knew her need.

Who could it be? for she was sure she had told her trouble to no person but Mr. Elliott, before this relief came. She, in her simple piety, was ready to attribute it to the direct interposition of Providence; but Alice, though as prone to see the hand of God in the occurrence, was not satisfied to cast aside all human agency. Yet she could not fathom it; and she became so deeply absorbed in the subject, as she retraced her way through the green lanes that wound through the moonlit woods, that she heard not the approaching footsteps, and not till she saw a shadow beside her own, did she start from her reverie. On raising her eyes she was surprised to meet those of Percy Carleton. "Mr. Carleton," exclaimed she, recovering herself, "I am truly astonished, supposing you far on your way to Niagara."

"And have I not reason, also, for surprise, as I believe you was to be of the party," said he, as he offered her his arm.

"I did intend to go," she replied; "but circumstances frustrated my plans."

"You have courage to walk so far alone, so late. Are you never timid?" said he, as he looked tenderly on the graceful and fragile form beside him.

"Never, here; for I go so often to Nurse Grey's, and at all hours, I never feel fear."

"Have you been *there!*" he said, and there was something in his tone that made Alice involuntarily to look up. He looked disconcerted for an instant, but calmly continued, "Is she more reconciled to her ——" He paused. In his confusion he was betraying himself still more. He looked at Alice. There was a light in her eyes, as if she was beginning to fathom a mystery.

He paused beneath the drooping branches of a beautiful elm, and, taking her hand, said, "Miss Lee — Alice, will you rest here a few minutes, and allow me to explain myself? You see, I am a novice in deception. You have guessed half; 't is better I should tell you all."

And there, with the interlacing boughs above them, through which the moon dropped a shower of light, he told her all; softening the language of Bell, in his own inimitable way, till it seemed to lose half its harshness; but dwelling enthusiastically on her own words, those words that had inspired him with such a sweet hope. Nor was he satisfied till he had wrung from her lips that confession he so longed to hear, but which she had forbidden her own heart to recognize.

Mr. Elliott was quite ready to forgive Alice her disobedience and deception, when Percy Carleton pleaded so eloquently for her and himself, also, in the library that night, and laughingly remarked, "it would be of no avail to refuse his wishes, as Alice proverbially had her own way, and of course she would in a matter so nearly concerning her happiness."

Poor Bell, while Alice was receiving the reward of her integrity, was writing desperately to her sister; deploring the fatality that kept Percy Carleton at home, and upbraiding herself for her selfishness and unkindness! Yet she little dreamed of the chagrin and grief that overcame her when she learned all.

It was a severe but salutary lesson for the haughty girl; and when, at the expiration of two years, she was led to the altar by a penniless, but most estimable man, one who had won her heart by his own intrinsic worth; she wrote Alice, now mistress of a noble mansion on the Hudson, she had learned to her joy, not sorrow, that wealth has little part with true happiness.

It is far easier to detect error than to discover truth. The one lies on the surface, and can easily be discerned; the other lies deeply hidden, and few are able to find it.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

"Ora, mater, ora."

BY E. S. D.

CANTO V.

WHAT tales are told of him whose name is dear
To every lover of his country's cause !
What truth and virtue in his life appear !
What love of country — reverence for her laws !
What noble courage ! wisdom how mature !
What self-control ! what power o'er other mind !
What daring deeds ! what firmness to endure !
What trust in God ! what love for all mankind !

A noble mother reared that noble youth,
Taught him obedience to parental laws ;
Taught him that love of virtue and of truth,
That love of justice, zeal in freedom's cause,
That self-control which gives controlling power,
That faith in Him who is forever nigh,
Which gives true courage in the direst hour,
Patience to bear, and strength to do or die.

So, " Father of his country " he became,
Honored at home, and in the lands afar ;
And whereso'er is told the brave man's fame,
Her name is heard who such a son did bear :
And when our nation's grateful hymn we raise,
For that fair name on history's page unstained,
We give the mother too her meed of praise,
Who for our country's need our hero trained.

CANTO VI.

On polar and on tropic seas,
On fair or desert isles ;
In frozen regions of the north,
In lands where summer smiles ;

In cities of the ancient world,
In many a brave old town ;
On battle-fields of glory past,
On streams of old renown ;

Among the classic works of art
That fill the lands of song ;

In ways where lonely travellers go,
In streets where thousands throng ;

Among the New World's wastes and wilds,
Its forests grand and old ;
In mines where men make eager search,
For shining gems and gold ;

Among the tribes of savage men,
Where cruel deeds are done ;
Among the polished Eastern lands —
In all lands 'neath the sun ;

Where'er the need of daily bread
Hath driven men to go ;
Where'er the tides of wealth and trade
Have had their ebb and flow ;

Where love of nature or of art,
Or search of classic lore,
Or hope of saving souls, have led
Men from their native shore ;

From Christian lands have men gone forth,
Of every name and age ;
Hopeful, impetuous, polished youth,
The Christian and the sage.

And some are found in every clime
For whom a mother's prayer
Goes with the morning zephyr up,
And on the evening air.

And some of these to those far lands
Will bear a light divine ;
Whose rays will gleam in palace halls,
And penetrate the mine ;

Will light the dim old forest up,
And make the ocean bright ;
And from the fairest climes of earth
Will banish pagan night ;

Until the songs of men redeemed
From every land shall rise,
And with their hallelujahs join
The chorus of the skies.

OLD MOLL AND LITTLE AGNES; OR, THE RICH POOR AND
THE POOR RICH.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

CHAPTER VI.

THOUGH soon released from her close confinement by the convalescence of her guardian, yet the months which followed proved wearisome to Miss Mowbrey, in consequence of his extreme irritability, and a certain foreboding of evil to herself or her absent friend, which she could neither account for, nor throw off. Perhaps the latter was in part owing to the fact that in Mr. Hanley's letters, received after her return to New York, he had spoken less confidently of being able to return before New-Year, or even at that time, in consequence of the dangerous illness of one of their firm. But he urged her to make all necessary preparations for the event which he hoped she would condescend should take place within a few days after his arrival; and, if she could find a house in a desirable location, to secure it at once. He told her that for her sake he already loved the little girl who had proved such a comfort to her, and longed for the time when he could share both in her care of the child, and in the return of her grateful affection.

As the time drew near when he might be expected, Florence, though with a heavy weight upon her spirits, applied to her guardian for the necessary funds with which to make her simple preparations. His manner of acceding to her wishes caused her not only astonishment, but indignation.

"Just what I expected," he muttered, impatiently, "at a time when money is worth two per cent. a month, to be called upon to spend it for foolish decorations. I heartily wish I had never accepted the arduous trust of guardian."

"You will soon be free from it," answered Florence, trying to restrain her temper, and to speak calmly. "Mr. Hanley will relieve you from all embarrassment on my account." And, taking a check which he had reluctantly filled out, she

withdrew hastily to her own room. It was some time before she recovered her equanimity. In vain she reasoned with herself that Mr. Buckingham intended only to express his interest in the profitable investment of her property, that he might account satisfactorily to her friends for his stewardship. In vain, also, she called to mind the fact that his irritability was produced by his recent illness; his words had been so abrupt, and his manner so unkind, that she could not restrain her tears, while her whole feelings were concentrated into one longing desire that her dearest friend would return, and take her away from such exposures.

In the midst of her sorrow, she found inexpressible comfort in the sympathy and affection of Agnes, who seemed to comprehend and enter into all her grief. Indeed, the situation of the child was far from pleasant. Since her return from the country, Mrs. Buckingham had openly expressed her annoyance at her presence, and Lily was not backward in imitating her example. Louis, as usual, took her part when present; but he was seldom at home; and, when Florence remonstrated with him upon his evil courses, he told her he thought any young man excusable in trying to find comfort elsewhere when there was none at home. Mrs. Buckingham on all occasions poured out to her niece complaints of her husband's conduct, the unaccountable change which had taken place in his disposition, and her belief that the family were going to ruin. "I would far rather live in a cottage on one meal a day," she said, enthusiastically, "and dwell in peace, than be subjected to such trials as at present."

"Your sincerity may be put to the test, madam, sooner than you imagine," replied her husband, entering the room.

Both his wife and his ward urged him to explain his mysterious speech; but he only said, "You will know soon enough."

Florence looked back one year, and could hardly comprehend that in so short a time such a change had taken place in this once happy family. Then her uncle, though a worldly man, was courteous and kind, while his wife prided herself upon making her guest comfortable and happy. Louis, whom

she had loved from a boy, was disrespectful to his parents, and impatient even at her kindly-expressed reproofs, while in Lily the seeds of vanity and self-will, which had been so diligently planted in her tender mind, had taken deep root, and now yielded an abundant harvest. When she went to church she occupied herself wholly in watching the dress and affectedly assuming the manners of those she thought sufficiently fashionable to be worthy of imitation, and on her return accurately described the apparel of those who sat within her notice; so that on one occasion her mother remarked, with an air of triumph, "I believe Lily observes the toilet of those around her as minutely as I do." After the departure of visitors the conversation between mother and daughter was wholly upon their dress; and no parent was ever more desirous of restraining a child from improper remarks upon the appearance of her associates than this thoughtless mother to cultivate so injurious a habit in her child. For instance, one morning a lady called with her daughter to endeavor to interest Mrs. Buckingham in some charitable object; and no sooner were they out of hearing than the lady said, "Lily, did you notice Mrs. Harper's dress?"

"Yes, mamma. It was horridly old-fashioned; and how ugly her daughter looked in that brown merino, and plain lace collar!"

"She was awkward, too, and blushed like a school-girl when I addressed her. I do believe that you, Lily, young as you are, could appear with more confidence and ease than she did."

"Never fear for me, mamma," urged the child, approaching a mirror, and making an affected courtesy, "I've had a good chance to see elegant manners, and I ought by this time to know how to enter a room. O, I long for the time when I shall go to balls and parties as you do. I intend to have a great many admirers; but I won't get married — husbands are so cross."

"Well, Lily," replied Mrs. Buckingham, with a smile, at the implied compliment to herself, "I acknowledge you have

had a good opportunity to learn, and I hope you'll do justice to my teaching."

The child of six years old daintily caught up one corner of her embroidered silk dress, and began to pirouette around the room in the most approved style, when her manœuvres were cut short by the entrance of visitors.

On New-Year's day poor Florence received a letter which converted her misgiving and fears of coming evil into a certainty. Mr. Hanley wrote that his partner had died, and that he was constrained, though with the greatest reluctance, to remain for another year, and perhaps to go to Calcutta. Though every line was expressive of the keen disappointment which he experienced, yet he urged upon her to be cheerful, and bear up under this prolonged separation. He also advised her to leave the city, and pass the time with her aged relation in S——. Nothing, he added, but the extreme unhealthiness of the climate of India to a stranger prevented him from asking her and Agnes to accompany him.

Florence was at first almost stupefied with grief, while her young companion sat at her feet pressing her hand; and bathing it in tears. There was something so touching in this silent sympathy that Florence was deeply moved, and exclaimed, as she caught the child in her arms, "O, God, forgive me for murmuring at thy will, and help me to be grateful for this treasure!"

Poor girl! she needed to fortify her heart, for greater trials than any she had ever experienced were in store for her.

On her guardian, the intelligence of the prolonged absence of her lover produced emotions of joy which he found it difficult to conceal. He retired at once to his own apartment, where he could give vent to his pleasure; and, locking the door, commenced a vigorous walk across the room. "It really seems," he soliloquized, "as if Heaven favored my plan. Hanley away, I shall have no difficulty in appropriating as much of her property as will relieve me of my embarrassment. In the mean time, I will reduce my expenses, and live so prudently, that, before he returns, I shall make it all right again. 'Then there are ten chances to one that he never will return,

and —” here he fell into a reverie. He asked himself whether in such a case he should return the whole, or only a part of the borrowed funds, which by a train of sophistry he had persuaded himself it was really his duty to use in order to save himself and family from ruin.

The relief which this decision afforded him was manifested for a time by a return of his former cheerfulness, and indulgence to the wishes of his wife and daughter. He even consented to a favorite project of his wife to have a fancy ball, which by its splendor should establish her right to the place she held as leader of the ton ; and his ward, who would by no means consent to mingle in such scenes, took the opportunity to return to S——. Here she set herself vigorously at work superintending the education of Agnes, and seeking objects of charity to employ her time and attention until she heard from Mr. Hanley ; for she had written him at once that it was her wish to join him in India, which she could do with propriety, as her father still resided in Calcutta.

When disposed to repine, she called to mind the mercies she still enjoyed, and how much her condition was to be preferred to that of her city friends. She had an Almighty arm upon which she could lean in her trouble, while they were without support. She was glad, also, to remove her young charge from the influence of Lily, from whose constant companionship she feared much evil.

She communicated to her aunt in S—— her intention to go abroad as soon as she heard from Mr. Hanley, and, after explaining her motives, received her approval. She then imparted the same to her guardian, but received in return his positive refusal to sanction her wild scheme, and that he should deem it his duty as her guardian to withhold the funds necessary for such a purpose. By the same mail she received also a letter from his wife, complaining that he had returned to his old habits, that he was even worse than before, and that Louis was the trial of her life ; that his extravagance exceeded all bounds, and his last demand for money had caused an open rupture between him and his father, who had declared that if

Louis did not mend his ways, he would bind him out to a trade, or send him to sea.

The singular conduct of her guardian gave Florence great anxiety. She could hardly persuade herself that he would really thwart her dearest wishes, or what could be his motive for such a course. She longed for some friend who could advise her, and at length determined to apply to Mr. Vanlennep, who, though comparatively a stranger, had proved himself a true and sympathizing friend. A few hours after this decision found her sharing the hospitalities of Beech Grove. When the friendly welcome had been extended and received, the host remarked that his guests had of late been quite the subject of conversation in the village near which they resided.

As Florence expressed much curiosity to know the subject of the gossip, Mr. Vanlennep continued: "In my walks to and from the village, I several times met a man who seemed to be watching my house and grounds, and at length I found that he followed me home. He was a short, stout man, with faded yellowish hair, red whiskers, and a sinister cast of countenance. Certainly his looks did not prepossess me so much as to desire to cultivate his acquaintance. But the reluctance was all on my side, for he dogged my footsteps, and gave me no peace until I spoke to him. When I had answered a few questions, which he put with much cunning, he seemed satisfied, abruptly left me, and the next day I heard he had left town. My wife was much amused at his inquiries, and vexed that I did not ascertain his object in making them."

"Yes," added Mrs. Vanlennep, with a laugh, "I have tried in vain to imagine his reasons for asking whether I were the first or second wife; whether I was a widow before I was married; how many children we had; how many years we had lived on this place; and who was the previous owner. I questioned Mr. Vanlennep whether he had any rich relative who would be likely to make us his heirs, thinking this man meant to cheat us out of our rich legacy."

"But I don't see," remarked Miss Mowbrey, "how Agnes or I am involved. Will a portion of the property fall to us? If

so, it would be convenient to receive it now, as it would relieve me at once from my embarrassment."

"I forgot to tell you," resumed the host, "that though he said nothing to me, he asked the landlord of the inn if a young lady by the name of Mowbrey didn't reside at Beech Grove part of the year, and whether you were intending to adopt the child you had befriended. Of course, the landlord knew nothing at all about the matter, and he told him so."

"Did the man wear ear-rings?" asked Agnes, quickly, "great round ones?"

"Yes, he did."

"Then it's my uncle Sandy!" she exclaimed, with a deep sigh.

The eyes of all the group were turned upon the child, whose cheeks were flushed with excitement, while her large, brilliant eyes were dilated with fear.

"I am afraid you will never see him again, for he has gone to sea, on a long voyage. One of our townsmen saw him upon the wharf just as he was going on board the ship."

"I heartily wish him a good voyage and a long one," said Florence, entirely relieved of all her apprehensions. "For what port did he sail?"

"O! he went out in a whale-ship."

"Then, Agnes, we shall not be likely to meet with him in Calcutta." Begging her friends to excuse her while she accompanied her little girl to bed, Florence then unfolded her plan, and begged the advice of her friends.

Two days after, when she returned to S——, she had concluded to abide their decision, which was, to wait until she had received an answer to her letter, informing Mr. Hanley of her desire to join him, since he might not find it necessary to remain abroad; but if his business required his personal attention there for two or three years, to go to him at once. She also accepted an invitation from this lovely Christian pair to pass most of the summer at their delightful abode.

The winter months passed quickly in the midst of her pleasing duties. Florence gave herself no time for repining, but entered with zeal into all the measures of her pastor for the

improvement of the quiet village. Then, by her untiring energy at home, she soon rendered herself almost indispensable to the comfort of her aged aunt, and at the same time acquired knowledge of domestic concerns which was afterward of invaluable use to her.

Agnes, too, improved rapidly. In the months passed in the country she had added several inches to her height, and it would have been difficult to recognize, in the tall, blooming girl of eight years, the bending form, and wan, sallow countenance of the little Aggy, when first introduced to her.

In the mean time, what had become of the family of Mr. Buckingham? During the spring and summer, Florence received occasional letters from her aunt; but they were usually filled with lamentation and complaints, varied with accounts of gay balls which she had attended, and at which she had shone as the particular star; and on one occasion a little slip was cut from a daily paper, giving a description of the dress and appearance of the elegant Mrs. B——, at Almacks.

In the summer, she heard of them as among the most gay and fashionable of the company assembled at Saratoga; and the friend who met her there told Florence Mrs. Buckingham had never seemed so irresistibly fascinating, or in such fine spirits, as at present; while her lovely daughter bids fair to be as brilliant and charming a character as her mother. She already has scores of admirers among the heartless youth at the United States, whose hearts she keeps in a most delightful state of excitement by her alternate coyness and coquetry. "As for Mr. Buckingham," added the lady, her voice falling to a whisper, "rumor does not speak very favorably of his habits. He is certainly much changed for the worse; his manners are abrupt, and he falls, even in company, into such moods of abstraction that nothing can arouse him. I have heard that he has lost large sums at the gaming-table."

Miss Mowbrey sighed, as she feared this report was too true. If so, it gave her a key to much which had been a mystery to her for the past two years; and for the first time the idea that he was not a suitable person to have the care of her property flashed through her mind.

A few days after meeting the friend of Mrs. Buckingham, Florence received the following note from her aunt :

“ United States Hotel, Saratoga.

“DEAR FLORENCE,—I believe my heart would break if I could not unburden it to you. Mrs. H—— reported to me the account she gave you of me ; but, believe me, Florence, when I say that my smiles are put on to hide an aching heart, my gayety is all assumed ; for, among this vast throng from every state in the Union, there is not one poor wretch so miserable as your Aunt Buckingham. Yes, it is so ; for (I hardly dare confess it to you) I am in daily fear of my life. I honestly believe my husband is insane, or else his pecuniary embarrassments have driven him to the verge of distraction. Last night, at a late hour, I left the brilliantly-lighted hall, and retired to my own apartment. I found my husband almost in a frenzy at a casual remark made by a gentleman at table concerning the trustees of some savings bank, that these men were as much to blame for their improper investment of the funds they held in trust, as any individual guardian would be who should prove unfaithful, not taking judicious care of the property of his ward. I tried to convince him that the gentleman could have intended no personal application to any one present ; but he was furious. And at last I, too, grew angry, and said, ‘I shall think there is some reason why you apply this to yourself, if —’

“He flew across the room, and hissed out, ‘Madam, take care what you say!’ I was so frightened my heart actually stood still ; but in an instant I recovered myself sufficiently to run into Lily’s bed-room, which is within ours, and lock the door. What shall I, what can I do ? I cannot stay here. I dare not go home to be alone with him. You always had some influence with your guardian. Will you not accompany us to New York ? O, Florence, how I envy you ! In the midst of trials, you are always happy. How many times has your remark when we parted occurred to me ! I said if I were you, I should sink under such tidings as you had just received from Mr. Hanley. You answered, ‘I know that a friend, and

not an enemy, orders my path, and that he doeth all things well.' I have no divine friend. I have never sought one; and now I must bear up as best I can. O, how mistaken are those who envy me my riches and station in society! I feel to-day, as I have never before felt, my own poverty, and need of help. "Your wretched friend, ANNA BUCKINGHAM."

Miss Mowbrey at once decided that it was her duty to comply with the wish of her aunt, and return to New York. With the promptness which was a part of her character, she wrote to Mrs. Buckingham, announcing her determination; but was providentially detained in S——, by the sudden illness of Agnes. In a few days, however, the child had so far recovered that she took the day-boat from Albany, reached New York city at dark, and, having procured a hack, drove to C——street, where an awful scene awaited her.

TOLERATION.

WHEN Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but, observing that the old man eat, and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him, that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, "I thrust him away because he did not worship thee." God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me; and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction.

EARLY ACQUAINTANCE WITH GOD.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

PARENTS often err egregiously in the nurture of their children. The anxious mother is most sedulously attentive to the physical wants and necessities of her darling babe. Not a cry can escape its little curled lip but all her maternal sympathies are tenderly moved, and all her natural love and skill are instantly directed to seek out the cause of its suffering, and alleviate its distress.

The same fond interest is manifested in developing its wonderful baby-powers of speech and locomotion. With what assiduity and patience is its little tongue taught to syllable the dear name of mother, and its little feet trained to totter from one pair of outstretched hands to another! And, as the child grows, and its mind gains strength, and its tongue full and free utterance, the appliances of education are resorted to, to develop and invigorate the mental powers still more. As soon as the child has learned to read pretty fluently, picture-books and story-books, often of the most questionable character, or rather of unquestionably bad character and influence, are furnished without stint, and perhaps without a thought, on the part of doting parents, of any evil influence which can result from books prepared and published expressly for the nursery. But how often do such books make impressions lasting as life; and how often are those impressions false to nature and pernicious in their results! Take, for example, the story of Cinderella, or of Bluebeard, or of Little Red Riding-hood, or hundreds of others which unscrupulous publishers hesitate not to furnish, at least till the supply equals the demand; and how do they excite the fancy and poison the imagination forever! How tame is truth compared with fiction, ever after a taste for such reading is formed! Some parents seem to me to err exceedingly in this regard. They practically repudiate the

doctrine of total depravity, and proceed to foster innate evil, rather than to eradicate or restrain it.

Now, when we take into consideration that every child has a moral and religious nature, which is susceptible of early culture, that God requires that nature to be developed and trained up for him, it would seem that parents cannot be too early or too constant in their efforts to preöccupy the mind and heart of the infant immortal with the great idea of its relationship to God as a Father, and its dependence upon and accountability to him.

It would, doubtless, surprise one familiar with the religious instinct in little children, to mark at how early a period they can be taught something of the knowledge of God, and of the goodness he bestows upon them, and the duties they owe to him. For imparting or neglecting to impart early religious instruction, the mother, I apprehend, is chiefly responsible. It is just as proper for her to sing to her babe a Christian lullaby, "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber," as to sing nonsensical nursery rhymes. And of all persons, the mother ought to be deeply impressed with the solemn truth of the poet,

"Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined."

But, alas! how few are the Hannahs of our day, and consequently how rare are the Samuels! Here and there a Lois and a Eunice have given to the church of God a Timothy. And maternal piety and fidelity have given a heavenly direction to the tender thoughts of a Philip Doddridge from the Dutch tiles of the chimney-corner. And we cannot be mistaken when we say, it is a deplorable error in parents, when they neglect the moral powers of the children in the tenderest years of their probation.

But the responsibility rests not alone with the mother. The father soon, very soon, comes in for a large share. He may do much by precept, and even more by example, as his sons and daughters grow up around him, to give a wholesome direction to their recreation and their early reading. He may show them the effect of pernicious books, and warn them by

evil examples, to "go not in the way of evil men." But set their hearts in life's early morning to know God, "whom to know aright is life eternal;" and thus, before they are greatly exposed to evil influences from without, they may receive impressions for good that no after years of iniquity and sin can wholly efface.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

BEHOLD the reverend sire with hoary hair,
The open Bible on his bended knee;
His household, gathered, wait for morning prayer,
Their husband, father, high priest, is he.

His spectacles adjusted, hark! he reads,
And comments briefly on the Holy Word;
Then, kneeling all, before the Lord he pleads,
As ancient patriarchs once besought the Lord.

His thoughts are lifted to the eternal throne,
His heart draws near the sacred mercy-seat,
He holds communion with the Lord alone,
And finds his fellowship exceeding sweet.

He prays for Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
For fatherless, the widows, and the poor,
And those whose home is on the stormy sea,
And those who soon will reach the eternal shore.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done," he cries,
"In this our world as in the world above;
O, make thy chosen people truly wise
To love the Saviour with adoring love!

And let the wondrous knowledge of thy name
From sea to sea, from shore to shore be spread,
Till all the earth shall love the Lord who came
To bleed and die in man the sinner's stead."

The prayer is ended, and the song of praise,
From lips attuned, mounts upward to the skies;
And God, thus honored, his rich grace displays,
And deigns to accept the morning sacrifice.

THE BOY WITH A BROKEN LEG.

BY C. KIMBALL.

A YOUNG man, while preparing for the ministry at the Theological Seminary in Andover, in the Sabbath-school of the South Parish had the charge of a class of youth from fifteen to seventeen years of age. He soon became interested for their spiritual welfare, and labored with some degree of fidelity to win them to Christ. On the Sabbath he met his class with a smile, and they smiled, also, and gave him a hearty welcome. So far as practicable he visited them at their homes, and endeavored to impress upon the parents, as well as their children, the importance of personal religion. At length, one of his class, a lovely youth, sickened and died; but it was hoped he died a Christian, and went to heaven.

Another fine lad, about fifteen, was one day looking out on his neighbor's pear-tree. Seeing it loaded with precious fruit, mellowing in the sunlight, he earnestly longed for some of the rich pears. He remembered it was written in the Bible, "Thou shalt not steal," and his Sabbath-school teacher had given him similar instruction. Knowing that his neighbor was a pious man, and both kind and generous, Levi went to him honestly, and asked if he might have a few of his pears to eat. The good man readily gave him permission; and Levi, animated by the prospect of obtaining them, climbed up into the tree, and, stepping out upon a limb a little too far, it suddenly broke, let him fall to the ground, and broke his leg. The poor helpless boy cried for assistance. His friends soon came to his relief. "Send for my Sabbath-school teacher!" exclaimed Levi; "send for my Sabbath-school teacher!" He felt that his teacher was one of his best friends. The afflicted boy was carried to his home, and a physician sent for, who set his leg, and he was then laid in bed, where he had the prospect of remaining for at least thirty days. The sad event was soon communicated to his teacher, with Levi's earnest request that

he would visit him. The teacher soon found his way to the bedside of his suffering pupil, and sincerely sympathized with him in his affliction. Levi received him as usual with a smile; and, extending his hand to receive that of his friend, he exclaimed, "*How glad I am that I was not stealing those pears!* How badly I should now feel to reflect, in my pains, that I broke my leg while trying to get pears without leave!"

Many a thought like this passed through Levi's mind before his broken limb was restored to its ordinary strength. Happy, indeed, for him, that he was not subjected to the mortification of reflecting that his affliction overtook him in an act of stealing! His teacher had a fine opportunity to impress upon his mind the importance of being always upright in his conduct, of showing him how soon and how suddenly all his earthly blessings might be removed, and how desirable for him during that season of affliction, to secure for himself, by repentance and faith, an interest in Christ as his present joy, and future portion.

Will Sabbath-school teachers, who may read the account of Levi, meet their pupils with the smile of kindness and affection, treat them with great tenderness, instruct them with so much interest, fidelity, and holy zeal, that their scholars shall consider them their best friends; and, should they be overtaken by calamity, earnestly request an immediate and affectionate visit from them? Will they, if possible, visit them occasionally at their homes, pray for them earnestly and daily, and by every available means, labor unceasingly to win them to Christ? "He that winneth souls is wise;" and "They that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

Should any dear youth read this account of Levi, let him follow the example of that honest boy. You are young, but not too young to do right, to choose the good and refuse the evil; not too young to pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Should you look upon the ripe, mellow fruit in a neighboring orchard, and be tempted to steal it, resist the temptation, and lift up a silent prayer to God for strength

to do right. Never take an apple, a peach, a pear, or plum, or any other fruit, without the owner's consent. Remember the eye of God is upon you. He sees not only your outward actions, but the secret desire and purpose of your heart; and for both of them will one day call you to give a solemn account.

HOVEY'S SEEDLING STRAWBERRY.

THIS is one of the best varieties of this delicious fruit. Our plate and account of it we take from its producer's excellent Magazine of Horticulture. Under the most ordinary cultivation, it produces a fine crop of large, handsome fruit. But it is absolutely necessary that the plants should be near some staminate variety, that the fertilization may be complete; otherwise, a very small crop will be the result. For this purpose we use only the Boston Pine, setting out alternate beds of each. The vines are very vigorous, and perfectly hardy, forming numerous runners. The leaves are large, leaflets roundish, generally convex, obtusely serrated; its surface is rather smooth, of a deep, brilliant, glossy green, and rarely spotted with brown; its petioles are short; leaf-stocks upright, medium length, moderately strong. Its flowers are rather small and very regular, with petals roundish, slightly imbricated and cupped; stamens very short and imperfect, deficient in anthers; calyx very small, finely divided and quite reflex; scapes, moderately strong, about the same length as the leaf-stalks, elevating the fruit from the ground, and peduncles rather long and slender. Each fertilized flower produces a perfect berry, of the size and form represented in the plate. Its fruit is very large, roundish ovate, slightly conical, of a dark, rich, shining red color, with dark, imbedded seeds, of scarlet, firm, nearly solid flesh, agreeably acid, exceedingly delicious, with highly flavored juice. It continues to bear during the whole strawberry season.

THE DURHAM COW



We intend to publish an occasional plate or cut in illustration of the best domestic animals, and we invite the co-operation of our agricultural friends and patrons in this department. The space is small which we can devote to it, yet we desire to fill the same with the best material for the instruction and edification of our readers. As agriculture advances it becomes important for all, especially for those who dwell in rural districts, to understand the characteristics of the different breeds of cattle, their adaptation to particular localities and purposes.

We give in this number a cut representing a cow and heifer of the noble Durham or Improved Short-horn, excellent specimens of which may be found in different parts of our country, but most abound in the states of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and New York. This breed is well suited to the rich pastures of that section, and highly esteemed both for beef and the dairy, but it is not so well adapted to New England.

Its characteristics are thus described by Mr. Loudon. "The head of the male animal is short, but at the same time fine; very broad across the eyes, but gradually tapering to the nose, the nostril of which is full and prominent; the nose itself of a rich flesh color, neither too light nor dark; eyes bright and placid, with ears somewhat large and thin. The head, crowned with a curved and rather flat horn, is well set on a lengthy, broad muscular neck; the chest wide, deep and projecting; shoulders fine, oblique, and well formed into the chine; fore-legs short, with the upper arm large and powerful; barrel round, deep and well ribbed up toward the loins and hips, which should be wide and level; back straight from the withers to the setting on of the tail, but still short, that is, from hip to chine, the opinion of many good judges being that a beast should have a short back with a long frame. As a consequence of this the hind quarter must itself be lengthy but well filled in. The symmetry of frame at present to be found in a well bred short-horn reaches as near perfection as possible, while few animals handle so well, or to use a more technical phrase, have so fine and mellow a touch. The hair is plentiful, soft and mossy, with a hide not too thin, and, in fact, somewhat approaching the feeling of velvet. The female enjoys nearly all the same

characteristics as the above, with the exception of her head being finer, longer, and more tapering, her neck thinner, and altogether lighter, and her shoulders more inclined to narrow toward the chine."

To this, we subjoin the description given by Mr. William Davis, of England. "A Short-horned Cow should have length of carcass, a light neck, with the shoulders well back, and the ribs springing from the spine round, showing a good breadth of back, length from the hip-bone to the tail, which should have a square projecting rump, forming an angle; hind quarters long, extending nearly to the hough; flank low down near the milk bag, which should be nearly level with the hough, fore and hind legs stout, but with small bones from the knee to the hoof; abdomen straight; head neat and a little elevated; light in the horns, which should project straight from the head, and turning in a little toward the forehead; eye full; muzzle small; depth of fore quarters, thick through the heart, and colors as in the male.

"A Short-horned Calf should have his bones well placed, without which the most careful feeding in the world would never make him a well-formed animal when grown; shoulder slanting, carcass long, with wide hip-bones, length from the hip to the tail, with a square rump like an angle; length of quarter; legs short and fine in the bone; head neat and clean, and light under the throat."

In the selection of stock, regard should be paid to the climate, the pasturage and other external circumstances as well as to the breed and its characteristics. But having determined upon these, agricultural economy requires the purchase of the best animals. It costs at least as much to keep a poor cow as a good one, while the income from her is much less. Suppose the object of the purchaser is milk for the use of his family or for sale. If one cow will give daily a quart more than another for eight months, this valued at five cents a quart, will make the nett profit from her twelve dollars more than from the other during that period. In a short time she will thus repay her owner the additional sum which she cost, and will afterwards demand a higher price and find a readier market.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

"There shall be no more there an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days: For the child shall die an hundred years old; But the sinner being an hundred years old shall be accursed."—Isa. 65: 20.

IN the latter part of this chapter, the prophet describes the future glory of Zion by imagery the most bold and various. Her troubles and calamities have passed, and she enjoys unparalleled prosperity, here represented by the creation of "new heavens and a new earth." Her inhabitants weep no more, but rejoice in the favor of the Lord. Their sins are forgiven and their iniquity is covered; and they understand the reason annexed to the fifth commandment, "a promise of long life and prosperity." God in his amiable sovereignty numbers our days, appoints the time and place, and arranges all the circumstances of our death. Still piety contributes to longevity by the virtuous habits which it fosters, and by the freedom which it secures from vice. As Christianity prevails and triumphs, and as the spirit of its divine Author animates the heart and regulates the conduct of man, it will terminate war and suspend the action of other causes which at present reduce the aggregate period of human life. Yet even the millennium may not witness a *literal* fulfilment of this prediction; for the passage is figurative; and teaches the general truth that pure religion conduces to length of days and to temporal happiness. Death shall not then, as now, cut off a large portion of the human race in the morning of their days, and many more just after they pass life's meridian; but the period allotted to man on earth shall be so prolonged that, as in the patriarchal and antediluvian ages, the person shall be considered a youth who dies an hundred years old. Yet this favor of God to the righteous shall not prevent his condemnation of the wicked, for though the sinner live an hundred years, he "shall still be accursed."

God here appeals to our love of life, so natural and strong, as a motive to obedience and personal holiness. Would we prolong our days? Let us consecrate them to God and to his service. Let us

live the life which we now lead in the flesh by faith of the Son of God ; then though our body die and return to dust, our soul shall live an immortal and blissful life.

“TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.”—Acts 17 : 23.

IN our comments on this text in our last volume, we omitted the following incident for want of room, and on account of its somewhat fabulous character, but now insert it at the instance of a respected patron and for the gratification of our readers.

At the time of the crucifixion of Christ, darkness prevailed over the whole land, and the people were filled with the greatest consternation. Dionysius, a man of great repute among them, an astronomer, knowing there was no natural cause for this darkness, (it being at that time full moon), ascended an eminence and exclaimed before an audience, that “either the God of nature suffered, or, the world was coming to an end.”

He immediately caused an altar to be erected with this inscription, “To the unknown God,” *that* God, which had caused this remarkable darkness over the land. As soon therefore, as he heard the apostle Paul respecting this God, that made the world and in whom we live and move, and have our being, we read that he believed.

PASSING EVENTS.

FOREIGN.

THE WAR OF THE CRIMEA.—At Sebastopol no decisive measures have been taken. The Allies seem to be steadily advancing their works, and the Russians slowly retreating to their fortifications, from which they keep up a quickened fire. It appears their intention to retire from the Crimea for the winter, as large detachments have marched for Perekop, and their quickened fire from their forts at Sebastopol seem to denote their intention of using up all their ammunition before leaving. The whole force of the Allies in the Crimea, including the sick, is estimated at 210,000 men. They took Kinburn, a fortress commanding the entrance to the Dnieper, on the 17th of October, and also Ockzakoff, and reconnoitered as far as Nicolaieff.

The report is current that there is soon to be a bombardment of the Russian fortifications on the north side of Sebastopol. An attack was

anticipated on Nicolaieff, a town situated on the river Bog, about twenty miles from its mouth, commanded by Todleben. Great preparations for the defence of the place are being carried forward. Gen. Luders is stationed with the cavalry and grenadiers between Kherson and Kinburn. Dispatches from St. Petersburg state that the Russian army in the Crimea is provisioned for eight months. A Vienna paper says that the Russian force there is 200,000 men.

THE HORROR OF WAR.—It is almost incredible to state the loss of the Russians in Sebastopol alone ; thousands and thousands of dead bodies putrify the air, and indeed almost the earth. I have been, says one, to see Sebastopol. and to describe the state of it is indeed utterly impossible. It is a frightful den ; the last two bombardments have made a frightful havoc in the town ; it can only be compared to a seive, it is so riddled with shot and shell. The buildings look quite perfect from our batteries, but once near them you find them nothing but mere shells. There remains of the inside only confused piles of rubbish ; no staircase, no floors, nothing except an unseemly mass, nor is there a single door or window to be seen in any of them. In walking through the town, wherever you turn, nothing but dead bodies piled on top of each other meet the eye, and a horrid stench salutes the nose ; and what is more horrid still, there are casks filled with arms, legs, hands, toes, and fingers piled regularly away in heaps.

ENGLAND.—There has been a rise in the rate of discount to six per cent. for bills on sixty days, and seven per cent. for paper, of a date running to ninety-five days. Parliament was prorogued until Dec-11th. Miss Nightingale had returned to her noble work in the Crimea. In the London Times appeared an article in which it was stated that the English government had sent large reinforcements to its West India squadron to intercept a powerful fleet which had been raised within the precincts of the United States for the purpose of making depredations on provinces belonging to an unoffending neighbor. It alleges that the expedition formed "was well known to the President and his administration, but had received no check from that quarter." This was the first intimation we had received of the forming of such an expedition, and we should be heartily sorry to have the peace which we now enjoy interrupted. This excitement, however, has quite subsided. The London Times has received severe censures for its articles which gave rise to such a report. Gen. Simpson is succeeded by Gen. Sir William John Codrington in the command of the English army in the Crimea.

FRANCE.—The exhibition was formally closed on the 15th of November. Premiums were profusely distributed from the hands of the Emperor. American industry was well represented, several of our citizens receiving diplomas of membership in the French Legion of Honor.

SPAIN is in favor of joining the alliance, but disturbances at home will prevent her for the present.

DENMARK.—This country has invited a conference of ministers from the States of Prussia, Russia, Sweden, Mecklinburg and Lubec, for discussing the question of the purchase of the sound dues; and it was to meet on the 20th November. Russia will there take part with the powers with which she is at war.

SWEDEN.—Gen. Canrobert has been visiting Sweden. It is his object to effect an alliance between that country and the Western Powers to carry on the present war. The report is current that the Swedish Government had accepted Canrobert's proposition, and that they were to receive Finland as a recompense, also that the alliance is to be carried into effect in the Spring.

RUSSIA.—Large reinforcements are being raised for the southern army, which are to be commanded by Gen. Luders. The Emperor is returning from his tour to the south of his Empire without visiting the seat of war. The successes of the Allies have caused despondency at St. Petersburg. It is reported that Russia is inclined to negotiate for peace, also that she has allowed Prussia to communicate this intelligence to the Western Powers.

TURKEY.—The Sultan intends visiting Paris and London in the Spring. It is reported, that on the 5th of November, Omer Pasha forced the river Ingour, and defeated the Russians, (who suffered considerable loss) after a battle of five hours. Omer, it is said, is establishing his winter quarters about thirty leagues toward the interior. The Russian force numbering about 35,000 men attacked Kars on the 29th Sept. After a desperate struggle of about seven hours the Russians were obliged to retreat, suffering a loss estimated at 6000, while that of the Turks was only 1200 men.

GREECE.—King Otho promises to maintain his neutrality, preserving at the same time friendly relations with other powers.

EGYPT.—The export of grain has been prohibited by the Pacha after the 6th of Jan. 1856.

PERSIA.—Application has been made to this government to allow an Anglo-Indian army to pass through her dominions to co-operate with the Allies in Turkey in Asia.

CHINA.—Latest accounts from this country reported the defeat of an army of 40,000 imperialists by the rebels; also, another in which the Governor of Waichoo, with 10,000 was defeated by 3,000 female warriors. Much sickness is reported.

Peace is desired by a strong party in England, by numbers in France and in other nations of Europe. Rumor say that the Emperor Russia desires a personal interview on the subject with the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia.

DOMESTIC.

The Mormons.—This religious community on our western frontier has increased in four years from four thousand to thirty thousand, a result which a recent number of the Edinburgh Review ascribes to immigration, promoted by a perpetual Emigration Fund of \$34,000, the income of which is appropriated to pay the outfit and passage of converts in foreign lands who are not able to defray their own expenses. At their present rate of progress, they will number 60,000 in five years more, and will be claiming admission into the Union as an independent and sovereign State. Their government is a religious despotism, and is it not time for the laws of the United States to be faithfully executed there as they are in other territories, for the free tolerance of all other religious sects within their limits?

Provoke to love and to good works.—England has been very faithful in admonishing Young America of the great evil of slavery. We accept it always, and with all thankfulness. She will allow us to return her kindness. In a recent paper from Hindostan, there is an advertisement of a fresh supply of idols direct from the manufactory in Birmingham. What a freight! Missionaries and Bibles in the cabin, and idols in the hold! O England! When thou art without sin, then cast stones at us.

The President of the United States has recently answered the letter of King Kamehameha IV., of the *Sandwich Islands*, of the 15th of

Feb., in which he speaks of the friendship existing between the two countries, and wishes his Majesty a long and prosperous reign.

The cholera raged severely in *Rio Janeiro* in October and November.

Mexico continues in an unsettled state, the leaders of the revolution being unable to agree among themselves.

The vote of *California* for 1855 arose as high as 100,000, shewing an increase of twenty-five per cent. in two years; and it was in favor of a Prohibitory Liquor Law.

The frontier of *Oregon* has lately been subject to incursions from the Indians, massacring some of the white citizens. How far these hostilities have been provoked by injuries inflicted upon the red men, we have not yet learned.

Papers from the western shore of the U. S. report sundry outrages committed by banditti of our own citizens on those of *Central America*, such as invasions, the capture of towns, etc. We trust that Gen. Pierce will introduce a wholesome discipline among these self-constituted soldiers.

The dreadful accident on the Pacific Railroad, between St. Louis and Jefferson City, on the 3rd of November, by which several persons, among whom was Rev. Dr. Bullard, were killed, and others badly injured, increases the testimony given to the public and to the state and national governments, in favor of such additional legislation and vigilance as shall guard more effectually against these disasters.

The *State Elections* have resulted in favor of the American party in Massachusetts, New York, and Maryland.

The prospects of the Free State party in *Kansas* brighten. A convention assembled on the 24th of October to form a constitution preparatory to admission into the Union as a free State, and advances in the work with commendable intelligence, patriotism and zeal.

Congress.—The House of Representatives has not at this date (Dec. 18th,) succeeded in electing a Speaker.

FASHIONS

We derive from the "Beau Monde" the following illustrations and descriptions of the styles for this season.

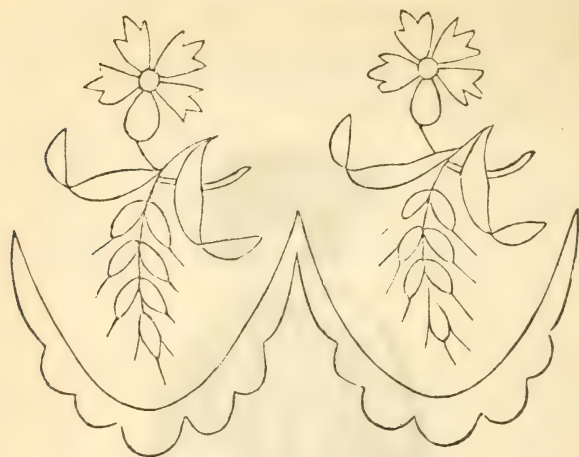
No. 1, is a cloak of black velvet, talma form, with full sleeves introduced at the sides which flow from the arm with indescribable grace. Black galloon, three inches wide, tufted with polka spots of fringe, forms a border to the cloak, and flowing sleeves. The neck is finished with a small round collar, adorned with a single row of trimming. Lining of silk, quilted in diamonds.



No. 2, is a loose saque of brown *moire antique*. The front is closed with four silver buttons, and adorned with a heavy black silk cord and tassels. A bias trimming of black, two inches wide surrounds the entire garment. The sleeves are short, and gathered with a slight fulness on the top of the arm. Embroidered collar. Black velvet pants.



CORNER FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.



WHEAT PATTERN FOR UNDERSLEEVES.



FOR FLANEL, TO BE WORKED WITH SILK.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

The name of Jesus to a believer is as honey in the mouth, music in the ears, or a jubilee in the heart. — *Mason*.

Death-bed repentance is a sacrifice made to God from the devil's leavings — *Dean Swift*.

The love of Christ hath a height without a top, a depth without a bottom, a length without an end, and a breadth without a limit. — *Anonymous*.

All the snares and temptations of the world are allied to some one or other lusts within us, that suits them as tinder to the fire. — *Boston*.

Reason can never show itself more reasonable, than in ceasing to reason about things which are above reason. — *Flavel*.

One rose upon a bush, though but a little one, and though not yet blown, proves that which bears it to be a true rose-tree.—*Burgess.*

I would rather obey than work miracles.—*Luther.*

God will give the men of the world the blessings of his *footstool*, but to the children he gives the blessings of his *throne*.—*Augustine.*

He that hath tasted the bitterness of sin, will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy, will fear to offend it.—*Charnock.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

DR. CHALMERS.—It is related of Rev. Dr. Chalmers, that while busily engaged one forenoon in his study, a man entered, who at once propitiated him under the provocation of an unexpected interruption, by telling him that he had called under great distress of mind.

"Sit down, sir, be good enough to be seated," said Dr. Chalmers, turning eagerly and full of interest from his writing table.

The visitor explained to him that he was troubled with doubts about the divine origin of the Christian religion; and being kindly questioned as to what these were, he gave, among others, what is said in the Bible about Melchisedec being without father and mother, &c.

Patiently and anxiously Dr. C. sought to clear away each successive difficulty as it was stated.

Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, and imagining that he had gained his end, "Doctor," said the visitor, "I am in great want of a little money at present, and perhaps you will help me in that way."

At once the object of his visit was seen. A perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him in very quick retreat from the study to the street door, these words escaping him among others:

"Not a penny, sir! not a penny! It's too bad! It's too bad! And to burden your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchisedec!"

There was once, a woman in rather poor health, who was desirous of doing something for a living without much work. She went to a Doctor, and told him her situation, and wished him to put her in a way to effect her object. Well, said he, get some ash bark, powder it, and make pills thereof; saying that it never can do hurt, and in some cases it may be useful. So she followed his directions, went about the country, and acquired quite a reputation as a Doctress. Some years after, the same doctor, when dining, got a fish bone in his throat, and sent for one of the faculty to remove it, but he and others employed, failed in their attempts. His family being very anxious on his account, and having heard of a woman of much celebrity, who had recently come to the place, urged his having her. The afflicted man, to satisfy them sent for her, having however no faith in her skill. When she came, she was considered a stranger to all concerned. She told the family that she must be alone with her patient, and accordingly they withdrew; and when by themselves, she says, "don't you remember the *ash bark*?" This caused the doctor so to laugh, that the fish bone flew across the room. That fully established her fame; she had done what all the doctors had failed to do.

HOUSEWIFERY.

CUSTARD PIE WITHOUT EGGS.—Place a quantity of new milk, as much as desired, over a slow fire, and allow it to heat slowly until it boils, taking pains not to seorch it, as that imparts a disagreeable taste. For every quart of milk take four table-spoonfuls of flour, beat it well with cold milk to prevent it from being lumpy, and as soon as the milk boils, pour in the thickening and stir it well until it boils again, then remove it instantly from the fire. Sweeten to suit the taste, and flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon, and it is ready for use, either cold or hot. Prepare the crust as usual for custard pies, fill them with the above preparation, and bake them an hour in an oven moderately hot. When sufficiently cooked, they will resemble in appearance a genuine “egg pie,” and will scarcely be distinguished by the taste. Custards may be made in the same way, and if baked until the whey starts, they will be nearly equal to those prepared with eggs. Rice and other puddings may be made without eggs, by boiling and thickening the milk in this way, and if they are well baked will prove excellent.—*Ohio Cultivator*.

KEEPING SWEET POTATOES.—The boxes or bins for stowing will be in size according to the quantity you wish to keep, but in no case over two feet in depth.

Gather a sufficient quantity of sand or fine road-dust, and have it thoroughly screened and dried. Put a thin layer of sand upon the bottom of the box, and lay in a course of potatoes from eight to twelve inches thick, then pour in more sand until it fills all the interstices between the potatoes to the bottom of the box. When this is done, next fill up the box with potatoes, and then again pour on sand to fill up as before, and fasten on a cover to keep out mice if necessary. If several boxes are used, they may be piled on the top of each other, and in this case always with sticks, to leave a space between, of one or two inches, to allow a free circulation of air.

In order to complete success in keeping, it is indispensable that the boxes be stored in a dry room where a pretty uniform temperature can be maintained, the safest range being between 50° to 60° fah. A wider range, if not of too long duration, may not do much harm. Potatoes put up in this manner will not be subject to loss of over five to ten per cent.

Sweet potatoes for winter use can be preserved in much the same way, and will keep suitable for cooking all winter, with but a slight deterioration of quality. To keep them from the atmosphere—dry and of an equal, moderate temperature, are the great requisites to complete success.—*Id.*

RECIPE FOR TOMATO FIGS.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes, in order to remove their skin; then weigh them, and place in a stone jar with the same amount of sugar as tomatoes. Let them stand two days, and then pour off the syrup, and boil and skim it until no scum rises; pour this syrup over the tomatoes and let them stand two days as before; then boil and skim again; after the third time they are fit to dry, if the weather is good, if not let them stand in the syrup until drying weather; then place on large earthen dishes or plates, and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week; after which, pack them down in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between each layer. Tomatoes prepared in this way will keep for years. A few apples cut up and boiled in the remainder of the syrup, makes a very nice sauce.

APPLE JELLY.—Pare and core twenty greening apples, boil them in a pint and a half of water (or enough to cover them) till quite tender, then strain the liquor through a hair sieve. To every pint put a pound of white sugar, add lemon and boil to a jelly.

WASHINGTONIAN PIE.—To one table spoonful of butter add one cup sugar, half cup milk, two cups flour, one egg, one tea spoonful cream tartar, half tea spoon saleratus. This will make two pies. When cold, divide with a thin knife and add the jelly.

The following recipes selected from our exchanges will be found very useful in families :—

TO RESTORE CRAPE.—Skimmed milk and water, with a little glue in it, made scalding hot, is excellent to restore rusty Italian crape. If clapped and pulled dry, like muslin, it will look as good as new.

TO WASH LACE.—The following method of washing lace, lace collars, and crochet collars will be found excellent, while it does not subject the article to so much wear and tear. Cover a glass bottle with calico or linen, and then tack the lace or collar smoothly upon it; rub it with soap and cover it with calico. Boil it thus for about an hour in soft water; let all dry together, and the lace will be found ready for use. If a long piece of lace is to be washed, it must be wound round and round the bottle, the edge of each round a little above (or below) the last; a few stitches at the beginning and end will be enough to keep it firm. A collar requires more tacking to keep it firm.

CEMENT FOR BROKEN CHINA, GLASS, ETC.—The following recipe, from experience, we know to be a good one, and, being nearly colorless, it possesses advantages which liquid glue and other cements do not:—Dissolve half an ounce of gum acacia in a wine glass of boiling water; add plaster of paris sufficient to form a thick paste, and apply it with a brush to the parts required to be cemented together. Several articles upon our toilette table have been repaired most effectually by this recipe.

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.—Before the skin is broken rub the chilblain gently once a day with a little caustic, and in about a week it will completely disappear.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE TIME OF THE END.—This is the principal title of a duodecimo of 408 pages, from the enterprising house of John P. Jewett & Co., of this city. It treats of Millenarianism, on which we have previously expressed our opinions, and while it maintains no claim to originality, being for the most part a compilation, it evinces considerable research on the part of its author, and an extensive acquaintance with the best writers in that department of doctrinal theology. If we differently interpret some texts of Scripture, which it expounds, and yield not our entire confidence to all its conclusions, yet we think that it will be found valuable as a book of reference. It furnishes additional evidence of diligent and devout study of the prophets, especially of such of their predictions as are supposed to be unfulfilled. As an aid to investigation, it will be useful, though the reader of it will find occasion for much discrimination and reflection.

PLAIN TALK AND FRIENDLY ADVICE TO DOMESTICS. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., of this city. This is a most excellent book of 214 pages, addressed to a numerous, but neglected class. It is well conceived and executed, and designed to be a faithful servant of servants. The head of every family would do well to present a copy of it to those who aid in the duties of the household.

RAMBLES ABOUT BOSTON, OR EFFORTS TO DO GOOD. Published by the New England Sabbath School Union. It purports to be the daily journal of a clergyman in this city, who cultivated in an eminent degree the talent of personal conversation on experimental religion. If its transitions from the ordinary topics of discourse to this exalted theme, seem occasionally sudden and abrupt; it shows most forcibly how much good a Christian may do, whose heart, like that of Harlan Page, is filled with the spirit of Christ, and with earnest desire for the salvation of men. It should be added to every Sabbath School Library, and we hope it may be honored as the instrument of raising up a host of devoted and active disciples!

AMERICAN FEMALE EDUCATION. A Lecture by Rev. R. W. Cushman, Principal of the Mount Vernon Ladies' School, Boston. Published by John P. Jewett & Co. This is a well written and able production of one who has performed long and valuable services in the cause of which it treats.

THE TREES OF AMERICA. By Dr. R. U. Piper, of Woburn. Published by subscription, and for general circulation, and dedicated to Hon. Marshall P. Wilder. We have received the first number of this admirable work, an honor to its author and to American literature. Its prints are among the best specimen of the art, and its descriptions will not suffer in comparison with those of standard English works in the same department. If future numbers equal this, its author, we trust, need not fear want of patronage. The present is a favorable time to subscribe for the work or to purchase this number. Apply at this office.

SHEET MUSIC. We have received from Oliver Ditson, Washington Street, the following:—

1. The Entry of the Allies into Sebastopol; a grand march, by E. S. Brent.
2. Autumn Sounds, an admirable piece for the piano, by Adolph Keilblock.
3. Merry Sleigh; words by Lieut. Patten, and music by C. W. Beames. A delightful song for a sleigh-ride.
4. The Cousins, a duet for the piano.
5. Fantaisie sur les Huguenots, par Gusgave Satter, an admirable piece of twenty pages for the piano.

HOW TO MAKE THE BOYS LOVE HOME.

"I WISH those boys loved to stay at home in the evening," said a mother in my hearing, last night ; and the sigh and look of distress which accompanied her words told plainly that her heart was deeply pained by their oft-repeated absence, and she watched their retreating footsteps with a troubled countenance, and knew not what might be the company they sought, nor what evil influence might be thrown around them.

They were industrious boys of sixteen and eighteen, just beginning to fancy they were too large and too old to be longer subject to parental authority. They were not vicious or idle, but worked with a willing hand through the day, doing the work of men, but when evening came, they sought pleasure abroad, unmindful of a father's advice, or a mother's entreaty. I glanced around their home, a comfortable, farmer-like dwelling, where all the wants of the physical nature were well supplied, but as is too often the case, the food for the mind was less abundant. A few school books, which the boys had never learned to love, a Bible and hymn book, constituted the family library, and I was not surprised that they should leave the circle at home, and seek the cheerful throng that were lounging in the store, or join in the vulgar mirth and profane jests that went round the boisterous group.

"You are seeing your happiest days with your boy," said the mother to me, as my baby clung to my arm with the sweet confidence of infancy, "you know *where he is*, and have no anxiety for him now, but when he is older, he will be beyond your influence, and go, you know not where."

I thought of the old proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," and I shook my head doubtingly and said nothing. But I asked myself, is it really true, as I have often heard it remarked, that parents enjoy more pleasure in the society of their children in infancy, than in youth and maturity ? If so, surely there is a

reason, and that reason too often the result of parental mistakes in the early discipline of their children. We watch with delight the first dawning of intellect, await with impatience the first indistinct effort to talk, are pleased with their infantile prattle, and it seems strange that the pleasures of social intercourse should diminish with their growing intelligence.

But we cannot expect children to be like ourselves, steady, old and care-worn. Fun and frolic are essential to their happiness, and it is no injury to any one to join heartily in these sports. If we enter into their sports in childhood, and take the lead of their pleasures in youth, we shall keep our own hearts young and joyous, make home the centre of attractions, and while doing much to educate their mental faculties, we shall find a far greater satisfaction in their society than we can possibly find in the artless trust of infancy.

A few dollars judiciously expended in books and engravings suitable for young children, will do much to awaken a love of home, and I venture to assert, there is nothing which will have a stronger influence in keeping "those boys" quietly at home than to cultivate a *taste for reading*. Begin early. Read to them before they can read for themselves; explain what you read, and encourage them to converse with you about it. Teach them to observe the common phenomena of nature, and to study into the causes which produce the effects they see. A mother may do this herself without being a philosopher. She may awaken their curiosity upon the various objects around them, and direct them where this curiosity may be gratified, place within their reach useful and instructive books, and show by example as well as by precept that she appreciates them, and the pleasures of home will be purer and sweeter to every member of the family, and the children will seldom have occasion to seek evening amusement away from the charmed circle of home. It has been truthfully said, "a good book is the best of company;" and the earlier we introduce our children into the society of *good books*, the greater will be the benefit derived from them, and the stronger will be their attachment to the social circle around the evening fire, and there will be less danger of their seeking diversion in the society of the idle

and vicious. But if we neglect to make home happy, and to furnish entertainment for the intellect, be assured that the restless desire of the human mind for "some new thing," will frequently attract "those boys" and girls too, away from home in search of amusement.—*Ohio Cultivator*.

A WELL-ORDERED HOME.

THESE words are a "home-trust" to many, in practical lessons of wisdom. The relations of husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters are all embraced within their meaning. To the husband, love, kindness, honesty, sincerity, and forbearance toward the chosen partner of his life, are essential;—to the wife, a loving heart, a cheerful home, "bright fires, instead of black stoves," smiles of welcome, devotion and obedience, mutual forbearance, mutual interests, a cultivation of mutual tastes, pursuits, and studies, a love of the beautiful and true;—to parents, fixed rules of government for children, founded on justice and mercy, whose fruit is love, recognizing and strictly observing the rights of the child, as scrupulously as they demand obedience, to cultivate order and system in all things, and a taste for the useful and beautiful, instead of follies and frivolities—all these are equally essential.

Provide amusement for children, if you would keep them from seeking it away from home.

Make the house cheerful, and happy, and desirable, if you would have it attractive to the members of it. Discard the austerity and cold stiffness of formality, but observe all the true and genuine politeness of honesty, hearty humanity, which teaches us to "do unto others, as we would that others should do unto us," and "love one another." Such should be the home of every Christian family. Then the seed of piety, honesty, uprightness, cheerfulness, and elevated happiness, sown and nurtured in the home, would spring up and grow and multiply, as the different members of these families go forth to all parts of the world.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

MATT. 16: 3.—“ *The signs of the times.*”

THE shadows of coming events may be seen on the surface of every sea, and the face of every country, arresting the attention, and directing the expectation of man. The pillar of a cloud and of fire, which guided Israel through the wilderness, and the star which led the wise men of the east to Bethlehem were supernatural phenomena, yet something, here called “signs,” often precedes the events of providence, which fulfil the predictions of the prophets. As there are signs of fair weather and of foul, of prosperity and adversity, so there are correspondences between those events and the prophecies which they fulfil. To these, the Saviour directed the attention of his hearers in these words: “Ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times.”

There are certainly some very remarkable characteristics of the period in which we live. Not to dwell here upon the unusual attention devoted to the study of the Scriptures, particularly of their unfulfilled predictions, nor on the confirmation which the Bible receives from the discoveries of natural science, and from the researches of travellers, what signs appear of Zion's prosperity and of the approach of her final and glorious consummation in *our multiplied facilities for communication, and for the increase of knowledge.*

Prophecy foretells that “many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall increase.” Now look on the face of society, and what do you behold? Railroads spreading their net-work over the earth, and cars running in every direction, countless steamers plying upon our inland waters, the sails of a prosperous commerce whitening the ocean, man talking with his fellow by telegraph across deep waters and vast continents, the machinery of civilized society whirling at fearful speed, the work of centuries performed in an hour, navies once the terror of nations sunk in a moment, armies that have coped with Alexanders and Napoleons suddenly put to flight, thrones shaken, crowns falling, statesmen and councils and cabinets at their wits' end, the wise taken in their own craftiness, commercial embarrassments unaccounted for

by political economists at once engulfing capitalists and their fortunes, and the next turn of the wheel of fortune raising up the poor from the dung-hill, and exalting them to affluence and temporary independence, the despised of yesterday the heroes of to-day, and the execrated of to-morrow, revolution treading on the heel of revolution, systems long consolidated dashed to pieces like a potter's vessel, and amid this commotion of things perishable and unworthy of man's highest regard, institutions of learning springing up, science advancing, general intelligence increasing, missionaries running to and fro, the Bible being translated into every tongue, and copies thereof scattered like the leaves of autumn among the nations, light penetrating pagan darkness, the Bethel flag waving over the walls of Japan and other strong-holds of Satan's late empire, freedom extending her dominion, Zion arising and shining brighter and brighter, kings her nursing fathers, and queens her nursing mothers, her sons as plants grown up in their youth, her daughters as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace, nations born at once, and recruiting the army of the redeemed, the horizon flashing and booming with the ordnance of God directed against the fortresses of error and sin, and the sacramental host already beginning to shout "Hosannah to God in the highest," "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign forever and ever!"

PASSING EVENTS.

FOREIGN.

The war still progresses, though rumors of peace have been freely circulated since the middle of December. Most of the Cabinets of Europe desire it; Austria and Prussia labor for it; but the belligerent powers are exceedingly sensitive on points of honor, and continue, both in their camps and at home, preparations for the prosecution and increase of hostilities. Early in that month the Allied fleets were on their return from the Baltic, and a council of war had been summoned at St. Petersburg, consisting of all the most distinguished Russian generals and admirals.

The Queen of *England* prorogued Parliament till January 31st, and entertained with royal civility the King of Sardinia, who reviewed her Majesty's troops, visited her palace and capital, and on the Sab-

bath worshipped in the Sardinian Chapel, where Cardinal Wiseman officiated. Some minor changes in the British Cabinet are reported. Great interest is felt in the beneficent mission of Miss Nightingale, and Victoria unites in its demonstration by a presentation to her of a "jewelled decoration."

France sent the proposals of Austria to England in reference to a peace with Russia, and returned the same to Vienna, and from thence Austria sent them to St. Petersburg. The result awaits development at this date, Jan. 10th.

Spain encourages agriculture, by her Colonization law, which grants to any Spaniard, or foreigner, a share in the waste districts, who settles thereon for agricultural purposes. The Cubans have sent their protest to this government against the additional taxes levied on that colony by the Spanish government.

Austria proposes farther to reduce her army by 80,000 men, a measure which seems to express her confidence in the speedy proclamation of peace. Chevalier Hulesmann, whom our late Secretary of State, Hon. Daniel Webster, so justly rebuked before the civilized world, for crushing Hungary, has been appointed Austrian Minister to the United States, to reside at Washington. This is a new feature in the diplomacy of that country, the results of which it is impossible to foretell, though it is to be apprehended that they may be too favorable to the prevalence of the Popacy in this country. Rumor says that she now presents the four points of the Vienna Conference with slight modifications, and inclines to the interpretation of them given by the Western powers, and that she will take an active part in the war against Russia if that government rejects them.

Prussia witnesses considerable suffering among her subjects for want of corn and other bread stuffs, and from an epidemic among the cattle.

Denmark still claims her Sound Dues, and unites in a Conference on the subject, in which all the nations interested are represented, and which met on the 20th of Dec. The United States refused to participate in the discussion, having made specific arrangements with that government respecting them, which have not yet transpired. Only two States, Russia and Mecklenburg, have as yet expressed their favor toward the views of this government about the Sound Dues.

Prussia appears anxious to preserve herself from participation in the war, judging from her King's address, which is highly pacific.

Germany.—Some of the German States and citizens have loaned money to a large amount to Russia.

Sweden and Norway have entered into a treaty with France and England to prevent the cession of any of their territory to Russia.

Russia was filled with joy by the success of her army at Kars, which recaptured the place, and took a large amount of prisoners and stores on the 28th.

DOMESTIC.

THE quarrel between the friends of freedom and of slavery in *Kansas* has spent its force, and a better understanding exists between them. Their military preparations having ceased.

THE fate of *Sir John Franklin* and his crew has been at length disclosed. A paper called *The Pioneer* published in St. Pauls, Minnesota, reports that after abandoning in the Arctic Ocean their ships destroyed by the ice they made their way to Montreal Island, near the mouth of Black river, in latitude 68 °, where they died of starvation, where an Esquimaux was conversed with, who, together with his brethren, saw and ministered to them, and where various articles were found and identified that were known to belong to them and their squadron. How wonderful the ways of Providence! The expeditions, sent from Europe and America in search of them, have probably explored the Arctic regions more thoroughly and made more discoveries there than they could have done, if their lives had been spared, and a full report of their researches had been given to the world.

The State-government of Massachusetts was organized by the reinauguration of Gov. Gardner on the 2nd ult. He was the independent candidate of the American party, which has a majority of the members of the House of Representatives, and has elected its officers and the counsellors of his Excellency.

New governments have also commenced their administration in this city, and most others in the Commonwealth. Prosperity attend them!

The most severe snow-storm known for many years occurred on the night of the 5th ult., and the next day, which was the Sabbath. It began in the north-east, and extended over the whole northern section of the country, and far south, preventing many churches from being opened, and rendering the railroads and high-ways, in sundry places, impassable.

THE House of Representatives in *Congress* is, after six weeks from the commencement of the session, still balloting for a Speaker, apparently with as little success as on the first trial.

The United States Agricultural Society held its annual meeting in Washington, D. C., on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of January, in the Hall of the Smithsonian Institute. Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, of this city, declined a re-election, but was unanimously chosen its President, and was prevailed upon to accept the office. The next annual fair is to be held next autumn in the city of Philadelphia.

The *Nicaragua* fillibusters have been effectually checked in their reckless career by the cannon which fired upon a ship going out of New York with men, ammunition, and ordnances of war on board, and thus brought under subjection to wholesome laws.

THE ship *Resolute*, which was left by her crew in the ice in high latitude, but which on the breaking up thereof, was loosed and floated many months at the mercy of wind and tide, was discovered, taken and towed into New London, Conn., by a vessel belonging to that city. She is valued at \$100,000.

A *new religious fanaticism* has sprung up in New Haven and vicinity, which embraces very strange doctrines and corresponding moral sentiments. Its advocates have committed sundry murders and other crimes, for which they have been apprehended and await their trial, where their unbelief and sins will doubtless be disclosed and rebuked.

The President's Message was delivered to the public on the 31st of December, after waiting nearly a month for the organization of the House of Representatives by the choice of its appropriate officers. It discusses, at length, the encroachments of England in Central America in despite of her stipulations by treaty with this government—her enlistment of soldiers for the recruiting of her army in the Crimea in the towns and cities of the United States, or by inducing them to flee from the same into her North American provinces for that purpose, thus violating the neutrality to which our government is pledged—the Sound Dues claimed by Denmark and refused by this Republic—our relations to the various nations of Europe and America—the general state of the Union—and the subject of slavery as connected with the constitution and theory of our government.

FASHIONS.

(See pages 26 and 27.)

Last month we gave from "the Beau Monde," the winter styles for ladies and girls. We now present from the same source those of a gentleman and of a boy in full dress.

No. 1 is a youth's walking costume. The coat is a straight sack with full flowing sleeves; pants of small check cassimere and boots of glazed leather.

No. 2 is a walking suit. The outside garment is an agreeable style of surtout. It is unbuttoned, exhibiting underneath the front of a frock coat closely buttoned. Pants of plain-colored heavy cassimere.

EMBROIDERY.

PINE PATTERN COLLAR.

Materials.—*Fine jaconet muslin, with Dick's embroidery cotton, Nos. 30 and 40, and the Mecklenburg thread, No. 85.*

This collar has all the bars worked with Mecklenburg thread, over the muslin; the eyelet-holes, however, wherever they occur, are traced on the muslin, the centre being pierced with a stiletto before they are worked. The outlines of the leaves are worked in button-hole stitch, and the veinings sewed over; the rest of the leaves, and some part of the flowers are then spotted, producing a very pleasant effect. All the muslin must be cut away from under the bars, as indicated in the engraving.—*Gazette of Fashions.*

GEMS AND APHORISMS.

I have taken much pains to know everything that was esteemed worth knowing among men; but, with all my disquisitions and reading, nothing now remains with me to comfort me, at the close of life, but this passage of St. Paul: "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." To this I cleave, and here I rest.—*Selden.*

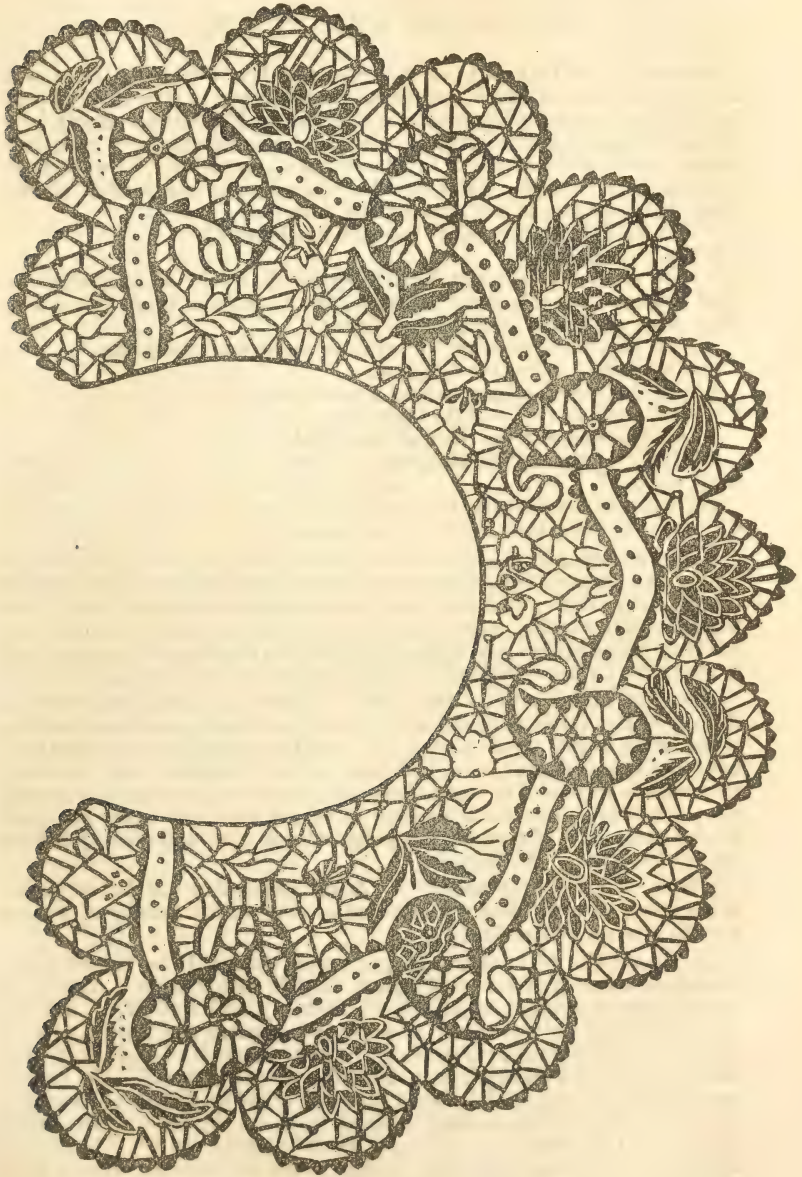
What wings are to a bird, oil to wheels, or a loadstone to the needle, such is Christ to the soul of the believer; he gives speed to his devotions, activity to his obedience, and draws him nearer and nearer to God.—*Mason.*

Some men will follow Christ on certain conditions—if he will not lead them through rough roads; if he will not enjoin upon them any painful tasks; if the sun and wind do not annoy them; if he will remit a part of his plan and order. But the true disciple, who has the spirit of Jesus, will say, as Ruth to Naomi, "Whither thou goest, I will go, whatever difficulties and dangers may be in the way."—*Cecil.*



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(1)



INCIDENT AND HUMOR.

ANECDOTE OF CHANCELLOR KENT.—The late Chancellor Kent was one of those men whose innate dignity enabled him to take in good part familiarity—the result of ignorance and accident. He was exceedingly fond of martial music; and hearing the drums of a recruiting party who had taken a station at the corner of the street beat a point of war, he walked out to listen to it nearer. Insensibly he was whistling the burden of the tune, when the man of war accosted him thus:—

“You are fond of such music, then, my fine fellow?”

“Yes,” was the reply.”

“Well, then, said Sergeant Kite, “why not join us? Good quarters — good bounty — large bounty.” Besides, our Captain is a glorious fellow. Why don’t you now? You can’t do better.”

“Well, said the Chancellor, “I have one pretty strong objection.”

“What is it?” asked the Sergeant.

“Why, just now I happen to have a better trade.”

“What trade is it?” said the inquisitor.

“I am Chancellor of the State of New York.”

“Whew!” muttered the Sergeant. “Strike up!”—quick time!—forward, march!”

Off tramped the military man without looking behind him, leaving the Chancellor to enjoy his laugh at the adventure.

RULES OF DUELISTS.—An Irishman who was near-sighted, and about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer his antagonist than the latter to him, and they were both to fire at the same time. This beats Sheridan’s telling a fat man who was going to fight a thin one, that the latter’s slim figure ought to be chalked on the other’s portly person; and if the bullet hit him outside of the line, it was to go for nothing.

HINT TO MINISTERS.—The Rev. J. Brown, of Haddington, tutor in divinity to the Associate Synod, in a letter of paternal counsels and cautions to one of his pupils newly settled in a small congregation, wrote thus: “I know the vanity of your heart, and that you feel mortified that your congregation is very small in comparison with those of your brethren around you; but assure yourself, on the word of an old man, that when you come to give an account of them at the judgment-seat, you will think you have enough.”—*Life of Dr. Waugh.*

“WHO was the first man?” “Adam somebody; his father wasn’t nobody, and he never had a mother on account of the scarcity of women and the pressure of the times.”

A QUAKER’S CHARITY.—A gentleman employed in raising funds toward the erection of a new Episcopal Church, waited upon a member of the Society of Friends, of known philanthropy and liberality. Having stated his object and presented his subscription paper, the Friend, after a pause, very gravely said, “Friend, thee knows we cannot consistently with the sentiments of Friends, help to build thy steeple houses.” The gentleman politely expressed his regret, and was about to withdraw, when the Quaker recalled him by saying, “Friend, let us see thy paper again — doth it not state that there is an old house to be pulled down?” The gentleman answered in the affirmative. “Ah!” says our Friend, “then I have it, there I give thee twenty pounds; but observe—you certainly mark, I give this, not to build the new steeple house *up*—no, no; but to pull the old steeple house *down*.”

THE SENSE OF JUSTICE.—The boys attending one of our public schools of the average of seven years had, in their play of bat and ball, broken one of the neighbor's windows; but no clue of the offender could be obtained, as he would not confess, nor would any of his associates expose him.

The case troubled the governess, and, on the occasion of a gentleman visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the circumstances, and wished him, in some remarks to the school, to advert to the principle involved in the case.

The address to the school had reference, principally, to conduct of boys in the streets and in their sports. The principles of rectitude and kindness which should govern them everywhere, even when alone, and when they thought no eye could see, and there was no one present to observe. The school seemed deeply interested in the remarks.

A very short time after the visitor left the school a little boy arose in his seat, and said: "Miss L——, I batted the ball that broke Mr. ——'s window. Another boy threw the ball, but I batted it and struck the window. I am willing to pay for it."

There was a death-like silence in the school as the boy was speaking, and it continued a minute after he had closed.

"But it won't be right for —— to pay the whole for the glass," said another boy, rising in his seat; "all of us that were playing should pay something, because we were all engaged alike in the play; I'll pay my part!"

"And I."

"And I."

A thrill of pleasure seemed to run through the school at this display of correct feeling. The teacher's heart was touched, and felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.

AN Irishman having accidentally broke a pane of glass, was making the best of his way out of sight; but the proprietor stole a march upon him, and having seized him by the collar, exclaimed, "You broke my window, fellow, did you not?"

"To be sure I did," said Pat, "and didn't ye see me running home to git the money to pay for it."

HOUSEWIFERY.

DIRECTIONS FOR A SHORT LIFE.—1. Eat hot bread at every meal. 2. Eat fast. 3. Lie in bed every morning until the sun is two hours high. If the case should prove stubborn—4. Add the morning dram.

To make Snow Cakes. Mix flour with milk so as to make a thick batter, add sugar, salt and seasoning to your taste. When the fat for frying is hot stir into the batter newly fallen snow in the proportion of one cup to a pint of milk. Many prefer one-third rye mixed with the flour. Eat the cakes with sugar and lemon juice, cider or wine.

To make Squash Fritters. Prepare the squash as for the table, or take that which remains from dinner, mix therewith milk and flour to make a thin batter; add one or two eggs; sugar and spice to taste, and fry them like flour fritters. Eat them with butter and sugar.

BOOK NOTICES.

History of the Town of Medford; by Rev. Charles Brooks, published by Rev. James M. Usher, of this city. We have seldom examined a new book with more interest than this beautifully printed and richly embellished volume. It is an octavo of 576 pages, and merits from us more than an ordinary book-notice. It revives grateful reminiscences of a residence of twelve years in the place, of scenes and localities familiar as household words, of the countenances and names of persons whom we hold dear, of the church in which our ministry commenced, and from which during it went forth four colonies for the successive formation of more than half of its present churches. We rejoice in this publication as the completion of a design which we once formed, of giving the history of that town in a series of lectures of which, owing to our removal from the place, we delivered but one, and from that the compiler of this volume has made copious extracts. We had investigated and taken many notes on nearly all the topics on which he treats, and it is with peculiar satisfaction that we can bear our public testimony to the general accuracy of his narrative.

As we read many thoughts were suggested, samples of which we will here record for the benefit of the compiler in a future edition. One related to the origin of the name of the town which is alluded to, but not very distinctly stated, but which, we think, there is authority for saying was derived from *Mead* and *Ford* in reference to the well-authenticated fact that the place was primarily called *the ford in the mead*, and by contraction *Mead-ford*, by the colonists at Salem, Charlestown and Boston, as they passed and repassed from each others' settlements.

Other topics it was our intention to have developed more fully, as that in respect to the Indians in the place when Cradock's men, and others settled it, and the friendly relations which they maintained toward them, their exertions to christianize them, and to promote their welfare. The story of "Indian wrongs," we are happy to say, has little or no connection with the history of Medford.

We would also have exhibited more fully the highly religious and orthodox character of its early settlers, their deep piety and beneficence, not to aggrandize a party or a sect, but to inspire, if possible, in its present and future inhabitants a profounder reverence for the Scriptures as the only infallible rule of faith and practice, and as a means of reviving and transmitting the religious sentiments of their fathers.

Our design also embraced a more full account of the cession of the second church from the first, of its seasons of refreshing, of its pastors and history, especially of the flourishing colonies which it has sent forth, of their agency in restoring the sentiments and piety of the first settlers, and of the kind manner in which these, and all the churches of the town, differing on some points, co-operate for the promotion of temperance and other reforms, and for the general welfare of society.

We noticed a few omissions, which may be easily supplied in a future edition, or in an appendix, as the relief afforded by the former citizens of that town to the sick and wounded soldiers of the American army after the battle of Bunker Hill, and during the siege of Boston, and also to the Hessians captured at Saratoga and quartered for a season on Winter Hill, in the present town of Somerville, whose hospital was in Medford, a house formerly occupied by the

late Dr. Stearns, where numbers of them died, and were borne to their graves on land belonging to the estate of Nathaniel Bishop, and some of whose bones, we have frequently been told, were disinterred since the beginning of the present century.

But for such suggestions, the first issue of most well-written histories of towns furnishes occasion. We lay down this volume with a sense of gratitude to its editor, a gentleman to whose industry and research, learning and talents, we trust, it will be an enduring monument, with higher regard for the citizens of Medford, and with more earnest prayers for their present and future welfare.

Sabbath Evening Readings on the New Testament, St John, by Rev. John Cumming, D. D. Published by John P. Jewett & Company. The genius of this author, we think, is quite as rare as his most prominent fault which is writing and publishing too much, and consequently without suitable revision. Instead of turning the style the ninth time, he does not turn it once. This volume he informs us in his preface, is sent forth as its readings fell from his lips in the pulpit, and therefore he expects that mistakes will be found in it, and he delicately invites the reader to point them out. We admire this frankness and self-distrust, but are still in doubt how far it is proper and safe for an author thus to presume on the candor and forbearance of critics and of the public, and to throw off at random the scintillations of his genius. We confess that we should have liked this volume better if it had been carefully revised and condensed by its author. Yet it is a good book, and will be read with interest and profit by common Christians, for whom it is specially designed. The many thousands in American churches who have admired his previous volumes of Scripture Readings, will be gratified with this addition to their Biblical literature.

The Great Rosy Diamond, by Mrs. Ann Augusta Carter; with illustrations and designs by Billings. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co. This tale of fairy land is beautifully printed and well embellished, and will be read by children and youth with lively interest and salutary moral influence.

Sabbath Talks with the Little Children about Jesus, by the author of the Mothers of the Bible; published by John P. Jewett & Co. This is another beautiful book for very small children, illustrating in language they can readily comprehend those traits of the Saviour's character which they most need to imitate. The style is simple, but pure; the sentiment and moral effect above all praise. We earnestly recommend it, as one of the best books for small children.

Glances and Glimpses; or, Fifty Years Social, including Twenty Years Professional Life, by Harriot K. Hunt, M. D.; published by John P. Jewett & Co. This book, written by the noted female physician of this city, is the production of an earnest mind and a warm heart, and while it contains many valuable suggestions on education, domestic life and medical practice, we are not altogether pleased with its egotism, its needless commendation of Universalism in the fore part, and of Swedenborgianism in the latter, nor with the extreme woman's-rights-doctrine set forth prominently in almost every chapter. In these respects it fails to meet our expectations, having previously heard and received the impression that it was an earnest plea for more medical knowledge among females generally, and for the qualification of some of them for certain branches of practice, particularly in diseases peculiar to their own sex, or common among children. We were prepared to give it a favorable reception, but we lay it down with a degree of disappointment.

The Heathen Religion in its Popular and Symbolic Development, by Rev. Joseph B. Gross; published by John P. Jewett & Co. This is decidedly a scholar-like production, displaying the extensive learning and research of its author, who gives us in his duodecimo of 372 pages, in addition to the Mythology of Greece and Rome, that of the Egyptians, Hindoos, and Scandinavians. His purpose is similar to that of Cudworth, in his intellectual system of the universe. but his work is more condensed, popular and attractive. Its style might be improved, yet scholars will read it with interest; and with a copious index, it would be very valuable to them as a book of reference.

The Bible History of Prayer, with Practical Reflections, by Charles A. Goodrich. This is an old and faithful servant of a new master, and we have previously spoken of it in terms of commendation. The author's design, which is well executed, is to exhibit the doctrine and duty of prayer as revealed in Scripture, by an exposition of every passage containing a prayer. It is a good book, instructive and devout; and in the hands of its new and enterprising publisher we trust that its sphere of usefulness will be greatly extended.

Righteousness and the Pulpit, a discourse preached in the First Church, Dorchester, on Sunday, Sept. 30, 1855, by Rev. Nathaniel Hall, pastor. We have read this sermon with mingled emotions of regret and of pleasure—of regret on account of the temporary misunderstanding between its author and any of the people of his charge, which sustain relations to each other, over which love ought to preside,—and of pleasure that both he and they, who meet from Sabbath to Sabbath, where our ancestors worshipped, can unite in publishing the most prominent sentiment of this sermon, that it is the duty of the pulpit to preach truth and righteousness, and to speak *freely* on all the subjects of revealed religion. When we think of the hallowed associations connected with their church, we can but adopt the words of the psalmist, "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces."

The Second Annual Report of the *Southern Aid Society* is received. Of this Association we have previously spoken in terms of highest commendation. In a word, it is a Home Missionary Society for extending the gospel in the destitute districts of the South, as a means of promoting a more cordial intercourse between the North and South, and as a sovereign remedy for the evils of slavery. Its receipts last year were more than \$10,000, disbursed in various Southern States. Thus unto the poor colored man the gospel is preached. We look with strong hope and much favor upon this Society, and most respectfully and earnestly solicit for it the aid of our patrons and of the public. Rev. Luther Farnham, of this city, is corresponding secretary and treasurer for New England, a gentleman well-known to the literary public, and admirably adapted to the place. His office is in the Genealogical Society's rooms on Tremont Row.

The Biblical Repertory and Princeton Review. The January number of this standard of American literature and Orthodoxy is received, and has been read, particularly the articles on the Apostolic Office and that on Arminism and Grace, with great satisfaction. Beside these, it contains articles on Compté's Positive Philosophy, Mill's System of Logic, the Character and Writings of Nicole, Quesnel and the Jansenists; with the usual Review of the Press and literary Notices. The present number fully sustains the high reputation of this excellent Quarterly.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

Mat. 5 : 13. “ *Ye are the salt of the earth ; but if the salt have lost its savor wherewith shall it be salted ? It is henceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.*”

The properties and uses of salt were well known to the early Christians and ancient Hebrews. They found it in the rocky hills on the southern shore of the Dead Sea, or derived it from the waters thereof, which annually overflowed their proper bounds, and by evaporation left upon the ground a saline deposit. They employed it to give a savory relish to their food, to fertilize their soil and to preserve flesh and other articles of diet from corruption.

To these uses of salt the inspired writers frequently refer. Job asks, “ Can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt ?” They mixed it with the food of their domestic animals. Isaiah says, “ The oxen likewise and the young asses . . . eat clean [in the original, *savory* or *salted*] provender.” They sprinkled it on their meat offerings, “ the priests cast salt upon them.”

It gradually acquired a symbolical significance. The Jews washed their new-born infants in salt water for health and purification. “ In the day thou wast born, thou wast not washed with water to supple thee ; thou wast not salted at all ;” no one cared for thy welfare nor sought thy purity ; thou wast born like the wild beasts that perish.

It was a token of friendship. The ancient Greeks, like the present Arabs, as well as other Orientals, regarded those as their fast friends who had eaten their savory meat, or whose hospitality they had enjoyed. Hence it became a sign of the ratification and perpetuity of a contract. “ A covenant of salt ” was continually obligatory, like that of the Jews to present their legal offerings during the Levitical economy. (Num. 18 : 19).

Used as a fertilizer in too great abundance, it produced sterility and became a sign of desolation. The sowing of salt upon a ruined

city or territory indicated its devotion to perpetual desolation (Judges 9 : 45).

But its *conserving* property is most frequently referred to by ancient writers, inspired and uninspired. Livy, the Roman historian, calls Greece "the salt of all nations," because her learning and philosophy preserved them from ignorance and ruin. In a kindred sense, but with the addition of moral and spiritual significance, Christ here styles his apostles and disciples "the salt of the earth."

They are the conservators of society by the Sabbath which they sanctify, by the sanctuaries which they build, by the church in which they unite, by the sacraments which they administer, by the word which they preach and hear, and by all the rites of worship and the institutions of revealed religion which they maintain. These are a testimony in Israel, witnesses of the truth and power of the gospel. By these they reprove the world of sin, admonish it of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, preserve it from corruption and persuade men to a life of purity.

They are conservators of society by their religious faith, by the doctrines which they receive, defend and recommend. They do indeed differ in the expression of their faith, but even in their diversity there is a good degree of harmony. All sincere Christians receive the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as the inspired word of God, and, being faithfully interpreted, they bow to their authority with submission and joy. They recognise their obligations to believe in Christ, to repent of sin, and to keep the commandments. So far as they are experimental, they have complied with these conditions of life everlasting. Experience teaches them, and their example teaches others that "all Scripture . . . is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction and for instruction in righteousness," that it is the instrument which the Spirit renders effectual to salvation, which makes the simple wise, and the dead in sin alive in Christ.

Ministers and Christians are the salt of the earth by the purity of their lives. If their conduct belies their profession, it is either because they are strangers to Christ and his grace, or because they are imperfectly formed in his likeness. Hence their faults are chargeable not properly to spirituality, but to the remains of carnality, which are in them. These, therefore, only show that they themselves need more salt in order to conserve society about them. If these sometimes abate from their conservatism, yet who does not pronounce the

morals of Christendom superior to those of paganism? Here life and property are more secure ; peace and comfort more abundant ; and they are so, as the conduct of men, especially of Christians, is more closely conformed to the law and example of Christ. In this lies the superiority of the British isles to the states of Italy, of the inhabitants of New England to those of Florida and California. Where this salt abounds unclean birds find little or no carrion to feed upon, and therefore migrate or die of starvation. It is renewing and sanctifying grace which makes Christians the conservators of society.

But then piety may decline, the salt may lose its savor ; and if it does “ wherewith shall it be salted ? ” Its preserving property will be diminished or destroyed. True Christians may backslide ; professed disciples may apostatize. Peter denied his Master and Judas betrayed him. “ All are not Israel which are of Israel.” Stones beaten from salt and the saline deposit of the sea lose their saltiness when left long exposed to the air, sun and showers, as ashes leach and quick lime slacks in a similar exposure. When it had thus lost its property, it can neither fertilize or preserve from corruption, but is good for nothing except to be gathered up and spread like gravel in walks and streets to be trodden under foot of man and beast — fit emblem of those who have the name of Christ without his spirit and life, and who corrupt rather than purify society. Reader, art thou of this number ? Know thyself.

But travellers assure us of another circumstance about those saline deposits which is both interesting and instructive. Evaporation during the summer reduced the degree of their saltiness, which a succeeding inundation in a measure restored. How exactly like those Christians who depend on seasons, upon extraordinary measures and means, who are salt in a revival, but corruption at other times, and who need a lesson of steadfastness and of perseverance in good works !

True Christian conservatism is not self-willed, but bows with supreme reverence to the will of God revealed in the Bible. It is not adherence to a dogma nor a measure, to a man nor a party, to antiquities nor novelties ; no, it is Christ formed in us the hope of glory ; it is piety in the purest and noblest sense of that word ; it is Christianity, living, speaking and acting for the preservation of whatsoever things are true — honest — just — pure — lovely — and of good report, and for the salvation of a perishing world. Far from trying all

things and holding fast nothing, it examines no theory manifestly opposed to the Bible, and knowingly rejects no doctrine which it teaches. It is progressive, even radically so, where progress is desirable and Scriptural, and where it is not, there it is as immovable as the everlasting hills. It is consistent with that radicalism which seeks relief from abuse, deliverance from sin and a more perfect obedience to the divine law, but every way opposed to that radicalism which sits in judgment on the Bible and exalts human reason above it, which would destroy the church and the ministry, every green and beautiful thing in Zion, and leave us what?—Anarchy and ruin! It is time to try the spirits whether they be of God, to examine reformers whether they speak according to the law and the testimony, and to inquire the way of truth and righteousness. There are individuals and churches that need more salt. Are we of the number?

PASSING EVENTS.

FOREIGN.

Our last issue brought down the chronicle of current events to the 10th of January, and the present number extends it to the same day of the succeeding month.

The severity of the weather has checked hostilities between the belligerent powers in *the war of the Crimea*. Rumors of peace prevail, but they do not appear to have a very reliable basis. Russia concedes the third of the four points in the Vienna Conference, which related to the Black Sea, on condition that the straits leading into it be closed to all naval forces except those of her own kingdom and of Turkey, the amount of each to be agreed upon by those governments respectively. But the conditions of peace insisted upon by the Allies are, *first*, the relinquishment on the part of Russia of her Danubian Principalities; *secondly*, of such part of her Bessarabian territory as shall remove her from the Delta and banks of the Danube; *thirdly*, they insist upon the removal of all Russian forts and arsenals from the coast of the Black Sea; and *fourthly*, upon the free toleration of all Christian sects in Turkey. Thus these powers are as near a peace as the two Irishmen who fought till each knocked the other down, and when they arose, one demanded what the other refused, so they resumed their conflict. The Russians are covering Sebastopol with most formidable fortifications, and the Allies are

erecting counter works to meet them. The docks, constructed at an enormous expense, are doomed to destruction, and the 9th of January had been appointed for exploding the magazines which were to blow them to atoms. This work has been partially accomplished. A cessation of hostilities is proposed, to afford an opportunity for negotiation.

The Protestants of England seem fully aware of the advantages which the Pope gained over Austria in his recent treaty with the emperor, a treaty which gives supremacy and perpetuity to the Catholic church in the latter country. Dr. Cumming and others sound the note of alarm, and proclaim that by virtue of this concordat persons have been forbidden to circulate English newspapers and books in Vienna.

France is making preparations to station an army of 100,000 men at St. Omer, and another of 40,000 at Cherbourg. She has invented a new species of cannon ball, of a conical form, terminating in a point of steel, and filled with gunpowder, the explosion of which can break to pieces the hardest stone work. A council of war convened in Paris on the 8th of January, in which England was represented by delegates from her nobility, and over which Napoleon presided in person.

Austria, in her treaty with the Pope, went a step too far in favor of Catholicism, and now finds occasion to march backward and concede certain privileges to Protestants, and also to restrain the Italian bishops.

Sweden is preparing her army and navy for active service, it is supposed, in conjunction with the Allies against Russia, in the Spring.

Denmark consents to allow the English fleet to rendezvous at Kiel as early as April. This evinces the intention of England to resume hostilities against Russia in the Baltic as soon as the men-of-war can navigate its waters.

Russia has ordered her provinces on the Baltic to report their means of defence to the council of war in session at St. Petersburg. She is enlisting large numbers of soldiers and contracting for a vast amount of military stores. To encourage the Poles to enlist and to attach them more firmly to her interest, she enlarges the privileges and personal liberties of her serfs. But whether these will efface from their memory the recollection of their loss of nationality and of their long oppression remains to be seen. She has accepted the terms of the Allies as a basis of negotiation. On the 18th of January expired her season for deliberation on the *ultimatum* submitted to her by Austria from the Allies. But her acceptance or rejection has not

yet transpired. She is fortifying St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw, in anticipation of an attack of the Allies upon them during the ensuing season, and much anxiety was awakened in the first of these cities by the extensive war-preparations of the Allies and by the prospect that several other Western powers will join them in the succeeding campaign, if the war continue.

The Asiatic forces, on the part of Turkey, are quartered at Er-zroom, and many of its inhabitants have gone to Trebizond, fearing an attack upon the former of these cities. The Russian army winter at Kars.

India and China are not quiet. In the latter, the revolution progresses, though recent advises give information of the defeat of the Insurgents at Oude, Nov. 2. Martial law has been proclaimed in the Santal districts. A serious difficulty occurred at Hong Kong, between Mr. Keenan, American consul, and the authorities, on account of the arrest of Capt. E. W. Nichols, of the *Reindeer*, by British police of the port for assaulting and putting in irons a car painter, and for refusing to pay the fine imposed for the deed. He took refuge on board the U. S. steamer *Powhattan*, the commander of which refused to surrender him on the ground that the proceedings of the British authorities were illegal. The difficulty will doubtless be amicably settled, for England has learned not to search American vessels, nor to impress American seamen.

The *Persians* have taken Herat the key to northern India, and an expedition is contemplated up the Persian Gulf to compel Persia to give up her conquests.

Report from *Manilla* says that a sad scene occurred there on the 9th of November, on board the ship *Waverley*, which put in there to bury her captain. Some trouble occurred on board, when the mate shot two or three men and ordered the rest below, closed the hatches and went to the funeral. Upon his return 250 out of 450 of the men were found dead from suffocation. The Spanish authorities arrested him, and the American consul declined taking cognizance of the catastrophe.

The Peruvian Government has resolved to settle the region of the Amazon, by a colony of 10,000 Roman Catholic Germans.

DOMESTIC.

Kansas is not yet quiet. The Missouri Democrat reports that an affray took place at the late election of State officers, at Eastin and in its vicinity, between the pro-slavery and free-state parties, in which shots were exchanged that wounded some and killed others, and that one man was murdered by a gang of ruffians at Leavenworth. Have we no central government to quell such disturbances! Oh, that Jackson were in the chair of State to speak authoritatively to these parties as he once did to a sister State in a season of excitement, and to say to them, "Be quiet and respect the laws of the land or I will march the United States troops among you!"

From *California*, important discoveries are reported by late arrivals, as of richer deposits of gold, a mine of Epsom salts, alum, etc. Doubtless many of these are mere fictions.

Gov. Walker's ultimate success in *Nicaragua* appears more doubtful. His army is reported at less than a thousand men, whom disease debilitates and destroys; but he receives recruits from California and New Orleans. Has our government nothing more to say or do about this filibustering movement?

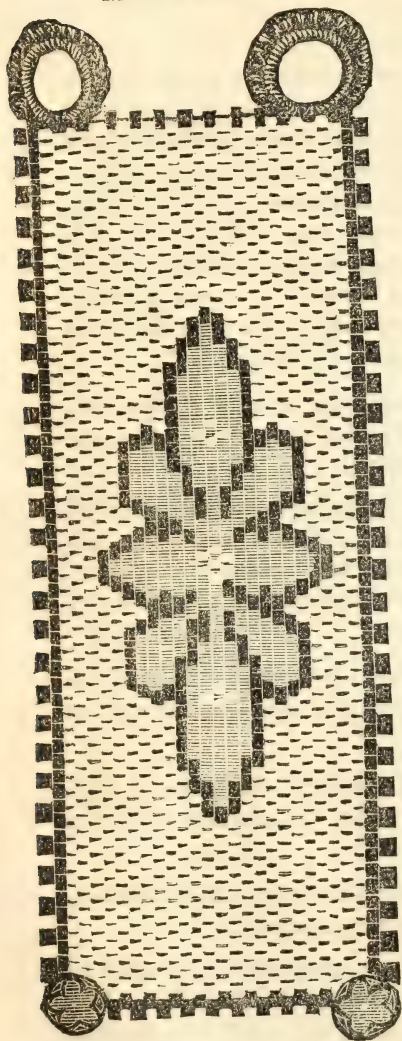
Mr. Crampton, the British minister, has been recalled from Washington, and the relation of his government to this Republic appears in a disturbed state.

The Hon. N. P. Banks was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, on Saturday, Feb. 1st, under the plurality rule, after sundry ballottings for two months.

The Legislatures of Massachusetts and other States are in session, but nothing of special importance has yet transpired.

Considerable anxiety is felt about the steamer *Pacific*, overdue at New York from Liverpool more than a week at this date, Feb. 11th, and vessels have been sent for her discovery and relief from the former of these ports.

NAPKIN RING.



SILK EMBROIDERY FOR CHILD'S CLOAK.

Materials.—Pound beads of the following colors: clear white, ruby, and emerald; two buttons, either ruby or emerald; thread, No. 7.

This ring may be worked from the engraving; and it is done with beads. Begin in the centre, with a long needleful of thread, and a needle threaded on at each end. When it is necessary to take a new needleful, join it on with a weaver's knot. The little fringe on each edge is put on afterwards. Care must be taken to select beads that are all of the same size, as any inequality spoils the work. Buttons must be sewed on at one end, and two buttonholes, finished with beads, made at the other.—*Godey.*



PATTERN FOR EDGING.



PATTERN FOR LADIES' COLLAR.—*Graham.*

AGRICULTURE.

THE FARMER.

Who makes the barren earth
 A paradise of wealth,
 And fills each humble hearth
 With plenty, life and health?
 O! I would have you know
 They are the men of toil—
 The men who reap and sow—
 The tillers of the soil.

TREES FROM SEED.—"A few years ago we made a large collection of the seeds of shade and ornamental trees, both deciduous and evergreen, and planted with much care, but did not get a seed to vegetate. This season we have found out what was the matter; we planted too deep. It is well known that in the pine-regions of Georgia, this has been a great mast year, and we now find that wherever the winged seeds have met the surface soil, they have thrown out roots, and begun to form a tree. They had no planting but what nature gave them, and dame nature is a tolerable horticulturist. We invariably plant tree seeds; just soil enough to preserve the moisture is all that is necessary. An ornamental tree, grown from seed, may be made any thing the cultivator wishes it. A fruit tree grown by seed is most likely to be healthy, and may prove a sure and valuable variety. It has been a question of time with most of us; we could not wait for tree seeds to form trees. A pine seed will make boards in twelve years. Apple seeds will make fruit-bearing trees in four years. Grapes in eight and ten years. Peaches and plums in two years. The China tree seed will make a good shade tree in four years. A man may have a forest or an orchard from seed, if he will. Even the acorn and the hickory nut may be planted with profit. Plant tree seeds, reader, and you will be astonished at the work of your hands in a few years."
 —*Exchange*.

We copy the following extracts on corn from our agricultural exchanges. We cannot vouch for their perfect accuracy. If they awaken a desire or endeavor to secure the best seed of the best varieties, our object will be secured:—

CORN FROM SPAIN.—The Commissioner of Patents has obtained from the south of Spain, a dwarf variety of corn called the "forty days' maize," which is represented as ripening high upon the Alps in forty days after planting. The object of introducing this grain into the United States is on account of its quick growth, early maturity, and sweet flavor in the green state, as well as the delicacy of the bread from its meal. It appears, also, to be well adapted to the high latitudes, where most other varieties of corn will not thrive, and likely to form a successful cross with the larger sorts, to which it may be found to impart, in some degree, its quality of early ripening, and perhaps its sweet flavor.

THE WYANDOT CORN.—This corn is represented to possess some admirable qualities. We copy from the circular of Mr. Thomas:—

"First, it requires but one grain to be planted in each hill; more than one is useless. Second, each grain yields from three to eight full-grown stalks, equal in length and strength, being from nine to twelve feet high, and proceed directly from the grain. Third, each stalk bears from two to four ears of a large and beautiful pearl white corn, the meal of which is equal in appearance to flour manufactured from wheat. Each hill will yield from eight to twenty ears. From an equal quantity of seed planted, it will produce double the

quantity of ears that can be raised from any other kind of corn grown. The quantity of fodder which it bears is immense, and for stock feeding it is superior to all other varieties. The kernel is shaped similar to the "yellow dint," the grain soft, twelve rowed, and small cob. Ear from twelve to fifteen inches long.

"If planted five feet apart each way, (and this is near enough,) it will require about 2,500 grains, or one quart of the seed, per acre. Allowing each grain to produce but six ears, (and my yield for the present year, 1855, will average ten ears to the hill,) and the produce of 2,500 hills, is 10,000 ears, and, allowing 120 ears to the bushel of corn, the result will be 125 bushels per acre. By actual measurement it has been conclusively proved that three of the average sized ears of the Wyandot corn, will make one quart, or ninety-six ears to the bushel, say one hundred ears, and the result is changed from 125 to 150 bushels per acre, the latter being nearest correct.

GEMS AND APHORISMS.

A high conceit of one's self is no proof of excellence.—*Fuller*.

He that inquires what is the just value and worth of CHRIST, asks a question which puts all the men on earth, and angels in heaven, to an everlasting non-plus.—*Flavel*.

We may talk about the best means of doing good, but, after all, the greatest difficulty lies in doing it with a proper spirit. Speaking the truth in love—in meekness, instructing those that oppose themselves—with the meekness and gentleness of Christ. I have known anxious sinners drop the subject of religion in consequence of a preacher addressing them in an angry tone.—*Nettleton*.

Until we can make a clear distinction between head knowledge and heart experience, we may easily mistake our own works for the work of religion; which though wrought in us is not of us.—*Dillwyn*.

When ministers feel the spirit's gracious influences on their hearts, it wonderfully assists them to come at the consciences of men, and as it were to handle them with hands; whereas, without them, whatever reason and oratory we make use of, we do but make use of *stumps* instead of hands.—*Rainard*.

Had our Heavenly Father intended this world for his children's portion, their accommodations would be better; but they are strangers and pilgrims travelling to a distant home, therefore they must expect *traveller's fare*, which will make home more desirable.—*Anonymous*.

PROCRASTINATION.—Archbishop Tillotson, the ablest preacher of his day, thus sets forth the folly of the great majority of mankind:—"Many men pass fifty or sixty years in the world, and when they are just about going out of it, they bethink themselves, and step back, as it were, to do something which they had all the while forgot—viz., the main business for which they came into the world, to repent of their sins, and reform their lives, and make their peace with God, and in time to prepare for eternity.

A Spanish proverb, "What the fool does in the end, the wise man does in the beginning."

THE SECRET OF PULPIT POWER.—Faith says Cecil, is the master-spring of a minister. Hell is before me, and thousands of souls shut up there in everlasting agonies. Jesus Christ stands forth to save men from rushing into this bottomless abyss; he sends me to proclaim his ability and his love: I want no fourth idea! every fourth idea is contemptible! every fourth idea is a grand impertinence!

CALVINISM AND HUMAN FREEDOM.—Even at this day, and in publications by theological professors, you may find it declared that Calvinism circumscribes the freedom and fulness of the offer of redemption. Singular! If you gather all the human race into one congregation, be I the most rigid of intelligent Calvinists, I will put to my lips the trumpet of the Gospel, and proclaim that whosoever will may come and drink of the water of life freely. If you bring me a hoary sinner, who has defied God for a lifetime, and who now shakes with the palsy of death, I will tell him that God yet waits to be gracious, and willeth not his death. And will my pleading with this dying transgressor be the less earnest and hopeful, because I have not to trust to the feeble efficacy of my words, or the grasp of his expiring faculties, but may look and pray for the extension of a Divine arm to seize and rescue his soul? Because God has not taken me into his confidence, has not unfolded unto me the Book of Life, and showed me the names of those chosen before the foundation of the world, will I not deign to be his instrument, to save whom he pleases? You dispatch a thousand vessels from this harbor, yet you *know* certain of them will be the prey of the tempest. You ship your compass; *how* does it act? You fix the lightning rod on the mast; *why*, and in what precise manner, does it call down the fire of heaven? Calvinism makes it a duty to proclaim the Gospel freely; but, in accordance with the whole analogy of nature, it covers up in mystery God's creative work.—*Bayne*.

In religious concerns, every thing which we do of ourselves, independantly of Divine aid, has a tendency to stop us short of the object we are aiming at; and whatever be the substitute we rely on, whether outward or mental, it is an *idol* at the time.—*Dillwyn*.

I never was fit to say a word to a sinner, except when I had a broken heart myself; when I was subdued and melted into penitence, and felt as though I had just received pardon to my soul, and when my heart was full of tenderness and pity.—*Payson*.

A man must be deplorably insensible or blind to the depravity of his own heart, who sees not the necessity of supernatural aid to correct its disorders.—*Dillwyn*.

INCIDENT AND HUMOR.

AN INCIDENT.—It was late. The lamps of the car burned dimly. In one seat were a "happy couple" rejoicing in a carpet-bag, two band-boxes, a basket, a brown paper parcel, and a "sleeping cherub." Suddenly cherub—a girl of some three years experience in this strange world—awoke from one of those long undisturbed slumbers that are among the prerogatives of childhood, and climbed up so as to stand and look over the back of the seat. Two careworn, travel-weary and half-awake men sat directly in front of the little creature. They looked as if they had been on board of railroad cars for a month, and had journeyed from the regions about sunset. The great, curious eyes of the child fell upon them. She scanned carefully the face of each, and one would have deemed her to have been an infantile physiognomist. Presently

one of them looked at her. It was evident that she had rather liked him, of the two, and had about made up her mind to speak to him; for instantly her little voice was heard, as she piped out the query:

"Does you love little girls?"

The man looked at her a moment rather gruffly, and then replied:

"No—I don't."

A shade of disappointment and surprise was instantly daguerreotyped upon the countenance of the child, but instantly passed away when she replied:

"Yes, you do."

The man roused himself, and took another look. He was evidently both puzzled and interested, and he said, "How do you know?"

And she replied, "'Cause you looked as if you did."

This thawed him out some, and he said, "I have got a little girl at home."

The little questioner now evidently felt that she was on the right "track," and after a look that showed that this intelligence presented a new and unexpected view of the affair, renewed the conversation earnestly, and the following colloquy ensued:

"Does you love your little girl?"

"Yes."

"Is she a real good little girl?"

"Sometimes she is."

"Is she naughty sometimes?"

"Yes."

"Does she go down in the kitchen when she ought not to?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Do you whip your little girl when she is naughty?"

"Sometimes."

"Does she cry when you talk to her, and tell her she is naughty?"

"Yes."

"Then do you whip her?"

"Sometimes."

"When she says she is sorry, do you whip her then?"

"No, never."

The little creature's eyes danced and sparkled at this, and drawing conclusions no doubt from her own experience, she exclaimed:

"I's real glad, I is."

Then looking at the other man who had refused to answer the question she had put to him, she said to her newly-made friend with a look of wonder:

"That man won't speak to me! Does he love little girls?"

The man had a heart somewhere, and thawed out. Rousing himself he exclaimed:

"How do you do, sissy?"

And the little creature, not altogether at her ease, replied:

"I's pretty well; how is you?"

By this time all within hearing of the colloquy were moved to tears; the eyes of the parents of the little prattler were full to overflowing, and those who were nearest heard one of the men she had questioned say to the other:

"She's a little witch."

And so she was. Her blooming beauty and her infantile artlessness were powerful enough to break through the roughness, the weariness, the reserve and the indifference of the travel-worn men of the world, and to melt them to tears.—*Auburn American*.

An exchange says that traveling on the Sabbath, in the Sandwich Islands, except in the direction of a church, is strictly forbidden by law. Pray, do the people stop in their sanctuaries during Sabbath night? or how do they get home?

AN ACTUAL FACT.—Between a Protestant clergyman and a Roman Catholic lawyer, who had very little good feeling toward each other, the following occurrence took place: If, asked the clergyman, a neighbor's dog destroys my ducks, can I recover damages by law? Certainly, replied the lawyer, you can recover; pray, what are the consequences? Why, sir, last night your dog destroyed two of my ducks. Indeed! then you certainly could recover damages; what is the amount? I'll instantly discharge it. The demand 4s. 9d., was made and instantly paid; when the lawyer immediately made a demand of his fee, 6s. 8d., which, unless instantly paid, he should adopt legal means to recover. This singular fact illustrates the state of English law, by which to gain is to lose.—*Bath Journal*.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH.

BY DR. E. SANBORN.

THE following article contains many valuable suggestions on a subject of great importance to the present generation, the preservation of teeth. It is from the pen of a gentleman of whose skill in dentistry we have had abundant proof for many years, of which the fathers of the seminary in Andover have often borne public testimony, and whose high reputation renders our commendations needless. His dental establishment is a favorite resort for persons from all parts of New England. There they find a quiet home, good society, and all which can contribute to their comfort, with moderate charges for the best professional services.

But why do we need dentists? We well remember a conversation with the venerable Dr. Mussey, in which he expressed his deep regret at the wretched condition of the teeth of the present generation, especially of what are commonly called the higher classes. In reply to our inquiry, what can be the cause of this? he said, it is owing principally to their mode of living; they eat the starch of our cereal grains and throw away the phosphates which enter into the formation of the teeth and bones and give them consistency, firmness and durability. If they would eat more bread made of corn and rye or wheat meal, with but little use of the sieve or bolt, the decay or loss of teeth would not be so common. This was only one of the causes specified, yet the prominence given to it fixed it in our memory.

The persons are not yet the most aged among us who can recollect when there were no dentists in our principal cities; but now their signs meet the eye at almost every corner. They are at present as important as physicians or merchants. Their services cannot be dispensed with. But we will not longer detain our readers, whose attention we invite to the following article from one of the oldest and best surgical dentists. ED.]

*"Tooth after tooth departs;
Who hath not lost a tooth?"*

A very common and most *painfully* interesting scene in these latter days of physical deterioration, in the exchanging of the remnant of one's natural teeth for artificial ones. We can but wonder that of the thousands who experience the change, so few are inclined to drop a practical hint or kind suggestion from

personal experience, for the benefit of the many who are destined to follow their example,

Ashamed that folks should know forsooth,
That time has stole from them a tooth.

But alas! in this enlightened age, not *artificial teeth* alone, but wigs, hair dye, ear-trumpets, spectacles and eye-glasses, are getting to be the order of the day; and all successful efforts to renovate and keep the God-like image in pristine beauty and *wholiness*, is rather commendable than a thing of which to be ashamed. A conviction, however, that some individuals are greatly injured, as well as many benefitted by this exchange of masticating instruments, induces to give from individual experience, a suggestion or two, to such as are resolving to try it. Sound, articulating teeth should never be exchanged unless very few and far between. Two good natural teeth which meet, and masticate well, are worth half a dozen artificial ones. But when the work of extraction is resolved upon,

“Let not a weak, unknowing hand,
Presume that work to do,”

or it may require months instead of weeks, and years instead of months, for the gums to regain a natural, perfect form. Let no dentist however skilful, extract more than four or five teeth at any one sitting, which should not occur oftener than once a week. Naturally strong nervous systems have been injured for life, by concentrating in one shock or blow an amount of physical suffering, which judiciously divided, would pass without apparent injury. Chloroform and tannin applied to the gums immediately after extraction, greatly diminishes pain and facilitates healing. Tincture of myrrh and tannin may do much to prepare them when every root and splinter is removed for the temporary set, which may usually be assumed in three or four weeks, and will be found desirable especially where waiting a year or more, will be necessary for the permanent teeth. These will prove a source of pain or pleasure, much in proportion to the skill and faithfulness of the dentist, and the encouragement given him to do them most perfect.

Individuals who are obliged to go from home and wait for their dentistry, will find great advantage in resorting to some Dental establishment, whether in city or country, where, under the same roof, they may have the undivided attention of their dentist till the work is complete. With such advantages, he can have no apology for not furnishing teeth which for utility, beauty and natural expression cannot be surpassed. The appropriation of three or four days and one hundred dollars for such an acquisition is not misspent time or money. Suction plate teeth should be taken from the mouth at bed time, cleaned and left in pure water; thus sleep will be sweeter—at least dreamless of toothache—and the glands, muscles and gums rested and refreshed for the duties of the coming day. Most people who have been through the siege of getting a set of artificial teeth are inclined to make their friends who know the event, think them a source of unbounded comfort, but we cannot confess the whole truth about ours, without acknowledging that although they look and masticate admirably, still our food is not so easily digested as though the salivary glands were unobstructed by the broad plates of gold; and could make their usual contributions toward preparing for a salutary and harmonious reception into the stomach. So, whenever propriety, *alias* pride, will permit, we eat without them, pulverize our food as fine as possible with knife and fork, leisurely roll each mouthful like a sweet morsel over our tongue, and grow fat on what might otherwise produce leanness, dyspepsia and a desponding spirit.

BOOK NOTICES.

Our monthly review of the press we are constrained to defer till our next issue, when we shall notice "The Pirate's Son," "500 Mistakes Corrected," "The Russian Empire," and other books.

We can at present only notice a review and a few pieces of sheet music.

The Bibliotheca Sacra for January is received, and sustains the high reputation of this work.

Art. 1. "The Historical and Legal Judgment of the Old Testament Scriptures against Slavery, by Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, D. D.," is a philological, exegetical and learned exhibition of the servitude spoken of by Moses and the prophets, whose legislation and teachings, as well as the example of themselves and of the patriarchs and Jewish nation, he thinks, are decidedly in favor of freedom. He endeavors to bring opinion on this difficult subject where all human theories and systems should be brought, to the test of Scripture.

Art. 2. "Perpetual Sin and Omnipotent Goodness," by Rev. L. P. Hickok, D. D., is an attempt to reconcile the existence of moral evil with divine power and love. It contains many just comments on "The Conflict of Ages" and "The Problem Solved," but leaves the vexed question. How came evil out of good? still in mystery. We admire the article, but whether it really reveals any difficulty we have some doubt. If we understand him, he ascribes man's sin partly to fleshy appetites, partly to external temptations and partly to the devil. But he does not raise the primary question how the latter was transformed from an angel to the prince of darkness? He regards Adam as the federal head of the race not by any covenant transaction, but by the conditions of his being. His production displays much metaphysical acumen and will reward an attentive perusal.

Art. 3. "Science and the Bible," by Prof. James D. Dana, is a review of Prof T. Lewis' "Six days of Creation." In this article the writer submits the work of Mr. Lewis to his compound blow pipe, from which it is removed with more harm than befell Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace. His introduction is long and remote from his subject, but having passed this, his reasoning is direct and forcible.

Art. 4. "Atonement," by Rev. E. Pond, D. D., is a concise and clear statement and proof of this important doctrine, valuable not for its novelty or profoundness so much as for its re-affirmation of old truths in well chosen terms. We are particularly pleased with the prominence which it gives to honoring the law of God, vindicating his authority and satisfying his glorious justice, with its freedom from speculative philosophy and its highly Scriptural character.

Art. 5. "Place and Condition of the Departed," by Prof. N. H. Griffin, cites sufficient authority from the classics to show the usage of Scripture language relating to the state of the soul immediately after death and quotations from the Bible to establish the common doctrine of the church, that they do instantly become happy or miserable in eternity.

Art. 6. "Nationality," by Prof. A. S. Packard, a fit subject for our age and country! He exhibits its characteristics, nature, sources and grave importance, each point being historically and happily illustrated and the whole applied with skill and force to the citizens of our republic.

Arts. 7 and 8 contain notices of new publications and literary intelligence.

Sheet Music, from Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street.

1. "Homeward! Hail!" A song of great animation and of strong attachment to home, with instrumental accompaniment. Words by C. Jeffreys and music by Henri Pauotker.

2. "Fides Waltz," an admirable piece for the piano, by James G. Gale.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

MATTHEW 5 : 9. "*Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.*"

LIKE the other beatitudes, this consists of an affirmation and a promise, of a precept and a motive enforcing obedience to it ; and the proffered good corresponds with the virtue to be cultivated, or the service to be performed. Mourners are to find comfort ; those who earnestly desire righteousness are to be filled with it ; such as exercise mercy are to have it returned to them in good measure ; and the pure in heart are to be blessed with the vision of God and the discernment of divine things for which it particularly qualifies them. So peace-makers are to be denominated in a peculiar sense "the children of God" who is the chief of pacificators.

Man's original state was one of peace. He was formed in the image of his Creator, who is "the God of peace." His impulses, dispositions and desires were in perfect harmony with the principles of the Divine government ; and he himself enjoyed happy communion with God ; he was like Him, his child and heir.

But sin disturbed this harmony, spoiled this image and produced war. Whether all the hostilities of animals, all the enemies of the vegetable kingdom commenced with the fall, or were aggravated and multiplied by it, we need not here inquire, since he whom God inaugurated creation's lord is the special subject of these words of Christ, — he whom the Bible elsewhere calls "an enemy of God by wicked works." He is an enemy to himself, his passions warring against his reason and better judgment, and bringing him into captivity to sin and death. He is out of his native element, out of his proper relation to God and the divine government. As he lost his original, pacific character by a conversion from holiness to sin, so he must regain it and become in the noblest sense a peace-maker by a reconversion, by a return to his primitive condition.

Such is God's account of the loss and of the restoration of peace. "From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members?" We must *have* peace, before we can pour the oil of this grace on the turbid waters of strife; and we obtain it through the redemption of Christ who came to publish it, to unite the divided, and to reconcile offending men to an offended God. He sent his Spirit to produce it. The fruits of "the Spirit are love, joy, *peace*." The system of grace is called "the gospel of peace;" and those who embrace it are pacificators by a spiritual birth-right, and by profession. The mission of the church is a mission of peace. In this respect, Christianity differs from Judaism. The Levitical church advanced by war and conquest. To her, Jehovah revealed himself as a righteous governor, a mighty conqueror; but to the Christian church, as "the God of peace." The advent of the Son of God was announced in these emphatic words, "peace on earth."

But from this revelation of God, this mission of his Son and the genius of his gospel, it can not be fairly inferred that Christians will never, ought never to, engage in resistance and war; for their Divine Master waged war with the market-men and brokers in the temple, and with whip in hand drove them out, saying "make not my Father's house an house of merchandize." To the soldiers, who came to inquire what they should do to be saved, he said, "be content with your wages;" if you have enlisted in the army and bound yourselves by an oath to defend your country for a stipulated sum, utter no complaint because more is not given you. But if military service had been in itself sinful, inconsistent with the character of a Christian, and with the nature of the gospel, why did he not direct them to lay down their arms and quit the service? *Self-defence* is instinctive, and involves the right of *national* defence, and of course of maintaining an army and a navy and of enlistment therein. Christians, then, may be soldiers or marines; but whatever their vocation, they must be peace-makers; and they *will be* in proportion as they imbibe the true spirit of their Master, a spirit free from needless contention and strife, and from a sickly sentimentalism and pusillanimity, a spirit which, like aromatics that diffuse sweet odors around them, exerts its power upon all who come within the sphere of its influence.

All in whom this spirit dwells, all who are governed by it and manifest it, are thereby recognized as "the children of God." They are his by a regeneration, by a new birth, his in heart and life, one

with him in nature and spirit; and as he is "the God of peace," so they are peace-makers. The relation is mutual; if they are his children, he is their Father; and the privileges of the relationship are numerous and great. They are partakers of his nature (2 Pet. 1: 4) spiritually homogeneous with him, sons and daughters of peace, because their Father is the God of peace, the seed royal of heaven (1 Jn. 5: 9.) They are called after their Divine Master, *Christians*, a name before which all denominational appellatives, all titles of nobility and honor sink into insignificance, a derivation from His name before whom every knee should bow, and unto whom every tongue should confess. From him, they receive the spirit of adoption whereby they cry "Abba, Father;" "and if children" (so runs the logic of his love), "then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ." And their inheritance is unutterably rich, incorruptible and eternal. It is principally future, a treasure laid up, an exceeding weight of glory in reserve; yet they have glimpses and foretastes of it in this world. They behold it from Pisgah; they taste it in the clusters of Eshcol. Here below, others take knowledge of them that they have been with Christ; but their names are registered on high, and then when the books shall be opened their heavenly Father will own them and welcome them home. There their peace shall be as a river, and their righteousness as the waves of the sea.

PASSING EVENTS.

FOREIGN.

The monthly record in our last number chronicled events to the tenth of February; that in the present, to the tenth of March. We have space for only a brief summary. *The Pacific steamer* has not been heard from at the last of these dates, and the most serious apprehensions were entertained respecting her fate, especially as other vessels, crossing the Atlantic about the same period or more recently, encountered storms and vast fields of ice. We can imagine no more terrific form of death than that occasioned by the foundering of a steamship at sea, from the suddenness of the shock, and from the impossibility of escaping the fire, the steam and the water.

The Peace Conference which consists of Baron Brunow and Count Orloff as the Russian Plenipotentiaries, assisted by Messrs. Titoff and

Fenton. Lord Clarendon represents England ; Marquis Dazeglio, Sardinia ; Count Buol, Austria ; M. Walewski, France ; Dervish Pasha, Turkey ; was to meet in Paris in the latter part of February. Prussia refused her assent to the conditions prescribed to her by the allies for admission into the Congress, and was therefore excluded, but will have an opportunity to affix her signature to the final deed of settlement. May this conference frame a treaty of peace and thus terminate this bloody war!

The War of the Crimea awaits the issue of the Peace Conference. If it shall be resumed, it is presumed that it will be modified, and possibly the scene of action changed. Before the cessation of hostilities the last of the docks at Sebastopol had been blown up, and fort Nicholas destroyed. Several English regiments were at last advised making preparation to return home.

The latest advices from California report the shock felt there of a very destructive earthquake at Jeddo, in Japan.

DOMESTIC.

The Kansas difficulties are likely to be discussed on the floor of the Senate of the United States, having been introduced there by a memorial of her citizens, presented by Hon. Lewis Cass, and praying that branch of the national legislature to investigate the recent disturbances within her territorial limits. The President has issued a second proclamation, enjoining peace upon her citizens, and forbidding the inhabitants of all parts of the country to interfere with them.

The Railroads terminating in this city, have quite generally struck for a higher rate of tariff ; and this has led to an investigation of the causes of the depreciation of stock invested in them, and has, in some instances, produced a disaffection in the minds of persons living near them. The stockholders are entitled to a fair income from their investments, but whether that may not be secured at the previous low rates, by a proper reduction of the number of trains and of other expenses, is a question requiring the gravest consideration. One thing is certain, if the burden of higher rates is found on thorough examination, to be unfair and oppressive, the popular sovereignty will not endure it, but will find relief either by the legislature or by other modes of conveyance.

The Mormons in Utah, it appears from official documents, received recruits by immigration alone, during last year to the amount of four thousand, mostly from England, a country from which many had pre-

viously arrived. Indeed, one of her journals acknowledges that this fanaticism is a product of English soil.

Washington's Birth day was this year very generally celebrated in our larger cities and towns, and the occasional cry of disunion leads us to hope its suitable observance may promote the growth of patriotism, and put this clamor, whether from the South or from the North, to silence. In this city business was very generally suspended, a salute was fired, and an oration was pronounced by Hon. Edward Everett.

The Special Meeting of A. B. C. F. Mission called to hear the report of the Prudential Committee to the missions in India, resulted in the appointment of a large committee of the Board to examine and report at the next annual meeting on the whole subject. Whatever doubts may have been entertained by any as to the expediency or the inexpediency of the Prudential Committee's appointment of such a delegation without the special action of the Board, and without any general conference with the patrons of that body, or as to the ability or inability of the missionaries themselves in that field and in every other, to settle the policy best adapted to the promotion of Christianity in their own locality, there surely can be none as to the propriety of the reference made of the subject. As we shall be obliged to refer to it again, we defer, for the present, many suggestions which we should otherwise offer, intending to keep our readers advised as to this and every other department of benevolent enterprise.

England and the United States. We hear much about a misunderstanding between these two nations respecting the rights of the first in Central America, also about warlike preparations on the part of each. England orders troops to Canada. But is there not another reason for this? Her large drafts for the war in the Crimea had not only reduced, but nearly destroyed, her standing army in her American provinces. It needs recruiting. But our own government, it is said, have ordered ten steam frigates constructed. This fact should not be regarded as a preparation for a war with the mother country. We needed an increase of our naval force as the secretary of that department has abundantly shown. We believe the rumors of a war with England, first circulated by the London Times, are a false alarm. They may help to sell newspapers, to supply topics of conversation on exchange, and to alter somewhat the price of stocks and merchandise, but these are the chief good or evil which we anticipate from them. The panic is already passing away.

G R A F T I N G .

BY L. E. B., n. j.

JUST now, when the grafting season is at hand, some experimental and theoretical hints in regard to that important operation may be useful. I shall *be brief*, so as to fill only a small corner in this valuable monthly.

Firstly: The grafts should be cut so as to be behind the stock in vegetation. I have seen shrivelled, half-dry grafts succeed wonderfully; the sap of the stock, when in operation, takes hold readily of the graft and fills up the vessels *eagerly*, perhaps better than when a graft is too fresh.

My numerous correspondents in Europe state some deterioration in fine varieties, which I cannot account for, unless it be founded on my theory, that to have a fair reproduction of a tree and its fruit, the scions should contain all the elaborated, ripened elements or saps of the bearing tree; grafts, therefore, if it can be helped should never be taken from young, very thrifty trees, these themselves being the offsprings of luxuriant watery shoots. No wonder that the *mature saps*, required for the completion of the fruits, are not to be found in such repeated overhauling without any maturation. My proof is, that the original trees, Callebasse de Tougard, Fondante de Noel, &c., continue to grow as fine and rich fruit as ever, while the nursery trees yield only, if not worthless, at least *very* imperfect fruit. Will these young trees attain the same maturity as the original seedling in the course of years? That's a question; take, at all events, the grafts of mature trees if you can get them.

Here is a receipt for grafting wax, which was given to me by the celebrated Dr. Bretonneau, of Tours. It has been found answering all expectations as far south as Delaware; it is on

trial in Georgia, and I have no doubt but it will answer there as well as here.

- 10 parts of rosin (purified) or cleared.
- 8 “ fine red, yellow, or brown ochre,
 thoroughly ground, &c.
- 8 “ stearine ; wax will do, but stearine
 is best.

Melt slowly over a gentle fire ; mix well by stirring constantly ; add no tallow, oil nor grease, and apply with a brush. I use a flat brush, set in tin. In warming for use, don't let the hair of the brush touch the bottom of the kettle.

[We are happy to insert this article from one of the most distinguished European fruit-growers, a gentleman of large means, rare acquisitions and ripe experience. His views are entitled to the highest consideration of American pomologists. We expect that our pages will be enriched by the occasional productions of his pen.]

SPRING FASHIONS.

From “The Beau Monde” we select the following chaste and beautiful styles of the costumes of the season for children.

Nos. 1 and 2, are exquisite little dresses. The “Rachel” is of fine white merino ; the short full skirt is decorated by a band of pink plush, edged on either side by a variegated chenille heading. The body is low in the neck, and is fitted to the figure by groups of fine plaits, which give the necessary fulness to the pretty pointed basquine, with which the waist is ornamented ; each plait is ornamented by a row of chenille which terminates in a rich pattern of braidwork in the form of a flower. A wide band of plush edged with chenille, forms a pretty trimming to the basquine, which is a trifle longer than those worn last season. A fancy trimming formed of chenille, arranged in diamond form, ornaments the front of the waist ; each crossing of the chenille is defined by a small steel button, while the bottom is finished by a short bodice of pink plush, edged with chenille. The short sleeves form points like the basque, and are arranged in three large box plaits, enriched by chenille trimming, and bordered with pink blush. The undersleeves consist of a double row of Valenciennes lace interspersed with tiny bows of rose-colored ribbon.

The “Grecian,” is equally pretty. The material is scarlet French merino. The short skirt is enriched by a broad band of snow white plush, edged with narrow chenille, in a variety of bright colors. About an inch above this plush border, is placed a delicate pattern of braiding in white silk. The body is low in the neck ; the front closed with small steel buttons, and ornamented by narrow bands of plush graduating to the waist. A polka jacket with open

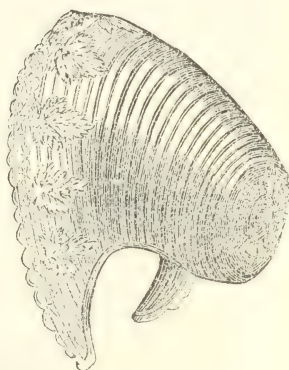


fronts, forms an additional ornament; it terminates in points in front, and is edged by narrow bands of plush, encircled by a delicate pattern of braiding forming flowers, at each point. The short sleeves are formed of a succession of half-circles overlapping each other. A narrow border of plush adorns the edge; a knot and streamers of wide ribbon forms a finish to the shoulders; undersleeves of pointed cambric needlework; an embroidered underskirt appears underneath the dress.

No. 3 is a charming dress for a boy of five years, consisting of a blouse of dark green French merino. The waist is plain in the back, the front ornamented by lappets, which commence at the shoulders, and slope gently back to the arms, terminating in a point just below the line of the waist; small black buttons and loops form a trimming to the front. The short skirt is laid on in full box plaits, the edge enriched like the lappets, with a single row of inch wide black velvet. The flowing sleeves are bordered with velvet and looped up with a black cord and button. A collar formed of a rich open band and frill of muslin guipure forms a pretty finish to the neck. The pants are of light tan-colored merino, descending just below the knee: the bottom finished in deep button scollops, enriched by a vine of embroidery, which ascends to the waist; the sides are overlapped and adorned with three gilt buttons. White merino stockings and boots of glazed leather complete the costume of this interesting young gentleman.



(3)



(4)

No. 4 is an elegant style of Neapolitan bonnet. The texture is incomparably pure and light. A delicate border of straw grape leaves encircles the front, giving it a novel and beautiful appearance.

No. 5 is a rich style of spring mantilla. The material is a heavy black silk of the finest possible texture. The form is scarf-shaped, rather deeper than usual behind, with square tabs of moderate length. The body of the mantilla is one mass of embroidery. A border of reversed points, done in chenille, surrounds the entire garment, each point being filled with a delicate pattern of spray. The space between these points is divided into equal parts, and enriched by branches of spray set closely together. The bottom of the garment is bordered with two flounces, each one a quarter of a yard in depth. The upper one is finished at the arm. The lower one extends round the tabs. The edge is bordered with four rows of narrow silk fringe, mingled with chenille. A row of the narrow fringe forms a heading to the flounce, which is laid on in full box plaits.

We may here describe a dress suitable for morning visits.—Robe of laurel green silk. The skirt has three broad flounces, edged with trimming of a unique and novel description. It consists of squares formed of black velvet and lace, disposed at equal intervals along the edge of the flounces. The corsage is high, and fastened up to the throat with ornamental buttons of black velvet and green silk. The basque and the bretelles are finished with narrow rows of black velvet and lace edging. The sleeves are formed of two deep



frills, gathered in large quilled plaits. At the top of the lower frill, and in front of the arm, there is a bow and ends of green silk. The upper frill is placed at a little distance below the arm-hole. The collar is of Valenciennes lace, and the under-sleeves of two broad frills of the same. On one arm a snake bracelet, made of garnet beads, and on the other a bracelet of gold and enamel. Bonnet of violet color imperial velvet, with a fall of black blonde, sewed to the edge and turned back. The bavolet of velvet is covered by a fall of black blonde. On one side of the bonnet a small plume of violet-color feathers, and on the other side a bow of velvet and blonde. Under-trimming, convolvulus made of cerise velvet. In the carriage, a cloak of black velvet, or a large cashmere shawl may be worn.

An elegant promenade or carriage costume, consists of a dress of violet color brocatelle, flowered with black. The corsage is high to the throat, and fastened by a row of fancy buttons, made of pearl, encircled by cut steel. The sleeves are slit open both at the back and front of the arm, and the openings are confined by straps of violet velvet. The undersleeves consist of wide puffs of muslin, ornamented with needlework, and confined at the wrists by worked bands: the collar is also of worked muslin. The cloak is of grey cloth, trimmed with rows of black velvet. It has arm-holes, and a large pelérine, partially covering the arms, serves the purpose of sleeves. Bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with black lace, and on one side a small plume of feathers. Under-trimming, a white blonde cap, with geranium leaves intermingled with berries of the service tree. Tan-color kid gloves. Bracelets of hair and gold.

As, however, a great variety of dresses and other articles adapted for children's attire are in course of preparation at the present season, we may select a few of the newest for description. A dress of grey poplin destined for a little girl of eight or ten years of age, is trimmed with two bands of velvet placed transversely. These bands are figured with a chequered pattern in cerise, green, and black, upon a grey ground. The corsage of the dress is high, and buttoned close up to the throat. The sleeves, fitting close to the arms at the top, are edged with two deep frills, which descend to the middle of the fore-arm. The frills are edged with bands of chequered velvet. Bretelles of the same velvet ornament the corsage. The collar and under-sleeves are of worked muslin, the latter consisting of one large puff fastened on a band at the wrist. The bonnet worn with this dress in out-door costume consists of pink therry velvet, covered with rows of narrow black velvet, which, crossing each other, form lozenge-shaped spaces. On one side are loops and flowing ends of velvet. The cloak is of black velvet. Another little girl's dress is composed of a skirt of brown silk and a jacket-corsage of royal blue velvet. The silk skirt is trimmed with two flounces edged with narrow satin stripes, and the jacket is trimmed round the lower edge, at the ends of the sleeves, and in the front with a broad band of quilted satin. Collar of worked muslin; under-sleeves of the same, formed of a puff set on a wrist-band. Trousers edged with needle-work. Boots of black morocco, with brown tops. The bonnet is of black velvet, and two long ends of velvet ribbon fixed under the curtain flow over the shoulders, and hang down as low as the waist. Mantel of silk or velvet. A superior style of costume for a little boy of four years old may consist of a blouse of violet color velvet, trimmed with braid and passementerie buttons of the same tint. A square turning-down collar and under-sleeves in puffs. A small round cap, composed of black velvet, and trimmed with black ostrich feathers. Under the brim, and at each ear, a rosette of pink ribbon. For boys between four and five, a blouse of merino, trimmed with velvet or braid, forms a suitable dress, with the addition of white trousers, edged with needlework, a turning-down collar, and shirt-sleeves of lawn, closed by a band at the wrists. Boots tipped with black or bronzed, leather. With the above may be worn, out of doors, a cloth cloak or paletot with a deep cape, and a felt hat.

DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

FAMILY.—How beautifully has it been asked by an eminent writer: "Is there to be found a gift of heaven more precious, more worthy of the most ardent gratitude, than that of possessing a family, a home, where, virtues, kindness, and enjoyments are every day guests, where the heart and the eye sun themselves in world of love, where thoughts are lively and enlightened, where friends, not only by words but by actions say to each other, "Thy joy, thy sorrow, thy hope, thy prayer is mine?"

WIFE.—A pleasant, cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife in the hour of trouble is like one of those fiends who delight to torture lost spirits.

HOUSEHOLD MANNERS.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey and meet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of these families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than to be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affection. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, everybody, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be studied objects of their domestic culture, to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your family together by those strong chords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love; love to God, to man.—*Dr. Hall's Medical Journal.*

GEMS AND APHORISMS.

No books are so plain as the lives of men; no characters so legible as their moral conduct.—*Fuller.*

WHAT a mercy it is that no one ever *sincerely* desires to know the state of his own soul in vain! In the pursuit of all other knowledge our motives may be too arrogant and selfish to be gratified; but in this, the deeper the research, the more we are humbled, and consequently the better prepared to receive the desired instruction.—*Dillwyn.*

GLORY follows afflictions, not as the day follows night, but as the spring follows winter. Winter prepares the earth for spring, and afflictions, sanctified, prepare the soul for glory.

THERE are 8,766 hours in the year, we can use of these, at least, 5,000. What a treasure for a man of energy? Life is the seed time of eternity.

To distinguish vice from virtue, we have only to look at their respective workings and results. Pride, anger, vengeance, gourmandise, leave all a bitter taste and endless regrets, after their cravings have been satisfied.

INCIDENT AND HUMOR.

THE MISTAKEN CRITICS—A gentleman had a portrait painted, and wished to get the opinions of his friends, as to its correctness. "This cannot be your portrait," said one, "it bears no resemblance to you, whatever. The painter is an ignorant fellow, he has painted you dark, while you are very fair."

"It represents you old and ugly," said another, "and without flattery, you are young, and good looking." "The eyes are too small," said a third; "the portrait must be retouched."

The painter, finding it useless to attempt to convince them that it was well done, paints another, and succeeds to his own perfect satisfaction. But he is again disappointed, for the friends condemned it *sans ceremonie*. "Very well, gentlemen," said the painter, "you shall be satisfied. I pledge myself to paint a picture that shall please you, or I will paint no more. Come to-morrow, and you shall see."

The connoisseurs departed, and the painter said to the gentleman, "your friends are a crowd of ignorant critics. If you desire I will prove it to you. I will remove the head of the portrait, and you shall put yours in its place." "Very well," said the gentleman, "I consent."

On the next day, the *troupe* of wisecracks assembled, to inspect the portrait. It was shown to them in a dark corner and at a little distance.

"Well, messieurs, how do you like the picture now?" asked the painter. "What do you think of it? I have retouched the head with great care."

"It was useless for us to return," said they, "for you show us nothing but a sketch. That is not at all our friend."

COLORED ELOQUENCE.—"My brudders," said a waggish colored man to a crowd—"in all infliction, in all ob yer troubles, dar is one place you can always find sympathy?"

"Whar! whar! shouted several. "In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.

PRIEST AND MIDSHIPMAN.—A midshipman asked a priest to tell the difference between a priest and a jackass. The priest gave it up. "One wears a cross on his back and the other on his breast," said the midshipman.

"Now," said the priest, "tell me the difference between a midshipman and a jackass." The midshipman gave up, and asked what it was. The priest said he did not know of any.

A BRIGHT BOY.—"My son, take that jug and fetch me some beer."

"Give me some money, then father."

"My son, to get beer with money, anybody can do that; but to get beer without money, that's a trick."

So the boy took the jug and out he goes; shortly he returns and places the jug before his father.

"Drink," said the son.

"How can I drink," said the father, "when there is no beer in the jug?"

"To drink out of a jug," said the boy, "when there is beer in it, anybody can do that, but to drink beer out of a jug when there is no beer, that's a trick."

PATRICK.—Is it very sickly here? said a son of the Emerald Isle the other day to another.

"Yes," replied his companion, "a great many have died this year who never died before."

HOUSEWIFERY.

KEEPING FURS IN SUMMER.—About the first of April, or on the approach of warm weather, lightly whip, comb and brush your furs till they are perfectly free from dust, sprinkle them with a little spirits of any kind, and wrap them in clean linen. Put them in a tight box or drawer, and keep them from the air as much as possible. In this situation they may remain ten or fifteen days; when they ought to be examined, and the whipping, combing and brushing repeated.

The insects most destructive to furs, are, first, the black bug which infests smoked meats, &c. It appears and deposits eggs early in the spring. This kind of moth does not eat the fur, but preys altogether on the skin. Next, the small ash colored miller, which produces the moth that destroys all kinds of woolen stuffs, and may be seen hovering about the candle on a summer evening. This kind particularly preys upon and destroys the furs, and ought to be most guarded against, also the mite, which are very numerous. They appear like dust, and are scarcely perceptible to the naked eye.—They subsist upon and destroy the fibrous membrane which attaches the fur to the skin. Hence the practice of sunning and airing furs is highly prejudicial, for as insects fly about in the air, it not only affords them an opportunity of getting in and breeding, but the warmth of the sun nourishes and supports them, and at the same time spoils the color and destroys the life and beauty of the fur.

FRIED APPLES.—A dish of fried apples is quickly prepared for the table, which is often a consideration of no small importance. Wash them—cut them in two, take out the stem, core, calyx, and unpeeled, put them into a tin pan with butter, or the gravy of baked pork, with some water in proportion to the quantity to be fried—cover them with a lid, set them on the stove, stir them occasionally until they become soft—and be careful not to burn them. Romanites, which are often almost worthless, baked or raw, “disappear with a gusto when fried.” We may truthfully pronounce the Porters, Belle-flowers, Tallman Sweets, and a long list which we might name, when fried, really a luxury. Sour apples do not fry well—they fry to pieces too much.—*Country Gentlemen.*

BOOK NOTICES.

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE; its Resources, Government and Policy. By a “Looker On” from America.

For a long time we have been accustomed to see Russia through English and French lenses so very concave as greatly to reduce her just dimensions, and so stained as to present her in any thing but her true complexion, that it affords us unfeigned pleasure to lay aside our glasses, to look at her with American eyes, and to behold her as she really is—vast in territory, nearly as large as all the rest of Europe and Asia,—rich in agricultural, mineral and other natural resources,—peopled by one dominant and patriotic race almost four times as numerous as the present inhabitants of the United States,—governed by a sovereign nominally absolute, yet practically exercising powers as truly limited as those of the kings and queens of France or England,—registered on our maps as enlightened in some of her provinces, but in others civilized, half-civilized, barbarous, or even savage, yet displaying a zeal in internal improvements second to that of no other nation of the eastern hemisphere,—

professedly allied to the Greek Church, yet more pure and scriptural in faith, and more tolerant in spirit than the Catholic countries of Europe,—in reality the very crown of the eastern world as our republic is of the western—and with a destiny equally manifest—we say it affords us the highest gratification to contemplate these facts abundantly authenticated by this volume written by a careful observation, in a style pure and elegant, and displaying a profound knowledge of political economy and of the secrets of national power and prosperity. It is a book which ought to be read by every American citizen.

ERNEST LINWOOD, a novel, by Caroline Lee Hentz. Published by John P. Jewett & Co.

An excellent spirit pervades this book, as well as the preceding productions of the gifted pen of its lamented authoress. It shows the sad effects of jealousy invading the most intimate and endeared relationships of life, and is full of exciting scenes for the most part skilfully drawn, but in some instances so highly colored as to appear to us a little unnatural and extravagant. Yet these extremes combined with its beautiful style and pure sentiments may increase its popularity with our novel-loving and novel-reading public.

EDITH HALE, *a Village Story*, by Thrace Talmon.

WOLFSDEN, *an authentic account of things there and thereunto pertaining, as they are and have been*; by J. B. Both published by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

There are few, if any, publishing houses in this country, from which our citizens have received so many valuable books as have been issued by this enterprising firm. These are the first publications, received from them, which we have not perused with pleasure and thought worthy of an extensive circulation. But we do not anticipate very beneficial results from the perusal of these, not from defects of style, for they are well written, nor from lack of interesting incidents in the narratives, but from their deficiency of moral tone and sentiment. We doubt the expediency of sketching such scenes of voluptuousness and sensuality as are described in *Wolfsden*, and as disgrace some of our large cities, even though it be done with the sincere purpose of admonition, or to show how far virtue may mingle in them without contamination, or how she has now and then escaped without injury. Edith Hale herself is a charming character, but exceedingly infelicitous in many of her associates, especially in her pastors of whom, we trust, there are few, if any, of similar character in any Christian denomination.

THE PIRATE'S SON;—MAJOR JONES' COURTSHIP; both published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

We have had time only for a cursory survey of these pamphlets, which have not impressed us very favorably. They would be more to our taste, if the first had less of the tragic element and more of the moral, and if the humor of the second were somewhat more elevated.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE U. S. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY FOR 1855.

This is one of the neatest and most valuable agricultural publications that has issued from the American press—fully equal in taste, embellishment and contents to those of England or France. It contains a full and authentic report of the Society's great exhibition in this city last October, with a beautiful lithograph of that imposing scene, together with plates of many of the prize animals, prepared by the Secretary, W. S. King, Esq., and published under the personal supervision of the President, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder. It is distributed among the members; this, we think, too great a restriction of its circulation. We hope that future numbers may be stereotyped, and placed on sale where all our farmers can obtain copies at a moderate price. The next

annual exhibition is to be next October in Philadelphia, and bids fair to surpass the last in extent, attendance and interest.

We have received from the publishers, "*India*," Ancient and Modern, by Rev. D. O. Allen, D. D. "*The Catholic*;" letters addressed to a young kinsman proposing to join the Church of Rome, by E. H. Derby, Esq. "*Five Hundred Mistakes Corrected; a Glance at a Private Library*," by Rev. Luther Farmham; and "*Life of Capt. N. Hale*," all of which await notice.

We have received from Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, Boston, a gentleman well known and highly esteemed in the music world, the following sheets:

1. *Marche des Sloraques pour le piano*; by J. Blumenthal, one of the most charming pieces for that instrument to which we ever listened.

2. *Death of the Chieftain*, words by M. M. Topliff, and music by M. Stacy Johnson, containing a patriotic air and instrumental accompaniment, a song of the affections in two parts.

3. *Come buy my Spring Flowers*; words by J. E. Carpenter, music by J. P. Knight, a sweet solo with accompaniment, just the song for May-day.

For the following sheets we are indebted to Messrs. Geo. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Street, Boston, an enterprising firm who keep a variety of choice music in sheets and other forms.

1. *Romance*; a patriotic solo with accompaniment, words both in Italian and English.

2. *Be not afraid*; a sacred song with accompaniment, by Geo. W. Pratt.

3. *To Thee, O Lord, I Turn*; another sacred song of a more plaintive air than the former, by James G. Barnett.

4. *The Dance*; the last of eight Italian songs; not having seen the other seven, we can speak only of this which is for the voice and the piano with words both in Italian and in English, well adapted to cheer a lively company.

5. *Robert of Lincoln*, or a song of the "Bob o' link," words by W. C. Bryant, music for the voice and piano by J. Osgood.

6. *Forest Hill Polka*; by J. W. Blandin, exclusively for the piano.

7. *Salve, O dea*. This is one of a collection of Italian pieces for three female voices, words both in that language and also in English, with instrumental prelude and accompaniment, well adapted to a female trio.

8. *Arietta Brillante*, "*What Maiden so joyous*," a bridal song with words in both the above named languages, with an agreeable prelude and accompaniment.

9. "*Spento Anchor*," "*Still for Thee*," a love-song, like the former, short but sweet.

10. *Grand Septelle*, the first of a series from Beethoven and Mozart for young pianists, well suited to exercise and improve their skill.

11. *Alpine Rose*, the first of six characteristic pieces, under the general title of *Tone-Blossoms*, arranged for the piano by F. Splindler; it promises well for the series.

12. "*Every Land, my Home*," an original and favorite ballad; music by N. J. Sporie, originally sung by H. F. Sherman, Esq., with great applause.

The first Monthlies on our table in March were those by Godey and by Graham, both well embellished.

HARPER'S, ARTHUR'S and PETERSON'S, for March, are not yet received at this office.

We have read so many complimentary notices of our last issues that it is impossible for us to enumerate all the papers in which they have appeared. Their editors will please accept our most cordial thanks.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

Acts. 3: 13, "*The lame man which was healed held Peter and John.*"

How perfectly natural and picturesque are the narratives of the Bible; serving at once to vouch for their truth, and to leave their representations fixed in the memory.

The circumstance is too simple, striking and touching, to be overlooked, the poor man had been lame from his mother's womb, and was placed daily at the beautiful gate of the Temple, to ask alms of the worshippers. Of silver and gold, Peter and John had none; but they gave him something far better. In the name of the Lord Jesus, said they, rise up and walk. And immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength. And he leaping up—stood—and entered with them into the temple—walking—and leaping—and praising God. The people, also, seeing what was done, hastened to Solomon's porch—greatly wondering. But the man that was healed held Peter and John.

Was this the effect of apprehension. Did he imagine their influence was confined to their bodily presence? and that if he let them go, his lameness would return?

Or did this result from a wish to point them out to the multitude? "Are you looking after the wonderful men who have made you whole." Eager and proud to proclaim them; "Here," says he, "here they are—these are they."

Was it not still more the expression of attachment? "O my deliverers and benefactors, let me attend upon you; and enjoy the happiness to serve you. Entreat me not to leave you, nor to return from following after you. Let me live; let me die with you." So it is in our spiritual cures. It is natural to feel a regard for those who have been the means of our recovery, and to keep hold of them. But let us remember, we may hold them too closely. And we do so if we suffer them to draw us away from the God of all grace. For whoever are the instruments of doing us good, He is the agent, and he will have us know, that the excellence of the power is of Him, and not of

them. Hence the reproof,—“For while one saith, I am of Paul, and another, I am of Apollos; are ye not carnal? Who, then, is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as God gave to every man? I have planted; Apollos, watered; but God gave the increase. So, then, neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase.” They are something in the order of means, and a proper respect is due to to them in this character; but they are nothing as to efficiency and success—these are entirely of God; and his glory will he not give to another. To idolize a minister is the way to have him removed from us, or rendered unprofitable to us—“not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.” We can never honor God so much as by dependence upon him. And them that honor him, he will honor; and they that despise him shall be lightly esteemed.—*Selected.*

PASSING EVENTS.

FOREIGN.

Our last number chronicled events to the tenth of March; the present, to the corresponding day of the succeeding month.

The Peace Conference in Paris has held several sessions and it probably has transacted the business for which it was called, but no reliable account of it has yet transpired.

England is at length delivered from all fear of a war with the United States, and her subjects congratulate our citizens, resident in her metropolis upon the prospect of continued peace.

Ten thousand *French* soldiers are reported sick in the hospitals in and about Constantinople. But the subjects of that government celebrate the birth of an heir to the throne with great enthusiasm.

A commercial treaty was formed between *Switzerland* and England on the 6th of March, at Berne.

Denmark proposes to abolish the Sound Dues for 35,000,000 rix dollars, thus assessed upon the nations according to their share in the Baltic trade:—England, 12,000,000 rix dollars (£1,300,000;) Russia, 12,000,000; Prussia, 5,000,000; Denmark, 2,000,000; Sweden, 2,000,000; Holland, 2,000,000; Norway, 1,000,000; France, 1,500,000; Belgium, 500,000; United States, 500,000, Mecklen-

burg, 500,000; Lubec, 250,000; Hamburg and Bremen, 200,000 together; Hanover, 150,500; Oldenburg, 75,000; Spain, Portugal and Italy, 262,000 together; South America, 17,000; and the other (not Baltic) States, 595,000 collectively. It is further proposed to leave it to the option of each State to pay the amount at once, or else the interest at 4 per cent. per annum, together with 2 per cent. annually for the sinking fund, terminable in twenty-eight years.

Accounts from *China* report a severe plague among the revolutionists of which 100,000 have already died.

DOMESTIC.

Congress, like an animal overworked, has relapsed, since the choice of a Speaker, into a state of quiescence. Now and then she rubs her eyes, rouses up a little and talks, like a person in sleep, of Kansas, of a rupture with England, of a Pacific Telegraph, of an alteration of the Tariff, etc., and then resigns herself to repose. She recently decided to send a delegation of three of her members to Kansas to examine and report on the question which set of representatives from that territory are entitled to a seat in the national council.

The hostilities of the Indian tribes in the territories of *Oregon* and *Washington* increase. Many settlers have been killed or driven off.

A memorial to the President of the United States asking him for the removal of *General Wool* from the command of the military department of the Pacific, has been adopted by the Legislative Assembly of *Oregon*.

Michigan sets a worthy example in the cause of Agriculture, having formed a contract for the erection of a building for an Agricultural College at Lansing, at an expense of \$26,500, to be completed next December.

Report says that the territories of *Utah*, *Oregon*, *Minnesota*, are making preparation for admission into the Union.

Kansas is still the scene of strife between the free soil and slavery parties; and partizans, north and south, fan the flame. With all our attachment to freedom and to free institutions, we have no sympathy with extremists on either side. When we hear of Christians assembling in the house of prayer to concert measures for the purchase of rifles to be forwarded to the scene of action, especially when we hear of learned professors in our literary institutions and of ministers of

the gospel encouraging such efforts by their presence, speeches, and donations, we feel like calling upon them for the law and the testimony of God by which they justify such an insurrectionary movement to their own conscience and the public.

Flour, the *cereal grains* and *provisions generally*, are on the descending scale. Considering the exorbitant prices at which they have lately been held, this reduction, already amounting to several per cent. will cheer many an humble fireside.

Defaulters in Massachusetts are likely to find themselves at no distant day in a tight place, her legislature having passed to a third reading, a bill which makes their offence punishable by ten years imprisonment in the state prison or in the house of correction for a term not exceeding one year.

F A S H I O N S .

From the *Beau Monde*, we present our readers the style of bonnets and of costume for a gentleman and a boy, for the present season.

No. 1 is a rich design on a foundation of white lace. The front is edged three inches deep by full ruches of blonde, mingled profusely with loops of gauze ribbon; back of these ruches of ribbon are placed three bands of narrow white ribbon edged with blonde; the back of the crown is formed of a row of the ribbon and lace gathered into a round form, and ornamented by a full bow and streamers of white ribbon. The curtain is formed of two rows of ribbon separated by a transparency of lace, enriched with ruches of blonde and loops of narrow ribbons. A rich blonde adorns the edge. The inside is adorned with a full cape of blonde mingled with clusters of half-open wild roses and leaves.

No. 2 is another novel design. The foundation is of wire covered with white silk, the front bordered with fancy straw, edged with black blonde; this is succeeded by a box-plaiting of blonde, placed an inch from the front. The crown is banded with rows of narrow tuscan braid, edged with black blonde. These rows are placed closely together and have a peculiarly rich effect over the white silk. A band of the straw extends round the curtain. The sides are enriched by full loops of straw with a profusion of blueies, on the right side; on the left is a bow and ends of corn-colored ribbon in a pattern of black and white Chene plaids. The inside is adorned with a full cap of blonde mingled with blueies.

No 3. is an elegant mourning bonnet. It is arranged on a foundation of black lace, the entire bonnet is formed of groups of narrow puffings of tulle, each groupe is separated by three shirrs of black crape. At the back of the crown is placed a flat bow of crape; the centre ornamented by a single wheat ear formed of jet. The sides are enriched by loops of crape mingled with narrow crape ribbon and a profusion of jet. The right side extends round the curtain, meeting the bow at the back of the crown. The face trimmings consist of a full cap of black blonde mingled with loops of narrow crape ribbon, jet wheat ears and spray; broad black ribbon strings.



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No. 4 is a rich style of spring bonnet, formed of straw tissue, the front edged with a delicate fringe of Neapolitan straw, while a double border placed an inch from the front, forms an additional ornament; two other rows form a finish to the crown, which slopes gently back to the curtain, which is of lace edged with a narrow fold of silk, over which is laid a fall of green and white ribbon, banded with straw and edged with Neapolitan fringe. On the right side is a full bow and streamers of green and white ribbon; on the left, crimson berries and leaves extending round the curtain in a wreath. The face trimmings are blonde, with branches of spray and leaves on the right side; on the left are light feathery leaves mingled with delicate coral berries.

No. 5 is a promenade costume. The over garment which is intended for spring season, is new and elegant, made up very light; the material is plain colored cashmere and silk mixture. The pants are of fancy cassimere, and confined to the boot with a narrow foot strap.

No. 6 is a neat and elegant suit for a boy, consisting of a blouse cut quite straight, with very wide sleeves. The material is light colored cashmere, the edge finished with velvet. A belt is sometimes worn with this garment, and forms a pretty addition. The pants are made to fit easy, with plaided fronts.

DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

EDUCATION OF VICTORIA'S CHILDREN.

The education of the royal children being a matter in which all must feel interested, a few details of the manner in which the day of the royal scholars is divided, may, perhaps, be entertaining to our readers. [These children are eight in number, from fifteen to two years of age, viz: a daughter—a son—a daughter—a son—two daughters—and two sons.] A primary regard is paid to moral and religious duties. They rise early, breakfast at eight, and dine at one. Their various occupations are allotted out with almost military exactness. One hour finds them engaged in the study of the ancient, another of the modern authors; their acquaintanceship with languages first founded on a thorough knowledge of their grammatical construction, and afterwards familiarized and perfected by conversation.

Next they are trained in those military exercises which give dignity and bearing. Another hour is filled up with the lighter accomplishments of music and dancing. Again the happy little party assemble in the riding school, where they may be seen deeply interested in the various evolutions of the menage. Thence—whilst drawing and the further exercise of music, and the lighter accomplishments call off the attention of their sisters—the younger princes proceed to busily engage themselves in a carpenter's shop, fitted up expressly for them, at the wish of the royal consort, with a turning lathe and tools essential to a perfect knowledge of the craft. Thus they early become, not only theoretically, but practically acquainted with the useful arts of life.

A small laboratory is occasionally brought into requisition, at the instance also of their royal father, and the minds of the children are thus led up from a contemplation of the curiosities of chemical science and the wonders of nature to an inquiry into their causes. This done, the young carpenters and students throw down their saws and axes, unbuckle their philosophy, and shoulder their percussion guns—which they handle with the dexterity of

practised sportsmen—for a stroll through the royal gardens. The evening meal, the preparations for the morning's lessons and brief religious instruction closes the day.—*London Court Journal*.

A TRUE STORY.—A little Irish girl, thirteen years of age, without father or mother, ignorant of even her alphabet, lately came to live with us. Knowing she had been receiving very good wages—we asked her, rather reproachfully we fear, why her wardrobe was so miserably poor and scanty—cleanly, and in good order as it was, she having the bare necessities of clothing.—“Ma’am,” said she, and her bright, honest eyes filled with tears, “my mother did not always do right. She owed a woman who had ever been kind to us, eight dollars for board. My wages have been saved to pay that debt, for it was an honest one. Until I had paid it, I felt I had no right to buy a single article of clothing I could do without.” “Is it all paid, Mary?” “Yes, and now I can spend the wages you pay me on myself.” Generous and brave girl—she has her patent of nobility direct from God, and it was ever from among the poor and lowly Christ chose those who should bear his cross here, and reign with him hereafter.—*Chris. Inq.*

INCIDENT AND HUMOR.

WASHINGTON'S BED-FELLOW.—On a certain occasion the great General was engaged in earnest conversation with Colonel Pickering in his tent until after the night had fairly set in. Headquarters were at a considerable distance, and Washington signified his preference to staying with the Colonel over night, provided he had a spare blanket and straw.

“O yes,” said Primus, who was appealed to; “plenty of straw and blankets—plenty.”

Upon this assurance Washington continued his conference with the Colonel until it was time to retire to rest. Two humble beds were spread side by side, in the tent, and the officers laid themselves down, while Primus seemed to be busy with duties that required his attention before he could sleep. He worked or appeared to work, until the breathing of the prostrate gentlemen satisfied him that they were sleeping; and then seating himself upon a box or stool, he leaned his head on his hands to obtain such repose as so inconvenient a position would allow. In the middle of the night Washington awoke. He looked about, and descried the negro as he sat. He gazed at him a while; and then spoke.

“Primus?” said he, calling, “Primus!”

Primus started up and rubbed his eyes. “What, General,” said he.

Washington rose up in his bed. “Primus,” said he, “what did you mean by saying you had blankets and straw enough? Here you have given up your blanket and straw to me, that I may sleep comfortably, while you are obliged to sit through the night.”

“It's nothing, General,” said Primus, “it's nothing. I'm well enough.—Don't trouble yourself about me, General, but go to sleep again. No matter about me, I sleep very good.”

“But it is matter—it is matter,” said Washington, earnestly. “I cannot do it, Primus. If either is to sit up, I will. But I think there is no need of either sitting up. The blanket is wide enough for two. Come and lie down here with me.”

“O no, General, said Primus, starting and protesting against the proposition. “No; let me sit here, I'll do very well on the stool.”

"I say, come and lie down here!" said Washington, authoritatively.—
 "There is room enough for both."

He threw open the blanket as he spoke, and moved to one side of the straw. Primus professes to have been exceedingly shocked at the idea of lying under the same covering with the Commander-in-Chief, but his tones were so resolute and determined that he could not hesitate. He prepared himself, therefore, and laid himself down by Washington, and on the same blanket the General and the negro servant slept until morning.

A JUST REPROOF.—On a certain occasion, Father Haxley attended the general conference in Baltimore, and on Sunday was appointed to preach at the oldest church. He rose and "lined" the first verse of the hymn. When the choir rose to sing, all the audience turned round to them, presenting their backs to the preacher. Haxley was astounded. He had never seen such a proceeding, and it appeared to him a breach of good manners that deserved a rebuke. When he was about to give out the second stanza, the audience turned round again to him; and then again faced the choir as they sang.—The preacher, thereupon, turned his own back to them. He heard them turning back to hear the "lining" of the next stanza; still he kept his back towards them. "Do you think this looks well?" he asked; "is this good manners? And yet my back looks as well as any of yours." From that day to the present, that congregation has never again turned backs to the preacher during singing.

GOOD EXCUSE.—A doctor had a very intimate friend, whom he was accustomed to meet every day; but at length the latter avoided him, and the doctor could never get near enough to speak a word to him. But one day, happening to come suddenly upon his friend, the doctor saluted him with—

"How comes it, my friend, that I never get to see you of late—that you try to keep out of my way?"

"Why, the fact is," he replied, "I haven't been sick for so long, that I am ashamed to meet you, doctor!"—*Reporter.*

SMOKING.—"What harm is there in a pipe?" says young Puffwell.—
 "None that I know of," replied his companion, "except that smoking induces drinking; drinking brings on intoxication; intoxication produces bile; bile creates jaundice; jaundice leads to dropsy; dropsy terminates in death. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

PURGATORY.—An Italian noble being at church one day, and finding a priest who begged for the souls in purgatory, gave him a piece of gold. "Ah, my lord," said the good father, "you have now delivered a soul." The count threw upon the plate another piece of gold. "Here is another soul delivered," said the priest. "Are you positive of it?" said the count.—
 "Yes, my lord," replied the priest; "I am certain they are now in heaven." "Then," said the count, "I'll take back my money, for it signifies nothing to you now: seeing that the souls have already got to heaven, there can be no danger of their returning to purgatory."

RESPECTABILITY.—"Cato, does you know dem Johnsnings, up dar, in Congo Place, is going to be bery 'spectable folks?"

"Wall, Scipio, I t'ought dey war gettin' along bery well, but I doesn't know how 'spectable dey is."

"How 'spectable does you tink, Cato?"

"Wall, guess about tree thousand dollars."

"More 'spectable dan dat."

"Wall, how 'spectable is dey?"

"Wy, five thousand dollars, an' a house an' lot."

"Whey! good-bye, Cato, I must give 'em a call."

A HARD HEAD.—Some idea of the hardness of a genuine Sambo's head may be gathered from the annexed paragraph.

A "colored pusson," well known about town as Old Kit, while passing under a new three story-building, in process of erection, a brick-bat fell from the hand of the brick-layer on the wall above, and in descending came in contact with the negro's head. The resistance was great, and the brick-bat was broken in two. After recovering from the temporary stun, he addressed the brick-layer with : "I say, you white man up dar, ef you don't want yer bricks broke, just keep 'em off my head!"

A GRAVE JOKE.—Our landlords are getting as particular about their tenants, as their rents. If a body has half-a-dozen children, and of course more need of a house than if he had none at all, he is very coolly told that he cannot have the premises.

"Have you children, madam?" inquired one of these sharpers, of a lady in modest black, who was looking at one of his houses just finished and in perfect order.

"Yes," said the gentle mother, "I have seven, sir, but *they are all in the churchyard.*" A sigh and the dew of a tear gave impressiveness to the painful remark, and without parley the bargain was closed. Her little flock were waiting for her in the *churchyard* around the corner, and were delighted to hear that she had found a snug house so speedily. The landlord says he shall never trust a woman in black, after this.

A BUMP.—Smith and Brown running opposite ways round a corner struck each other.

"Oh dear," said Smith, "how you make my head ring."

"That's a sign its hollow," said B.

"Didn't yours ring?" said Smith.

"No."

"That's a sign it's cracked."

SURVIVOR OF THE REVOLUTION.—A chap who was caught in the water wheel of a grist mill, and had the good fortune to escape with no other damage than a slight ducking, says he means to apply for a pension on the ground that he is a *survivor of the revolution.*

GEMS AND APHORISMS.

We may be members of a true church, and yet not true members of *the* church.—*Fuller*

Prayer is this,—to look into the Bible and see what God has promised; to look into our hearts and ask ourselves what we want; and then for Christ's sake to ask and expect the promise to be fulfilled.—*Anonymous.*

Paul had three wishes, and they were all about Christ; that he might be *found* in Christ, that he might be *with* Christ, and that he might *magnify* Christ.—*Anonymous.*

True religion is a refuge inaccessible to either the fraud or the violence of men; happy are they who know it to be their shelter in the day of their trouble.—*Dillwyn.*

He is the best accountant, who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.—*Dillwyn.*

Head knowledge and heart experience are not always concomitant.—*Dillwyn.*

No cloud can overshadow a Christian but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.—*Bp. Irvine.*

Bees never work singly, but always in company, that they may assist each other. A useful hint to Christians.—*Bp. Irvine.*

Religious submission must be dignified by the sense of our own strength. Even before the eyes of the Lord it is better to stand up as a man, beneath the blow of adversity, than to crawl, to whine and to moan as a child.

Woman can rise above the common size of men, without being exposed, as the taller trees of the forest, to the first and most severe blais of the storm.

They all want honest, good and just men in their councils. . . . but think of one horse among two hundred, pulling in one direction, while all the others pull *the other way*! . . . If that honest man can stand the test of isolation, for sure he cannot stand the ridicule, the general hearty laugh, from the floor and the galleries!

We seem to be as fond of using names and individuals, as we are ready to demolish them—pure matter of entertainment and fun!

Reason comes to our aid in great misfortunes. It summons all the energies of our soul against a blow which surprises us; but it is impotent against little domestic annoyances, which devour and destroy in detail.

If gossip is harmless it is not witty; if witty, it is not harmless.

Some people are always very anxious to impart secrets to their *friends*, seeming to forget, that, if it is not very bad policy in regard to themselves, it is a burden to others. Next to asking favors, imposing secrecy about personal matters is the worst we can do with *friends*.

WHAT a world of evil there is in one word, *vanity*? It is the source of most of our trouble, uneasiness, real pains; all for a word without fixed meaning. For, our wishes are rarely, if ever, satisfied; and when we reach the top of our desires in one shape, they rise in another.

HOUSEWIFERY.

TO MAKE INDIAN PUDDING.—“*Real Genuine Yankee Pudding.*”—Take three pints of scalded milk, add as much fine, yellow Indian meal as will be sufficient to make a stiff batter, and a teacupful of molasses, with salt to your taste. Boil it four hours, or even longer, for boiling does not hurt, but improves it. A few ripe cherries or whortleberries will also improve it. Many think a small portion of suet (beef’s) chopped fine, without the fruit, a good and even better addition. It is to be eaten with butter and molasses, of course.

This fine dessert of revolutionary memory should occasionally have a place on every man’s table. Down East it often comes to hand. Out West it is quite too rarely found.—*Ohio Farmer.*

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Take three pints of scalded milk, one handful of wheat flour, three eggs, and as much Indian meal as will make the whole thick, like batter for pancakes. Add one gill of molasses, and salt to your taste. Bake three hours.—*Id.*

BEST NEW ENGLAND JOHNNY CAKE.—Take one quart of buttermilk, one tea-cup of flour, two-thirds of a tea-cupful of molasses, a little salt, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one egg (beat, of course). Then stir in Indian meal, but be sure and not put in too much. Leave it thin—so thin that it will almost run. Bake in a tin in any oven, and tolerably quick. If it is not first-rate and light, it will be because you make it too thick with Indian meal; some prefer it without molasses.—*Id.*

A NICE DISH FOR BREAKFAST.—Take one egg and beat it up, add a teaspoonful of salt, pour into it about two-thirds of a pint of water, then slice some bread, dip it in, and fry in a little butter. Serve warm, and you will find it an excellent dish.—*Id.*

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.—Take the gloves, place them on a clean board, and stretch out their fingers. Then take a mixture of alcohol, ten parts, and turpentine, two parts, in a cup, and rub them with this—using a soft sponge for the purpose. This will remove the grease and dirt, and not injure the color. All the dirt and liquid must be pressed out of the gloves with the sponge by squeezing it in the hand, then rubbing it on the gloves to absorb the liquid, until no more can be taken up in this way. Both the outside and the inside of the gloves should be treated in this manner. They are then set to dry in a moderately warm place, and during the time of drying the fingers are stretched from time to time, to prevent them from shrinking. Some dry them on artificial hands to keep the fingers stretched.

In cleaning gloves by this process, care must be taken not to approach too near a light or a fire. The liquid above, for cleaning the gloves, is the same as that commonly known as “liquid gas,” used in lamps.

HOMINY BREAKFAST CAKES.—Mash the cold hominy with a rolling-pin and add a little flour and milk batter, so as to make the whole thick enough to form into little cakes in the hand, or it may be put on the griddle with a spoon. Bake brown, eat hot, and declare you never ate anything better of the batter kind.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Buckwheat cake! One buckwheat cake differs from another in quality, yet not one in a thousand is made right. But of all things it is the easiest to cook, if the meal is made rightly. To every three, bushels of buckwheat add one of good heavy oats; grind them together as if there was only buckwheat; thus will you have cakes always light and always brown, to say nothing of the greater digestibility, and the enlivening of spirits, which are equally certain. He who feeds on buckwheat may be grum and lethargic, while he of the oatmeal will have exhilaration of brain and contentment of spirit.

OLD BREAD MADE NEW.—Old bread may be made as good as new, by dipping the loaf in cold water, then putting it in the oven after the bread is drawn, or a stove, and let it be well heated through.

HARD GINGERBREAD.—Two pounds of flour, one and a quarter sugar, three quarters pound butter, five eggs, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, dissolved in half a tea-cup of milk, one nutmeg, one table-spoon of ginger.—Butter your tins, and roll out the gingerbread upon them as thin as the blade of a knife, cut off the edges, and mark the cakes the size you wish before baking, and then cut them up while hot, or they will break.

RAISED CAKE.—Take of raised dough, two cups, of sugar, one cup, butter, half a cup, milk, half a cup, soda half a teaspoonful, one egg; add spice to suit your husband's taste, and you will have a nice loaf of cake. It can be baked as soon as mixed, if the *dough* is light. A tea-cup of raisins is a great improvement.

MOLASSES GINGERBREAD.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of water, one teaspoonful of saleratus, half a cup of butter or lard, a table-spoonful of ginger. Add salt and flour to make it stiff enough to roll out.

PUDDING WITHOUT MILK OR EGGS.—Take half a pint of molasses, half a pint of water, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, two of salt, and thicken with flour to quite a thick batter; stir in either berries or raisins; tie the cloth rather tight, and let it boil three hours. It is much handsomer boiled in a mould, and less trouble.

BOOK NOTICES.

INDIA, ANCIENT AND MODERN, *Geographical, Historical, Political, Social and Religious, with a particular account of the state and prospects of Christianity.* By Rev. David O. Allen, D. D. Published by John P. Jewett & Company.

This is a standard work by a master in Israel who was more than a quarter of a century a missionary of the A. B. C. F. Missions in that country, whose natural talents, education and rare opportunity for careful and accurate observation well qualified him for the authorship of such a volume. In its preparation, he has been signally successful, giving American readers in these 630 octavo pages a better view of the geography, history, government, religion and society of India than can be obtained from the work of any other American writer. The style, not particularly ornate, is yet pure and simple, and the interest of the narrative is well sustained. It is manufactured in the best style of the art. The geography of the country is illustrated by a map of great value to the reader, and the volume concludes with an appendix, in which some subjects referred to in the text are more fully treated, and with a copious index which increases its usefulness as a book of reference. It is worthy the attention of the general reader, of scholars and of all the friends of missions. No private or public library is complete without it.

THE CATHOLIC, *Letters addressed by a Jurist to a young kinsman, proposing to join the Church of Rome.* By E. H. Derby, Esq. Published by John P. Jewett & Company.

Of the scores of volumes we have read in defence of Protestantism against the aggressions of the Papacy, we accord to this the highest praise, considering the specific object at which it aims. The long and successful practice of its distinguished author at the bar admirably qualified him to judge of the admissibility or inadmissibility of testimony adduced in favor and against each of these systems of faith, and also to detect the fallacy of many of the arguments by which Papists endeavor to defend their creed and church polity, and to assail those of their opponents. The principal objections to the Roman hierarchy he has stated with great precision, clearness and force, arranged in their natural and logical order and presented in a style of Attic neatness and elegance. The ward to whom these letters were originally addressed, may certainly account himself exceedingly fortunate in having a warden so able and faithful, and to him the public are indebted for a charming book, free from invective and sophistry and abounding in candor and charity.

MEMOIR OF REV. REGINALD HEBER, D. D., *Bishop of Calcutta*; by his widow. Abridged by a clergyman, and published by John P. Jewitt & Company.

The clerical brother who edited this book, has performed a valuable service with praiseworthy ability, having reduced the original work and the expense of Bishop Heber's life, more than one half and retained all that is essential to a connected history and to a complete exhibition of the characteristics of this great and good man whose memory is the inheritance of our common Zion. A large space is filled with letters from his own pen and with selections from his beautiful lyrics, many of which still enliven the private and public devotions of Christians. Few memoirs are better adapted to promote personal piety or will be read with deeper interest. It is worthy of a place in every Sabbath School and family library in the land.

LIFE OF CAPT. NATHAN HALE, *The Martyr Spy of the American Revolution*. By J. W. Stuart, Esq.; published by F. A. Brown, of Hartford, Conn.

The story of the men who periled or sacrificed their lives for American liberty will ever be dear to the citizens of this republic. Among them all none is more worthy than the subject of this sketch, which should be read by every fireside with the same interest with which we in our boyhood heard our grand parents relate the revolutionary incidents, the story of their trials, conflicts and victories, and with which we heard them speak of their interviews with Washington and his associates. This beautiful duodecimo of 230 pages is printed in the best style of the art, richly embellished with engravings and presents every way an attractive appearance. Its author has thoroughly examined the original sources of information and from them has drawn the materials for the history of one of the most interesting heroes of the Revolution, and related his story in the best narrative style. If such works were read more, we think party animosity and sectional strife would be greatly reduced, and patriotism abide and abound. We cordially commend it to our readers.

INDIA, *The Pearl of Pearl River*. This is another work from the prolific pen of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. It is a tale of southern life, written in her usual style, easy, flowing and graphic, but in our judgment more natural and of a higher moral tone than some of her previous works. It is published by the enterprising house of T. B. Peterson, 102 Chesnut St., Philadelphia.

AMBITION. By Kate Willis; published by James French & Company. This is a neatly printed duodecimo of 318 pages, dedicated to the memory of Fanny Forrester. It is a tale of the affections, containing some good pictures of country-life, and shewing the sad results of disappointed affection.

BIBLIOTHECA SACRA and the *Am. Biblical Repository* for April. Published by W. F. Draper.

This number contains several well written and important articles, and sustains the high reputation of the work.

Art. I. On "the moral faculty" is by Prof. Haven of Amherst College. Clear, philosophical and generally satisfactory, though we confess that we have some doubt about "the nature of things" being the ground of moral distinctions, if by that phrase is intended something distinct and separate from the divine nature and character, impressed on all the works of God, something to which the Creator as well as his creatures bow with submission.

II. "The demands of infidelity satisfied by Christianity," by Prof. Harris, of Bangor, an able defence of revelation, and a return of the charge of infidelity upon herself.

III. "Figurative language of Scripture," by Rev. Edward Robie, a plain and succinct statement of some of the obvious principles which relate to the interpretation of tropes.

IV. "The influence and method of English studies" by Prof. Wm. G. P. Shedd of Andover, an important subject ably discussed.

V. "The historical and legal judgment of the old Testament Scriptures against Slavery," by Rev. Geo. B. Choever, D. D., continued but not concluded.

VI. "An essay toward a demonstration of the divine existence," by Rev. staniel P. Noyes. This is similar to the a priori argument as previously Dated by Emmons, Clark and others.

VII. "Notices of new publications."

VIII. "Theological and Literary intelligence."

IX. "Prof. Lewis' rejoinder to Prof. Dana," complaining of misunderstanding and injustice in the review of his work by the latter gentleman.

THE BIBLICAL REPERTORY AND PRINCETON REVIEW, for April. This able defender of the faith, always welcome, again presents himself armed in panoply complete of heavenly temper, burnished and bright.

Art. I. "History of the Old Testament," an able review of J. H. Kurtz.

II. "History of the Protestant church in Hungary, from the beginning of the Reformation to 1850, with special reference, to Transylvania,"—replete with historical information.

III. "Biblische Numismatik oder Erklärung der in der heil," etc.; short and excellent, the best on the money spoken of in Scripture that has fallen under our observation.

IV. "Sketches of Virginia, Historical and Biographical," by Rev. Wm. H. Foote, D. D., a valuable contribution to the accumulating materials for the future Ecclesiastical history of America.

V. "Miracles and their counterfeits," a remedy for all such diseased persons as "conjurers, clairvoyants, mediums, circles, wizards, fortune-tellers, sorcerers, spirit-wrappers," etc., who pretend to possess supernatural power and thereby invade the province of revelation and for all afflicted by their incantations.

VI. "The history of England, from the accession of James II.," by T. B. Macaulay, less severe and more complimentary to the author than many other reviews, according to him beauty and force of style and great power in the delineation of character, but justly deprecating the manner in which he treats certain religionists.

VII. "Memoirs of J. M. Mason, D. D., with portions of his correspondence," by Jacob Van Vechter, the author of this article has followed the example of the compiler of the volume in the use of copious extracts, which are like station-houses along the track of this good man's pilgrimage.

VIII. "The elements of Psychology; including a critical examination of Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, and additional pieces," by Victor Cousin, translated by Dr. C. S. Henry, an able rejoinder to the latter gentleman's retort upon a review of his translation, renewing and ably sustaining the charge of Pantheism against Cousin.

IX. "Literary Notices."

Both these Quarterlies are an honor to American literature; if the first has more philosophy and speculation, the second is more intimately connected with revealed religion and with the defence of the faith and piety which laid the foundation of our civil, literary and religious institutions.

"A glance at Private Libraries" by Rev. Luther Farnham, an octavo and neatly printed pamphlet, of eighty pages, replete with valuable suggestions happily expressed on a new and important subject. Its gifted author has here recorded the results of this personal examination of many of the best

private libraries in this city and its vicinity. These, he estimates, contain nearly 300,000 volumes. Among them, are the libraries of Hon. Edward Everett, Mr. Wm. H. Prescott, Rufus Choate, Esq., the late Abbott Lawrence, Dr. J. C. Warren, Mr. Francis C. Gray, Rev. Dr. Frothingham, and many others of fair fame and literary or professional eminence. This pamphlet should be in the hand of every professional gentleman and person of literary taste. We hope the sale of it may encourage its author to extend both his examination and report. It is often of the greatest importance to a scholar to know where he can obtain access to the best books on a given subject, and these will frequently be found in the possession of some private citizens. Hence a report of these libraries will prove eminently useful to the literary public. For sale by Messrs. Crooker & Brewster.

JOURNAL of the U. S. Agricultural Society, for 1856. Edited by Wm. S. King, Esq., Secretary.

This is an octavo pamphlet of 82 pages, containing an account of the fourth annual meeting of the Society, a list of delegates, President Wilder's address, the treasurer's report, and other papers, with a full report of the transactions of the Society at that meeting. It shows this national institution to be in a very prosperous condition in respect to funds and members. Its next annual exhibition, to be held in October, in the city of Philadelphia, will be a great occasion.

SHEET MUSIC.—We have received a number of sheets of choice music from two of our most extensive dealers, viz. :

From Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St.

1. *The Star of Hope*, a favorite piece for the piano, by E. B. Oliver.

2. *The Nation's Pride*, a polka, by T. H. Hinton.

3. *Woman with her Love*, a song of the affections, with an agreeable chorus and accompaniment.

4. *Marie Waltz*, by R. Swan, Jr., exclusively for the piano.

From Geo. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont St.

1. *Aria*, "How to find my Euridice," a song of five pages, for the voice and piano, with words both in English and Italian.

2. *Potpourri*, a selection from *Il Trouvatore*, a charming piece of twelve pages, for the piano, by H. Cramer.

3. *The Fall of Sebastopol*; or, *The Russian War*, a grand heroic and characteristic Polka for the piano, of seven pages.

4. *Reuben and Phæbe*, a pathetic ballad of five pages, for the voice and piano, by D. B. Tenney.

5. *The Merry Mountaineers*, a quartette of five pages, which has been, and may be sung with great effect, words by Mrs. C. M. Tenney, music by Mr. D. B. Tenney.

6. *The Sword of Bunker Hill*, a patriotic song, with instrumental accompaniments, of five pages, by J. G. Clark.

7. *The Groves of Blarney*, a song of six verses, with accompaniment, of rural life.

8. *Home*, from the ballad, "The dearest spot on earth to me is home," arranged for the piano, by Adolph Baumbach.

9. *Starling Hall Polka*, a delightful piece of five pages, for the piano, by S. Pearson.

10. *Bird and Lady*, a responsive duet between a lady and a bird, with piano forte accompaniment, by Louis Fecht, very sprightly and pathetic, of five pages:

We have received the April number of the following magazines: Graham, Godey, Arthur; but neither Harper, nor Putnam, nor Peterson.

Our thanks are due to the numerous newspapers who gave complimentary notices of our April number. We shall render them due honor at our earliest opportunity.

FAMILY SCHOOLS.

The family is the great institution provided by Providence for the education of moral beings. Here are learned the controlling lessons of after life. Here are formed the manners, tastes, habits and opinions which are to shape its future destiny. Here are to be inculcated lessons of punctuality, neatness and order—subordination and self control, the kindly and generous feelings and the elements of good breeding—polite and affable manners, the cheerful and social affections, and the talent of agreeable and instructive conversation. Taken separately these are indeed “little things,” but “perfection is made up of trifles.” Want of courtesy in little things has so enstamped itself upon our national character, that we have become subjects of ridicule to other nations.

For this reason it is pleasing to find that fireside and social education is beginning to assume that place in public sentiment which its importance demands; and that while we have so many excellent Female Seminaries—there is a “necessity” for Family Schools, those smaller institutions which are peculiarly adapted to the condition of daughters sent from home at an age, when maturity of mind and firmness of principle do not exist sufficient to shield from danger—and when a direct, kind, paternal, watchful care is needed on the part of the teacher. In a large seminary, companions, more than teachers, often become the educators; and alas, how frequently is it found, that ere the parents are aware the seeds of vanity and pride, of ostentation and self-conceit germinate and take deep root in the heart of that child upon whom pious and judicious parents had placed the seal of consecration to the church and a dying world.

Editor's Miscellany.

PASSING EVENTS.

FOREIGN.

Our record in our last issue chronicled events to the tenth of April; that in this number to the corresponding day of the succeeding month.

Since the cessation of hostilities in the Crimea and the proclamation of peace in Europe, there is a great dearth of foreign news, which is far better than an inundation of blood. For ourselves, we much prefer to see the newsboys offering their papers for sale without any startling intelligence to recommend them to purchasers, than to see them at the corners of the streets, at the marts of business, in cars and in steamers, and to hear them cry, "Another great battle! — ten thousand killed — *all for two cents!*" To us, these declarations are painfully ludicrous, a horrid burlesque on humanity. No news is better than such painful intelligence.

The proclamation of peace called forth but little enthusiasm in *England*, probably from a conviction that she comes out of the war without laurels and plumes. The Baltic squadron has been merged in the home fleet; and the anticipation of difficulties with *America* has passed.

But in *France*, which retires from the conflict with the honors of war, peace was celebrated by illuminations, festivities, the merry peal of bells, the booming of cannon and demonstrations of unbounded joy.

In *Spain*, disturbances have occurred in *Valencia*, respecting conscription. The city and province have been placed under martial law.

The Sound Dues are not yet settled with *Denmark*. Copenhagen advices state that the English Cabinet have officially notified the Danish government of their refusal to agree to the arrangement of the

Sound Dues, and express the determination of Britain to wait other and more acceptable propositions. Russia and Oldenburg set the example a few weeks since, and the question of settlement makes no progress, and will probably stand over till the year's end, till it is seen what action the United States takes.

In *Austria*, the concordat between the Papal See and the government of this country, of which we have previously spoken, occasions much discussion and excites the spirit of party. The civil officers, claiming that its right of censorship does not extend to state documents, and being supported in that judgment by protestants and those favorable to protestantism, while the Roman bishops interpret it as comprehensive of these and of all publications. The simple questions are, how many sovereignties are there? One or two? If but one, where is it? In the Church or in the State? If two, is one restricted to civil subjects, and the other to those that are religious? The Grand Council of Bishops will assemble to discuss the concordat. The council represents 29,000,000 of Catholics, Latin, Greek and Armenian. The principal object of the council is to restore the clerical marriage courts, according to canon law, and to re-organize the whole body of the clergy on fundamental church principles. The concordat abrogates the lower clergy's right of appeal from the Bishop to the Emperor, hence it is not popular with the priesthood.

In Turkey, on the 19th of February, the Imperial Firman was read in the Great Council Hall, granting equal rights to all the subjects of the Sultan. "That religious freedom should have been proclaimed for the first time, to the members of churches persecuted both by Emperors and Sultans; that material progress should be in store for religions almost forgotten by the busy enterprise of the West; are facts which must call for the attention of all, even amid the most earnest discussion of their own affairs. It is like a vision of dry bones called to life, or the disinterment of a city hidden for ages."

Persia continues to be disturbed by internal strife. Dest Mohammed has taken Candaker and Persian troops are marching against him. Canning took the oath as Governor General of India, March 1st.

In *Belgium*, a sharp controversy grew out of the declaration of a professor in one of the State universities that the human mind had been freed from ecclesiastical tyranny by the Reformation and out of his arguments against Popery and the Austrian Concordat, these created parties in the Institution, which appealed to the Ministry and the

house of Representatives. The question was decided in favor of the professor and of protestanism, though the majority of these bodies is professedly Roman Catholic.

In *Russia*, the naval armistice was officially published at St. Petersburg, April 7. After the ratification all ships seized will be released. Commercial relations are re-established between belligerent powers. Merchant vessels of Western powers may enter Russian ports. The liberty of free navigation is also granted to Russian ships. A third State loan of 50,000,000 roubles is talked of. The energies of the Russian government are said to be now devoted to three objects, viz:—firstly, alliance with France: secondly, completion of great railways: thirdly, the manufacture of Russian feeling on the continent, especially in Germany. She has also repealed her law prohibiting the exportation of breadstuffs, and she again witnesses the loading of the ships of the Western powers with her products for the great markets of the world.

DOMESTIC.

The decline of breadstuffs both in Europe and America, still goes on, and will probably continue till they reach a reasonable price, perhaps till they become lower than they have been for years. Much of last year's production is yet in reserve, while the amount under cultivation with a fair prospect of a good crop is larger than usual. This twinges the pocket-nerve of some who had hoarded in expectation of higher prices; but it feeds the hungry and cheers the desponding.

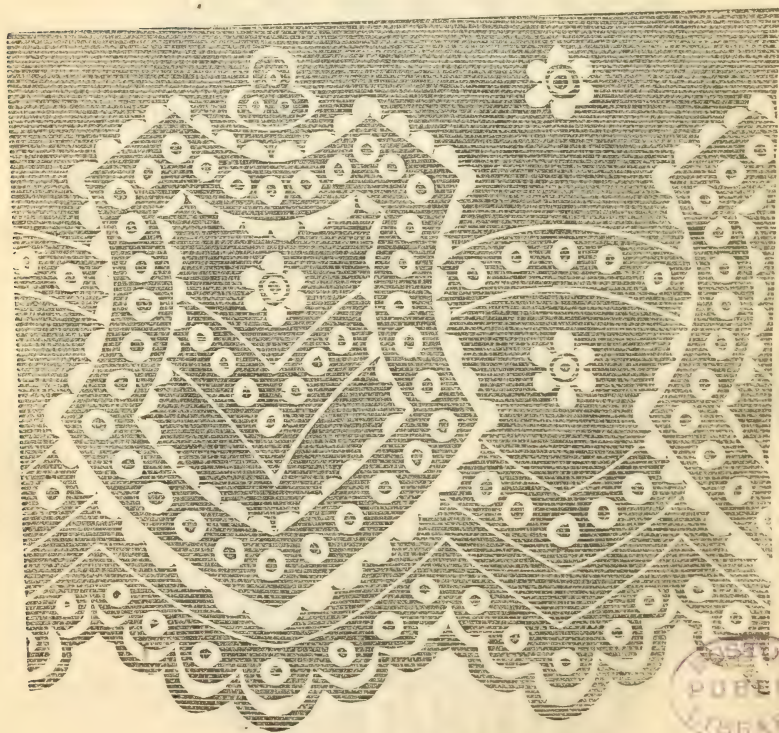
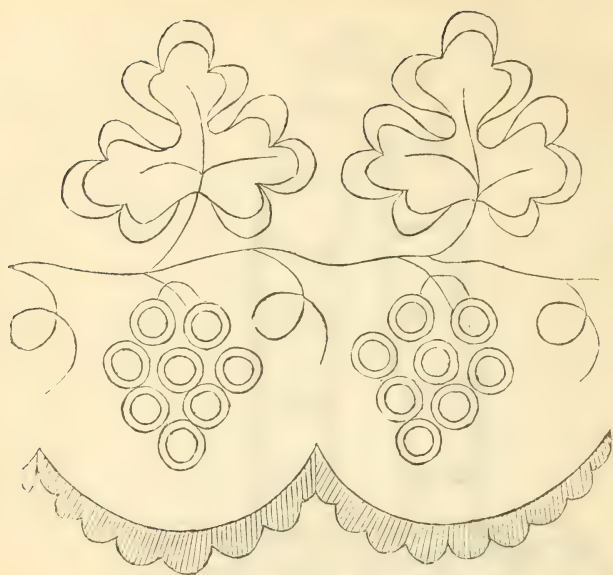
Central America and Mexico continue in commotion. Gen. Walker's troops have been defeated in several recent engagements in Costa Rica. It may be only a question of time, when these countries shall be annexed to the United States.

Indian hostilities in Oregon and Washington Territories have not yet subsided.

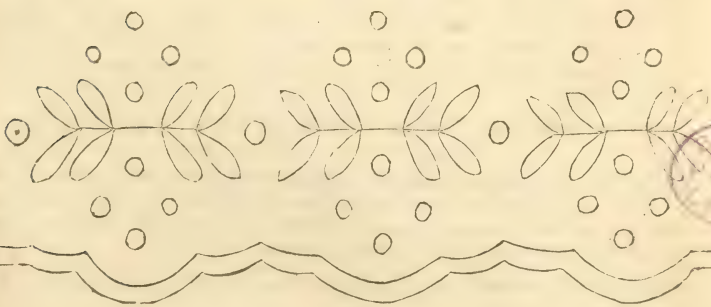
Fires and other casualties have recently multiplied. A fire in Philadelphia destroyed property to the amount of 200,000 and the tornado which swept over a part of that city in the evening of the same day, to the amount of 100,000. The conflagration in Boston which destroyed Gerrish Market involved a loss of more than 200,000: but proved beyond doubt the utility of the steam-engine for extinguishing fire.



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EMBROIDERED RETICULE FOR A BRIDE.

Materials — *White satin, white seed beads of crystal, opal, and chalk white, and pale amber China silk.*

The design should be traced lightly on the satin, and worked in beads. The flowers are all done in chalk beads, as are also most of the sprays; but the large leaves and some sprays are in clear white, and the opal beads form the fringe. This bag, if worked on green satin, with the flowers in their natural colors, and the sprays and leaves of a different shade of green, would be extremely pretty. The silk is laid on, and sewed down for the stems.—*Beau Monde.*

GEMS AND APHORISMS.

Faith makes us draw all our comforts from a fountain that never fails.—*Halyburton.*

Spiritual pleasures are greater in fruition than in expectation.—*Dillwyn.*

Humility of mind is neither arrived at, retained, nor increased, by comparing ourselves with others.—*Dillwyn.*

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously to doubt our strength. Let her and falsehood grapple. Whoever knew truth put to the worst in a free and open encounter?—*Milton.*

EDUCATION.

EDUCATION.—The city missionary visited an unhappy young man in our jail, waiting his trial for a state prison crime. "Sir," said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, "I had a good home education; it was my *street* education that ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and go off with boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer. O, sir, it is in the street, the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young."

Is this so? Beware then, boys, of a street education, and stay at home. And let parents see to it that home training is pleasant and strong and sound enough to grapple with and conquer the bad and dangerous influences of street society.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.—*Bona-parte.*

EVERY young man should remember that the world will always honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler, whose energies of body and mind are rusting for want of occupation, may look with scorn upon the laborer engaged at his toil; but his scorn is praise, his contempt honor.

"FATHER, what should you like best to have?" asked a little fellow. "*A good son,*" was the reply.

INCIDENTS AND HUMOR.

Why was Adam's first day the longest? Because there was no Eve.

AFRICAN LOGIC.—An old farmer — one who feared neither God nor man — had hired a devoted negro; and to get Sunday work out of him would always plan a case of "necessity" on Saturday, and on Sunday morning would put this case to the man's conscience. One morning Sambo proved refractory; "he would work no more on Sunday." The master argued with him that it was a case of "necessity" — that the Scriptures allowed a man to get out of a pit on a Sabbath day a beast that had fallen in, "Yes, massa," rejoined the black, "but not if he spent Saturday in digging for de berry purpose.—*Commercial Register*."

"Poor rule that wont work both ways," as the boy said when he threw the rule back at his master.

A SOURCE OF SMILES.—Dr. Franklin having noticed that a certain mechanic, who worked near his office was always happy and smiling, ventured to ask him for the secret of his constant cheerfulness.

"No secret, Doctor," he replied, "I have got one of the best wives, and when I go to work, she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and the tea is sure to be ready; and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody."

PRESUMPTION.—A religious professor, of Antinomian sentiments, boasting to Rowland Hill that he had not felt a doubt of his safety for many years, was answered by Mr. Hill, "Then, sir, give me leave to doubt for you."

PERFECTLY SATISFIED.—A couple were going to be married, and had proceeded as far as the church door, when the gentleman stopped his intended bride, and thus unexpectedly addressed her:

"My dear Eliza, during our courtship I have not told you the whole; when we are married I shall insist upon three things."

"What are they?" asked the lady.

"In the first place," said the bridegroom, "I shall sleep alone, I shall eat alone, and find fault when there is no occasion. Can you submit to these conditions?"

"O yes, sir, very easily," was the reply; "for if you eat alone I shall eat first; and as to your finding fault without occasion, that I think may be prevented, for I will take care that you shall never want occasion."

The conditions being thus adjusted, they proceeded to the altar, and the ceremony was performed.

A friend of mine, says Mr. Lambert, in his "travels," was once present at the house of a French lady in Canada, when a violent thunder storm commenced. The shutters were immediately closed and the room darkened. The lady of the house not willing to leave the safety of her company to chance, began to search her closets for a bottle of "holy water," which she fortunately found. The bottle was uncorked, and its contents immediately sprinkled over the ladies and gentlemen.

It was a most dreadful storm, and lasted a considerable time; she therefore redoubled her sprinklings and benedictions at every clap of thunder or flash of lightning. At last the storm abated, and the party were saved from its effects, which the good lady attributed solely to the precious water. But

when the shutters were opened, and the light admitted, the company found to the destruction of their white dresses and linen handkerchiefs, their coats, waistcoats and pantaloons, that instead of "holy water," the lady had sprinkled them with ink.

CURIOUS CHINESE DEFINITION.—The Chinese call a pricking conscience a "hedgehog with all the points turned inwards."

Long after Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar all over Europe, Dr. Franklin happened to dine with the English and French Ambassadors when the following toasts were drunk.

By the British Ambassador; "England, the sun whose beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth." — The French Ambassador glowing with national pride, drank "France, the moon, whose mild and cheering rays, are the delight of all nations consoling them in darkness and making their dreariness beauty." Dr. Franklin then arose and with his usual dignified simplicity said, "George Washington, the Joshua who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

HOUSEWIFERY.

TO DESTROY ANTS.—Procure a large sponge, wash it well, press it very dry; by so doing it will leave the small cells open—lay it on the shelf where they are most troublesome, sprinkle some fine white sugar on the sponge, (lightly over it) two or three times a day, take a bucket of hot water to where the sponge is, carefully drop the sponge in the scalding water, and you will slay them by the thousands, and soon rid the house of these troublesome insects.

FRUIT CAKE.—Two pounds of sugar, two pounds of flour, two pounds of butter, twenty eggs, four pounds of raisins stoned and chopped fine, four pounds of dried currants, two pounds of citron.

Beat the butter to a cream, beat the yolks light, mix them and add the sugar, flour and whites, beaten stiff, spice to the taste, put some flour on the dried fruit, squeeze the juice of a lemon, and grate in the peel, one glass of rose water; add the fruit last. Black cake is made in the same way with the addition of two teaspoonfuls of pounded nutmegs, two dozen cloves pounded, mace and cinnamon.

DUTCH CAKE.—Two and a half pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, a little yeast, cinnamon, nutmegs, two glasses of rose water, some currants or raisins.

COFFEE STAINS, MUD SPLASHES, &c.—Will mostly give way to the use of soap and water. Curd soap should be applied for this purpose. Obstinate stains, which will not yield to these treatments, must be submitted to the bleaching powers of the fumes of burning sulphur. This is conveniently applied by igniting brimstone under a cone or funnel made of card board. The stain must be wet, and then held over the top of the chimney until they disappear.

POUND OR BRIDE CAKE.—One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, ten eggs, two nutmegs, one wine glass of rose water, one tablespoonful of powdered cinnamon, and a teaspoonful of powdered-mace.

Beat the butter to a cream, after squeezing all the buttermilk out of it; separate the white from the yolk of eggs, beat the latter and add the butter, then beat in the sugar. Beat the whites of the eggs light, and add them, and the flour, when beaten half an hour; grate the nutmeg and other spices into it, and add the rose water.

BOOK NOTICES.

Recent Speeches and Addresses of Charles Sumner, Published by Higgins & Bradley, 20 Washington st. This is a neatly printed 12 mo. of 562 pages, containing the choicest productions of this ripe scholar of the Old Bay State, in a style so chaste and agreeable as to be attractive even to those who may not be disposed to adopt all its sentiments. Its arguments are in favor of freedom and against oppression, and while it may be read with interest and profit by all, it will afford a peculiar gratification to those who sympathise with its author's political opinions.

The Hundred Dialogues, new and original, designed for reading and exhibition in schools, academies and private circles by Wm. B. Fowle, published by Norris Cotton, 120 Washington st, Boston, a good book affording both instruction and amusement to parents and children from the nursery and parlor to the High School. May it revive the practice of family readings, private rehearsals and public declamations from which in days past so many precious benefits have resulted? The parent who will teach his children to rehearse these and other similar speeches of the wise and good will contribute to their improvement and render their home more attractive than places of questionable amusement.

From the same house we have also received "*the School Harp*, a collection of pleasing and instructive songs," by E. H. Bascom. This small book, in which the rules of this fine art, are abbreviated and simplified, appears to be admirably adapted to the use of families and schools, to enliven the fire-side and social circle and to unite improvement and personal pleasure in recesses from the severer studies of the school room.—Price \$2.00 a dozen.

Three days on the White Mountains, being the perilous adventure of Dr. B. L. Ball, written by himself and published by Nathaniel Noyes, Boston. We have seldom read 70 pp. of any book of travel, with such alternations of hope and fear, of joy and sorrow, partly from our pleasant personal acquaintance with the author and adventurer, and partly also from the intrinsic interest of his narrative. On the mountain, he was overtaken by a snow storm in which he came near perishing from the severity of the cold in the latter part of October, 1855. He survived three days in the jaws of death, and finally escaped as by a miracle. His hands and feet were frozen, and for some time he was thought past recovery; but is now regaining the use of his limbs and has a prospect of health and usefulness. No man surely has or can have more occasion for gratitude to God, the giver and preserver of life. Those fond of the marvellous, can here find gratification.

Review of Ex-Gov. Clifford's report against the Prohibitive Liquor Law of Mass., and the Speech of Wm. B. Spooner, Esq.—a pamphlet of 16 pp. replete with interesting facts and able arguments. The Temperance Reform has nothing to fear, being strong in the righteousness of its cause and the distinguished ability of its advocates. This pamphlet is for general distribution. Will not some of the patrons of this worthy enterprise put a sum at the disposal of the State Temperance Committee, and place a copy of it in every family of the Commonwealth?

Journal of the U. S. Ag. Soc. for 1856. This pamphlet of 82 pp. contains a report of the late annual meeting at Washington—a list of officers, the address of the President, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, a report of the treasurer, of sundry committees, discussions and lectures on agricultural subjects. It is the first part of vol. III of the Society's Transactions.

A brief Epistle from Dr. Ziba Sproule, a tract of 20 pp.

The American Fire-Alarm Telegraph, a lecture before the Smithsonian Institute, by Dr. Wm. F. Channing, an explanation and commendation of the fire-alarm system in this city, which seems destined for general use, published by Redding & Co.

Monthlies: Odey's Lady's Book, Peterson's Magazine, Arthur's Home Journal, the National Magazine, and the Ladies' Repository for May, were duly received at this office.

To Agents and Subscribers. As the present number concludes the first volume of this year, a convenient opportunity is afforded to our agents to exert themselves to increase our list, and to our patrons to renew their own subscriptions, and to speak a commendatory word for our journals to their neighbors and friends, and induce them to become subscribers. Please remember our terms, for the Mother's Assistant and Child's Friend \$1,00 a year, paid strictly in advance, otherwise \$1,50; and for "The Happy Home and Parlor Magazine" \$2,00 a year paid strictly in advance, otherwise \$3,00. We prefer that all our patrons should avail themselves of the lower of these terms respectively.

To Contributors. We desire the articles intended for publication in the next volume, commencing with July, to be placed in our hand as far as possible before the publication of the numbers of our Magazines for that month.

We have received and accepted the following articles which will shortly appear in our pages:

Theatrical Amusements, Christian Sympathy, The last Rose of Summer, Home, Maternal Example, A Song, My Sea-side Home, The Dedication of the Golden Idol, The Queen of Sheba, The Morning Star, The Good Resolution, Elis's Fault and Lessons from his History, Family Worship, Defective Family Training, Washington, Emma Langdon, Tendency to Degeneracy, Anxiety for Young Men, A Tribute to the Aged, Family History, The Grave of Caroline, Old Moll and Little Agnes, or The Rich Poor and the Poor Rich, The Violet, The Bereaved Wife, The Fortune, Stilling the Tempest, Merit Appreciated, Early Acquaintance with God, Story Telling, The Mission of Christ as a Teacher, Family Discipline, Retribution, The Contrast, Love of Home, Family Religion, Patient Continuance in Well Doing, The Dead, Training of Children, Home, My Sister Anna, A Mother's Love, Flowers by the Way Side, Other Folk's Children, Disobedience and its Consequences, Indiscriminate Novel Reading, The Father's Lament, The Mother's Lament, My Tender Flowers.

All other articles received previous to this date, May 10, await the call of their authors at this office.

We present our grateful acknowledgments to the following periodicals for recent complimentary notices of our Magazines:

The Weekly Messenger, Westfield News Letter, Ulster Republican, Iowa Temperance Organ, Rheinbeck Gazette, Republican, Salem Register, Christian Observer, Reformed Messenger, Newport Mercury, Weekly Traveller, Lutheran Observer, Congregational Herald, New Hampshire Sentinel, Congregational Journal, Ellsworth American, Mass. Ploughman, and others in various parts of the Union.



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HAPPY HOME,

AND

PARLOR MAGAZINE.

REV. A. R. BAKER, EDITOR.

VOL. IV.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY C. STONE & COMPANY.
1856.

ADVERTISEMENT.

We avail ourselves of the opportunity which the completion of our fourth volume presents, to render our grateful acknowledgments to our numerous contributors for their valuable communications; to our patrons for their support, and to our exchanges and the public for their appreciation and commendation of our services. Encouraged by these, we contemplate various improvements in our next volume, both in its contents and embellishments; and we invoke for it the continued patronage of our subscribers and their endeavors to extend its circulation among their friends and neighbors.

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership which has existed and been denominated C. Stone and Company, is dissolved by mutual consent. This periodical and also "The Mother's Assistant and Child's Friend," will hereafter be published by C. Stone, who has assumed and will settle all the liabilities and accounts of the Company. Both publications will continue under the same editorial care.

Boston, December, 1856.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

JOHN XI.

CHRISTIANITY cements friendship, enlivens the joys of social life, and sweetens the pleasures of home. Its Divine Author admitted three of the apostles to a peculiar intimacy, and manifested a special interest in the beloved family at Bethany. He made their habitation his suburban home during his visits at Jerusalem. There he had recently partaken of their hospitality,—had gently reproved the ambition of Martha, and had commended the docility and meekness of Mary. In the Jewish metropolis he had just celebrated the passover, and the feast of unleavened bread, and had retired with his apostles to Bethany, beyond the Jordan, thirty miles from the city of the same name in Judea, when Lazarus was taken sick, whose sisters, watching tenderly over him, oft breathed the sigh, “O, that the great and good Physician were here, to rebuke his disease and to restore his health!” At length they resolved to send to him this tender message: “Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick!” Happy the young man of whom this can be truly said. How it must have nerved his patience with energy to endure distress! Or, if disease had dethroned his reason, how it must have poured the oil of consolation upon the waves of his sisters’ sorrow!

The messenger arrives at the humble dwelling of Christ and his apostles, and fancy pictures to us the scene of sympathetic suffering as he relates his simple tale of woe. We imagine the compassionate Saviour hastening across the Jordan, to “the town of Mary and her sister Martha,” healing their sick brother, and comforting their aching hearts. But full well he knew that the moment most favorable for the interposition of his miraculous power had not yet arrived; that if he then rebuked the disease, or restored life, the incredulous Sadducees and Pharisees would not believe, and that the faith of those weeping sisters, and of their relatives, needed an additional trial.

Therefore, "he abode two days still in the place where he was," till even the most incredulous admitted that Lazarus was dead, and till the believing were constrained to look to him for relief, if at all, by a resurrection of the dead. For such a display of his miraculous power they faintly hoped, from their probable knowledge of his restoring life to the widow's son, at Nain, and to the daughter of Jarius, at Capernaum,—from the voice of prophecy, and from the interpretation which the circumstances constrained them to give his gracious words, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of Man may be glorified thereby." How could they understand the words "not unto death," while they looked upon the corpse of their brother, or visited his grave? How, surely, except that Christ intended to deliver him from the bands of death and the corruption of the grave? So they received them. Hence Martha said, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died; *but I know that, even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee.*"

All things were now ready — the apostles comforted, the sisters and their pious relatives confirmed in faith and hope, and a multitude of the Jews, from Jerusalem and the neighborhood, assembled, according to their custom, at funeral rites. Jesus saith to Martha, "Thy brother shall rise again. . . . I am the resurrection and the life."

Lazarus had been dead four days, of which one was occupied by the journey of the messenger from Bethany to Perea, two by the delay of the Saviour, and a fourth by the journey of himself and his apostles to the scene of distress. Trusting in God, he went thither, despite the malice of the Jews, who had sought his life, and the earnest remonstrance of his apostles. Fearless in duty, and resolved to improve every opportunity to honor God and do good, he drew near the town, and tidings of his approach saluted the ears of the afflicted sisters. Martha, with characteristic haste and impetuosity, runs to meet him; but Mary, more quiet and retiring, with deeper grief and stronger faith, sits still in the house, not by the pale sleeper,—for he was in his grave,—but 'midst sympathizing friends, and in her closet radiant with divine glory, and a wit-

ness to the fervor of her prayer. She believed in Christ "the resurrection and the life," plead his promise, and, obedient to his call, presented herself before him. The sisters bow in his presence, and weep together. Alternately they pour the story of their grief upon his ear, and break down under the weight of their sorrows. "Lord, if thou hadst been here our brother had not died; but we know that even now—" In sympathy their Jewish relatives and friends weep around them; yea, Christ himself weeps; and, groaning in spirit, and being troubled, inquires, "Where have ye laid him?" They say, "Come and see." O, what tears were shed on their way to his grave! It was a cave, with a stone rolled against its mouth. This he commands them to remove. Martha's weak faith is for a moment overpowered, and her remonstrance calls forth the rebuke of her Lord, who, when the stone is removed, prays, or, rather, gives thanks, that the prayers already offered had been heard, and now awaited an answer. "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me." The prayer is ended. All stand in breathless silence. He speaks! "Lazarus, come forth!" The dead obeys the call, and comes forth, "bound hand and foot with grave-clothes," to turn the mourning of his relatives into praise, to confirm the faith of believers, and to constrain many of the sceptical Jews to believe on him. Wonderful display of Almighty power! Fit theme for the song of earthly poets, and of adoring seraphs!

"Touched by a mourner's sorrow, Jesus wept!
 Calmed by those pitying tears, and fondly brooding
 Upon the thought that Christ so loved her brother,
 Stood Mary there; but that lost burden now
 Lay on his heart who pitied her; and Christ,
 Following slow, and groaning in himself,
 Came to the sepulchre. It was a cave,
 And a stone lay upon it. Jesus said,
 'Take ye away the stone!' Then lifted He
 His moistened eyes to heaven, and, while the Jews
 And the disciples bent their heads in awe,
 And trembling Mary sank upon her knees,
 The Son of God prayed audibly.

He ceased,
 And for a minute's space there was a hush,

As if the angelic watchers of the world
 Had stayed the pulses of all breathing things
 To listen to that prayer. The face of Christ
 Shone as he stood, and over him there came
 Command, as 't were the living face of God,
 And, with a loud voice, he cried, 'Lazarus !
 Come forth !' And instantly, bound hand and foot,
 And borne by unseen angels from the cave,
 He that was dead stood with them. At the word
 Of Jesus, the fear-stricken Jews unloosed
 The bands from off the foldings of his shroud ;
 And Mary, with her sad veil thrown aside,
 Ran to him swiftly, and cried, 'Lazarus !
 My brother, Lazarus !' — and tore away
 The napkin she had bound about his head,
 And touched the warm lips with her fearful hand,
 And on his neck fell weeping. And, while all
 Lay on their faces prostrate, Lazarus
 Took Mary by the hand, and they knelt down
 And worshipped him who loved them."

On ! never more ! how mournfully
 Such echoes thrill the heart ! —
 To think how almost every day
 With something dear we part !
 To think how suddenly we miss
 Some sweet, familiar tone,
 And try in vain to teach ourselves
 It is forever gone !

Loved ! missing ! dead ! O, sad and strange
 Our Father's mandates seem !
 How very frail the earthly reeds
 On which our spirits lean !
 And yet 't is well ; He knoweth best,
 And calleth to His home
 Our cherished ones, that we may seek
 To follow where they 're flown !

FLORA NEALE.

Ingleside.

RESULTS OF DEFECTIVE FAMILY TRAINING.

BY C. KIMBALL.

A PERSON stands at your door, and asks for a piece of bread. He may have been unfortunate. Extreme poverty sometimes results from unavoidable calamity. The probability is, had he been trained, from the cradle upward, to habits of industry and economy, he would now have been blessed with a competency for himself and family. The children and youth, whose profane conversation and dissolute conduct pain your ears and your heart,—who desecrate the Sabbath, and on holy time, or under the covert of night, take from your gardens and orchards their precious fruits,—are not from the most respectable and well-trained families, favored with pious counsel, and blest with holy parental example. Had the children who mocked Elisha been blessed with godly mothers, like Hannah, and a pious grandmother Lois, and mother Eunice, like Timothy, they might have shared the honors of Samuel, and inherited the blessing of Timothy, instead of being cursed in the name of the Lord, and devoured by beasts of prey.

Will you accompany me to the state prison? What do you see?—Men clustered together, and hard at work, in consequence of crime. Here may be seen perverted intellect,—for rogues have talent, and often of the first order. Here are ruined characters, wasted constitutions, disappointed hopes, ambition crushed, insatiate desire for deeds of wickedness ungratified. Here you may see conjugal affection blighted, families broken up, husbands separated from their wives, and parents from their children, in consequence of acts of injustice. The sight is painful: it should awaken our tenderest, kindest sympathies. In view of it we may well weep, and in our closets pour out our most fervent supplications in their behalf. Had the inmates of all the state penitentiaries in our country been blessed with the parental training of Dr. Payson, or John Quincy Adams, or Samuel J. Mills, they might have been

to-day, for aught we can see, in their own "happy homes," enjoying all the comforts of domestic life. Had this been their favored lot when young, how much sin and misery, sadness and sighing, would have been prevented! — how much valuable intellect and character saved to the world! Instead of being immured in prison, they would have been useful citizens, as farmers, mechanics, and merchants. Some of them would have occupied honorable positions as statesmen in our halls of legislation; been able jurists; sat upon the bench as judges, and been successful advocates at the bar. Others, as ministers of Christ, would have preached the gospel to a sinning world, and gathered a multitude of souls into the kingdom of God. The Ragged Schools, in this country and Great Britain, have resulted from defective family training, or from the neglect of it. Had Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboim, Nineveh and Babylon, been filled with inhabitants like our Puritan fathers, instructing their children from age to age in the fear of the Lord, instead of being deluged with fire, and swept from the earth with the besom of destruction, they would have remained to the present day, pouring forth streams of holy influence to bless the world.

Dear reader, are you a parent? Allow me to ask you, earnestly, yea, entreat you, to look at this subject with the seriousness and attention its importance demands. You stand at the fountain-head of influence — an influence for which you are responsible, and which will roll onward with augmented force, for good or for evil, deepening and widening through time and through eternity. You have it in your power, with the divine blessing, to control the destinies of your children — to plant in their young bosoms principles of integrity, industry, and economy, which will make them respectable, happy, and useful in life — a comfort to yourself, and a blessing to coming generations.

On the other hand, should you leave them to the unrestrained indulgence of the inclination of a carnal mind, in a course of inefficiency, indolence and vice, they will be to you a source of untold anxiety, mortification, and disgrace. In a word, you may train them up for an eternal weight of glory, or for unmit-

igated, accumulating, unextinguishable woe. The mother of Augustine followed her dissolute son, with prayers and tears and earnest entreaties, and even from country to country, for twenty-eight years, till she saw him renewed by the Spirit of God. She then exclaimed, with overflowing gratitude, "What have I more to live for?" and soon after fell asleep in Jesus.

A MORNING HYMN.

BY MRS. JOSEPH H. HANAFORD.

AIR — Auld Lang Syne.

OUR Father, now with grateful hearts
We sing our morning hymn,
Rejoicing, as the night departs,
To hail the sun's glad beam.

May health's bright roses on each cheek
This day in beauty bloom,
While kindly words, from spirits meek,
Make happy hearts at home.

Like bees industrious may we be,
In play, like lambs, be kind ;
While both in work and play may we
The path of pleasure find.

May thy blest Spirit win each heart
To tread the heavenly way ;
And every hour new strength impart,
Through all the coming day.

And may we seek thy will to know,
And, with unfaltering love,
Strive earnestly that will to do,
Till we shall rest above.

In duty's path may we be found
With each returning morn ;
Till life attains its mortal bound,
And greets eternal dawn.

INDISCRIMINATE NOVEL-READING.

BY MRS. MARY WRIGHT.

Books, books are in stores and stalls; they are everywhere. They come by agents to the house; they greet the traveller at the way-station, and follow him into the railroad-car. One exclaims, like Socrates at the market-place in Athens, "How many things are there here of which I have no need!"

In this multiplicity of books, the existence of so many novels is to be regretted. Man's power of dilating and serving up the ideas of others has some limits; so, also, his command of measured feet and rhymed lines. Narratives, even the most superficial, require some outlay of time, and thought, and money; but the creations of a diseased fancy, the representations of distorted passion, and of an impossible network of circumstances, may be continued *ad infinitum*. Some authors can pour forth a new volume of weak, drivelling sentiment, coarse caricature, or strange adventure, every month, and feel no exhaustion, because little or no effort of mind has been put forth. As the cheapness of these books puts them within every one's reach, they create an appetite, which "grows by what it feeds on;" and thus every idle man, woman, or even child, learns to mingle the ingredients of the charmed cup, and, mixing together such qualities as have pleased in favorite authors, forthwith becomes an author. Then is announced a new novel, or, perhaps, a collection of tales, with nearly all the faults of a larger growth, save that in these there is still less need of originality, there being no room for thought or characterization. What village has not its author? And the time is fast hastening when it will be an exception to find a family that does not *write*; for even now we use that term as synonymous with *print*.

So vast an inundation of "flat, stale, and unprofitable" fiction might be less to be dreaded, did it visit only those of maturer years, by whom it might be rejected. But the young

find these books everywhere in their path, and thus acquire the vitiated taste to which they pander. Parents, alas! do little to oppose this tendency in an age when, if there is any family government, *it has changed hands*. A few weeks since we chanced to be in a morning-train of cars, in which were five young ladies, armed with books, on their way to a city school. Three of the number were intensely engrossed in shilling novels. Were these a fit preparation for the severer studies of the day? What would avail the six hours' discipline in school to one whose imagination had been rioting in strange scenes?—whose heart had moved with contending emotions, alternately rejoicing and sorrowing over the vicissitudes of a heroine, with whom she parted most reluctantly, to enter upon the studies of the school-room? These must needs drag heavily with her prepossessed mind, and she seizes every opportunity to glance at her contraband literature. She must have great concentration of mind,—a power which, more than any other, indiscriminate novel-reading destroys,—to be able, after a morning so spent, to give any but the most fitful and superficial attention to study, or to bring away any but the most vague idea, even after faithful instruction. This is no solitary instance. We fear there is hardly a school for youth where the pupils do not steal similar opportunities, and imbibe more of fiction than of exact science. Soon very few young ladies will be able to answer like the man whom an acquaintance wished to draw into conversation on a recent publication, and asked, “Do you read novels?”—“Yes, madam,—a great many.”—“Did you ever read ‘Ten Thousand a Year’?”—“O, no, madam! not half so many!”

The true cultivation of the imagination is an essential element in education. That faculty which draws materials from every mountain and valley, every fountain and rill, every forest and flower in nature,—which opens every sense to the rare gifts of creation; which peoples solitude, until it becomes a noble presence-chamber; which renders the past one glowing tableau,—is like the fabled tables of Hephaistos, that spread themselves whenever the gods wished to feast. It makes history a reality; for he who *reads*, as well as he who writes it,

must fill his mind not only with the shifting scenes of events, and decorate them in the various costumes of the ages, but he must follow the actors, enter into their plans, analyze their motives, sympathize with their feelings, and become, for the time being, the Grecian or the Roman. Imagination makes biography a life; and he who would really know the subject, must, like the author, go back to the scenes of his childhood, trace him in the checkered vicissitudes of his experience, go to his fireside, enter his heart, appreciate his struggles, and joy and sorrow with him. Would one know the world around him?—he must take his passage with the adventurous traveler, and step with him on the classic ground, or on the new soil,—be greeted with strange sounds, amazed with curious sights, and go from nation to nation, collecting his herbarium of knowledge. No one can have correct ideas or extensive information who does not cultivate the imagination.

The faculty is still more valuable as an aid to the moral sentiments. He will have little sympathy for others who has never brought home to his fancy their situation and feelings. He who, in feeling, has been accustomed to regard

“The visual line which girts him round,
The world’s extreme,”

will hardly be one to succor the distressed in sorrows which he has not known; nor will he obey the golden rule unless he can mentally reverse the situation of benefactor and recipient. Much of the “envy, malice, and uncharitableness,” in the world would be diminished, had persons the disciplined imaginations to surround themselves with the circumstances of the blamed, and vividly conceive their position; and we all know that, could we

“See ourselves as others see us,
It would from many a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.”

Imagination, rightly cultivated, enriches the mind, assists in making others happy, and aids us in the performance of Christian charity. More than now should the mind of the seeker for truth and beauty be turned to an acquaintance with nature

in the hieroglyphics of the rocks, the companionship of the flowers, the prophecy of the starry hosts,— to the study of the imitative arts of painting and statuary, to the science of music, to the perusal and analysis of poetry, particularly of the ancient poems, the authors of which copied more nearly from nature. But, more than to any and all these, it should be turned to the Book which, touched with fires which Homer and Virgil, Dante and Milton, never knew, surpasses them all in sublimity and beauty. No one can be in the habit of daily, careful and analytic study of the sacred Scriptures without the exercise and improvement of the imagination. The very contemplation of the world to come exalts the fancy, while it expands the soul; and the Christian casts his mind forward in rapturous anticipation of scenes which “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.”

The habit of indiscriminate reading novels, even if some of them have merit, is extremely prejudicial to all the intellectual powers. The mere act of making the acquaintance of so many characters, in such rapid succession, amid such confused multiplicity of scenes and alternations of fortune, will prevent a clear discrimination respecting the operations of motive or the analysis of character, and will render all intellectual efforts difficult. The mind, instead of being roused and exercised, is a mere spectator of countless evolutions and changing actors, and becomes so enervated that through life it is unfitted to

“Act, act in the living present,
Heart within, and God o’erhead.”

Indiscriminate novel-reading enfeebles the will. The reader is placed by fancy in a thousand dilemmas, and compelled to witness many decisions, without one *real* volition. In these constant mock calls for powers which cannot really be exerted, there is a habit formed of suffering the will to be passive, or, at most, fitful in its offices. The individual, from the weakness thus induced, becomes a powerless victim to surrounding circumstances, and floats on as the current may carry him. If he could remain a mere cipher in society, this would be sad indeed; but the evil is yet more fearful. No one can stand

still, for wrong is an inclined plane; and he who cannot resist temptation, and especially if he have a craving for false excitement, is speedily borne down to ruin. Many a victim to intemperance, and other vices, has had his way downward paved by the fascinating fictions which have beggared his time, enfeebled his will, and weakened the force and strength of his mind. This enslaving influence, when it had once conquered him, left him an easy prey to whatever might promise to amuse his idle moments, or fill the vacuity of his mind.

Indiscriminate novel-reading injures the moral sentiments. It creates an unjust distance between feeling and action. In fiction one sees continually generous deeds to be performed, the unfortunate to be rescued, while he himself can make no sacrifice, or aid by any act. His sympathy with goodness and heroism contents him; and he feels an accompanying self-complacency as he passes from scene to scene, fancying that *he* should have done just like his favorite hero or heroine. Thus the reader goes on, exceedingly full of benevolence and heroism of the fancy; but how does this prepare him for the real duties of life? Does not the *habit of facile feeling* without *corresponding action*, cling to the romance-reader when the stern calls of life demand his aid? Can he not say he is "very sorry; really, he is very full of sympathy," without attempting actually to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, or succor the oppressed? Perhaps tears rush to his eyes more easily than if he had not been so often "melted" by the scenes of fiction; but are his feet more swift to go, or his hands more apt to work? No; one still continues amid the world of humanity as he did when "rapt" by the creations of fiction. He feels, and can express his feelings more eloquently, perhaps, than another; but his heart sends no life-blood to animate his whole character, giving it vigor and strength. "Pocket-handkerchief sensibility" is proverbial; and every one who has ever been conversant with the devotees of fiction or the theatre, must easily recall instances where the character was cold, callous, and selfish, incapable of generosity, self-sacrifice, or any noble effort, while any *picturesque misery* easily aroused tears and eloquence.

Indiscriminate novel-reading renders one dissatisfied with the allotments of Providence. The mingled thread of daily life, the round of homely duties, become utterly distasteful to one whose home has been among the creations of fancy. Novels paint no ordinary life, but the extraordinary phases of it: and, as these occur but very seldom, everything else seems tame. They arrange all things, too, after a few trials, precisely to the wish of the hero and heroine; and as such a delightful state of things can never be, in our world of light and shade, the reader considers himself personally ill-used by fate. Reality looks coarse and hard, and lifelong the vultures of unrest and discontent gnaw at the heart.

The proportion of pernicious fiction now issued from the press is of itself most startling. If it be mischievous to read too many even of those novels which have helped to light up the pages of history, or have really painted "the manners living as they rise," what shall be said of those monsters, in yellow or brown dress, which meet us on every side, possessing not one feature of humanity? Mobs of these wicked books enter our cities and villages, creep into our dwellings, and overthrow every good and wholesome principle,—taking away right feeling, and leaving their subtle poison to complete the work of ruin. What our own country cannot furnish comes to us across the water; and those who cannot enter the lists of authorship stand ready to furnish an English dress for those vile foreigners, which, not content with the destruction they cause at home, come here to sap the foundations of all our virtue. It is sad, indeed, to witness the daily additions, through the medium of translation, to the miserable issues of the American pen; and, worse than this, to perceive the revolting imitations of the vilest works of the vilest authors. No sooner do the "Mysteries of Paris" appear, than the Mysteries of London, New York, &c., follow closely in the train. The works of Sue, George Sand, and Dumas, find their parodies without number in America; and miserably empty brains find that they, too, can get the public to drink even the nauseating beverage of Sue or Sand diluted. Whatever vividness may have been communicated to the original style by passing scenes of

horror and vice,— which, thank Heaven ! our young country does not yet produce,— is lost in the stupid imitation here. One improbable plot after another is heaped together to supply the want of creative talent, and hold the interest of the reader. The scenes are a rabblement of inflated description, feverish passion, hair-breadth escapes, and unnatural distress, or ridiculous exultation. The best characters are

“ A sign-post likeness of the human race,
Which is at once resemblance and disgrace.”

How these vile pictures of dens of robbers, haunts of vice, schemes against virtue, and violations of all the sacredness of domestic life, can have a charm for the reader, is a mystery which cannot be solved without descending into the labyrinthian mazes, the gloomy depths of human depravity. Equally strange is the popularity of those novels which find their way to more polished circles, under pretence of removing the thin veil of polished society, and exhibit men and women as mere puppets, all the relations of life as concealed traps, and, without pointing to any better spot, lead one through “Vanity Fair,” only to distrust hereafter all virtue and all religion. Yet these revolting fictions, which trample upon all the sanctities of life, set at naught every natural affection, and thus justify ungoverned feeling in overleaping all the boundaries ordained by God and man,—these books are procured, and devoured with most ravenous avidity. They force their way even into the hands of those who have been taught to abhor their principles, and then fasten their spell upon the victim, with what John Foster fitly calls “the *magnetism of Satan*.”

Is it possible, we have sometimes inquired, that beings who are destined to feel “the power of an endless life” can deliberately surrender themselves to this intoxication, and make an entry of their time, to be read in the clear light of eternity,— “So many weeks, so many months, so many years, of my human existence, spent in the company of the vilest characters, in a confused evolution of scenes where all the distinctions of right were lost sight of, all duty obscured, all religion undermined ?” O, that we could persuade the youth of our country,

if they would not have each moment of their misspent time become hereafter a weight to drag them downward, to *beware of the first temptation* to "glance over" the false and foolish, but, alas ! fatal trash, which is now broadcast over the land !

The knell of wasted time will one day sound dismally to the ear ; but after it will come a fearful train of sad consequences. He who now gloats over these monstrosities of fiction, however carefully he may have been guarded from personal contact with vice, and environed with refinements and privileges, will soon lose his abhorrence of wrong. The reader is accustomed to an interest, which soon becomes *sympathy*, in all the career of these imaginary heroes,—in their mad extravagances of passion, their oblivion of conscience, their cunningly devised machinations, their daring plots, their reckless self-indulgence,—and soon he seeks for similar stimulus in his own life. Many a gifted and privileged youth has lived thus to curse the world which he should have blessed. If any confirmed novel-reader could have been told, at the commencement of his habit, how fast the pernicious principles of such fiction would glide into his own mind, and how soon the fascination of false excitement would lead him to gratify, no matter at what price, the depraved taste, he would not have believed it. O ! shall our youth come to this ? Shall our beautiful country, full of scenery which should cultivate everything noble in man ; full of rich resources ; with the heritage of a free, representative government, of universal education, of religious privileges, which blossom on every side from the seed sown by our pious ancestors,—shall these blessings be abused by our youth, and all their influence counteracted, because the flood-gates of pernicious fiction have been thrown open ? Shall our freedom, purchased so dearly, become mere lawlessness and confusion, because our youth are dazzled by sophistry and corrupted by immorality ? Shall that which alone can preserve an individual or a people — true religion — be thus uprooted, and the deadly upas-tree be planted in its stead ?

WHAT IS FAMILY RELIGION?

BY REV. W. GALE.

PART I.

ONE thing essential to family religion is *a serious, habitual, and familiar recognition of God's providence*. He appointed the domestic state, and it is he alone that can render our families prosperous and happy. Why, then, should not his agency be freely and frequently spoken of in the common intercourse of parents and children, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends? This duty devolves especially on those who are placed at the head of families, and who are chiefly responsible for the state of their households. By its omission, we virtually deny the Divine existence; we show that we are less under the influence of religious considerations than the heathen; for they all have their household gods. We fail to provide for our own in one of the most essential points, and thus prove ourselves worse than infidels.

There are, doubtless, more or less families, in all our cities, villages and towns, in which nothing is done to honor God, or to commemorate his goodness; in which his name is seldom, if ever, uttered but in levity or profaneness; in which one might reside for days and weeks together without knowing in what kind of a God they believe, or whether they believe in any. Surely, whatever else may be said of such families, they cannot, with the least propriety, be denominated Christian.

Daily prayer is another essential part of family religion. In what other way can the existence and providence of God be so well recognized? The morning and evening sacrifice was a standing regulation under the law, and praying always with all prayer is expressly enjoined by the gospel. Family worship has ever been regarded, by the most devoted friends of religion, both as a duty and as a privilege. How any family can be truly religious without the social worship of God, it is difficult

to conceive. If rightly observed, it will be of special benefit to our families; it will secure for them the blessing of Heaven. It is in every way suited to the social and moral natures which God has given us; it cannot, therefore, be omitted, in ordinary cases, without incurring the Divine displeasure.

The next thing to be noticed, as essentially belonging to the subject under notice, is *religious instruction*. Said Moses, in speaking to parents, with reference to the things of religion, "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thy hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates." That is, parents must diligently use all appropriate means for the religious instruction of their children.

Everything belonging to a religious education was, for substance, expressed by Solomon, when he said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;" and by Paul, in the precept, "Provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." The comprehensive duty brought to view in these passages devolves on all who sustain the relation or occupy the place of parents. For any either to neglect their children, or to give them false instruction, is doubtless a heinous sin in the sight of God, as well as an immense injury to the young immortals committed to their care. Great responsibility rests on every father, and mother, and head of a family. All such are sacredly bound to acquaint their children and dependents with the truths, and to inculcate upon them the principles, and train them to the virtuous and pious habits, which are so much enjoined in the word of God, and which are indispensably necessary to the welfare of the young while they continue in this world, and forever.

The religious education of children should be early commenced,—should be adapted to their circumstances and capacities,—should be continued so long as their characters are in a forming state, and should be conducted with constant reliance

on the Divine blessing. Much use should be made of the Bible, the Sabbath, and public worship, in their education. The teachers, schools, and books, procured for them, should all be such as to leave upon their minds a good moral impression. They should be kept as much as possible from bad associates, and from all those places, scenes, and influences, which would be likely to corrupt their minds, or to lead them astray from the path of duty. And surely it is of no little importance that parents set an example of piety, which it may be desirable and safe for their children to imitate.

Another duty required of parents, as essentially connected with family religion, is to *discipline* or *govern* their children. The business of their education cannot be successfully carried on without it. Every child should learn early to obey. This, indeed, is the first lesson of a moral nature which he should learn, and, of course, the first that should be taught him. Always should the parental commands be just and reasonable; and then the child should be required implicitly and uniformly to obey them. And this should be continued, at least, through all the years of his minority, and longer, if he chooses still to remain with his natural protectors and guardians. All children bring with them into this world more or less of a rebellious spirit. The early manifestation of this spirit is one of the proofs of their depravity. "My will, not thine," is often the language of their conduct towards their parents. They choose to govern rather than to be governed, and too often they succeed in having their own way; for the relaxing of parental authority, or the insubordination of children and youth, is one of the most alarming features of the present age.

If any ask whether it is right and proper to punish children, we answer, without hesitation, in the affirmative. And to the question how they should be punished, our reply is, in that way which is most likely to secure the ends of punishment. Sometimes correction with the rod is both lawful and expedient,—is, indeed, the very best thing that can be done. The Bible is full and explicit on this point. Says Solomon, "Foolishness"—and by this is meant wickedness, or perverseness—"is bound up in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction will

drive it far from him. Withhold not correction from the child; for if thou beatest him with a rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with a rod, and deliver his soul from hell. The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame. Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest, yea, he shall give thee the delight of thy soul. He that spareth the rod, hateth his son; but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes. Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying."

In the use of these means, wisdom is profitable to direct. It should not be resorted to with such frequency as to destroy its intended effect, nor, usually, till other means have been tried in vain. But, when other methods of correction prove ineffectual, or when the sin committed is of an aggravated nature, then corporeal punishment may, and ought, as seems to me, to be inflicted. Such punishment is demanded by the word of God, and by a proper regard to the welfare of the child.

Again, family religion, to be complete, requires that *children should appreciate what is done for them by their parents*,—should receive instruction from their lips with teachable tempers; should imitate their pious examples; should unite with them in the daily worship of God; should obey all their reasonable commands, and honor them both at home and abroad. All this is clearly enjoined in the sacred Scriptures, and is the natural result of grace in the heart. It was predicted by the prophet Malachi, that, under the appropriate influence of true religion, the heart of children would be turned to their fathers, as well as the heart of fathers to their children. Said Paul, when giving direction to several classes of mankind, and pointing out specifically their duties, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right." Again, he said, "Honor thy father and thy mother, which is the first commandment with promise, that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest live long upon the earth." These injunctions comprehend every duty which it is possible for us to conceive of as due from children to their parents,—requiring them to be truly pious; to love, obey, and honor their parents, from Christian motives; and to yield cheerful and uniform submission to all their just commands, regulations, and wishes.

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

BY MRS. MARY MONTAGUE.

No one at all conversant with the precepts of the word of God, for the regulation of human intercourse, can fail to notice the many points at which they are at variance with the principles which control the men of this world in their dealings with each other.

Happiness is the pursuit of all; but only when taught in the school of Christ, do we learn where the object of our search is to be found: then it becomes ours just in proportion as we conform to the conditions on which its possession depends. How many pass through life without persuading the heavenly visitant to take up her abode with them, even once, because they persist in entertaining a guest with whom she can never abide! *Selfishness* and *happiness* can never dwell under the same roof, much less in the communion of one heart.

"Look out for the main chance," says the world; "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," says the Bible. "Take care of number one," is the advice of respectable selfishness; "Weep with them that weep," "Bear ye one another's burdens," are among the precepts found on the inspired page.

But how is this? Whence arises this state of things? Why are men so deluded in pursuing that which they are so desirous to gain? Why speak of tears, as if they were an inheritance: and "burdens," as if all were bowed down under their weight? Is not this world, our earthly home, a most delightful place?

When the pen of inspiration pictures the glories of the heavenly land, its beautiful imagery is all borrowed from earth. Flowers spring up and blossom along our path; the feathered songsters bless our ears with their sweet pæans of gratitude and praise to their Creator; delicious odors are wafted on the air we breathe,—often from the tiny plant we crush unconsciously beneath our feet; the treasures of different climes

contribute of their abundance to gratify the appetite, and we are often tempted to partake of new and choicest fruits.

Nor is this world the scene of physical enjoyment alone; for it is equally adapted to the social and moral nature, which is implanted in the constitution of man.

Who can describe the delightful emotions which thrill the heart, when the hand, in warm affection, clasps a brother or a friend? And, in the conjugal relation, there are those who find their felicity to be more than a poet's dream in an idle hour. The family circle, too,—what shall we say of that? Let us enter it, and see if, in the pleasant interchange of kind feeling, there is not one spot where peace may abide; and the olive-leaf shall tell that stormy winds have ceased to blow.

Can you look on all this, and not feel that ours is a beautiful, a joyous world?

But, what *mean* these words, "Bear ye one another's burdens"?

This world is, indeed, all glorious to behold; for perfect did it come from the hand of its Maker. But the spoiler has been here. Sin has marred the fairest prospects of earth.

"A few flowers of Eden we mortals inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all."

Yea, though the blossoms delight our eye, and send forth sweet odors, yet they often fade ere the noonday sun has shone upon them, and many a bud is nipped by the untimely frost. In vain distant lands proffer their liberal gifts now; for the sick and vitiated turn from them in disgust. How often the friendly hand has been pierced by a hidden thorn! How often the salutation of love has proved to be but the betrayer's kiss! And ever, above the highest strains of earthly music, arises the wail of anguish from suffering hearts.

Is this really so? — Then, Christian, be "up and doing!" Let not your vision be dimmed to the scenes which are passing around you. There are "burdens" for you to bear, tears of sympathy for you to shed, and words of holy courage for you to speak. You may be the means of carrying hope and joy to some crushed and almost despairing heart; you may speak

words of warning to the thoughtless and unwary, and whisper in the ear of the forsaken outcasts some message of forgiving love, which shall reach the inmost soul, and cause new and earnest aspirations to arise from their gladdened hearts.

This work will not come to you, disciple of Jesus. Your Master left the abodes of glory, and came to this sin-stricken world, with the balm of Gilead for your wounded soul. Yes, he came, and "bore your sins in his own body on the tree;" and have you not enough of his blessed spirit to try to lighten the burdens of others? Like him, will you not "go about doing good?"

Does no one in the circle of your friends pine upon a bed of protracted suffering, shut out from all these privileges of social intercourse and Christian fellowship which you, far less worthy, it may be, are permitted to enjoy? Have you no word of sympathy to speak for such? — no message of kind remembrance to send, or prayer to make by the sick couch, where so seldom the voice of prayer is heard by that lone one?

And if they linger through days and nights of sorrow, unsustained by an Almighty arm, can you forbear to tell of Him who wept at human woe, and chastens for human good, and can make the sick chamber not only a "Bochené," a place of weeping, but a sacred spot, on which an altar may be erected, and "Mahanaim" be inscribed thereon; because there "the angels of God met him," and he went on his way, like Jacob, rejoicing.

Know you not of some worn-down, feeble mother, who has watched long over her sick ones, and comes there not a plaintive voice, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" Are there no bereaved ones, to whom the world seems like some dark and arid waste, that you can go to, and, binding up the broken heart, shed the cheering dew of Christian sympathy, which shall cause flowers to spring up there, whose blossoms shall be beautiful as Sharon's rose, and fragrant as the lily of the valley?

And the Lord's poor, even if you are among that number, — are there none whom you should remember, that your exertions may lead others to supply their physical wants, and do

that which your limited means may hinder you from doing? "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself," is a promise in your special case, if, by reason of straitened circumstances, your faith is weak.

In one word, may I inquire if you examine your church catalogue as often as once in three months, to ascertain if there are any names, against which the mark of removal or death is not placed, that so you may inquire into the circumstances of such as you are unacquainted with, to be *sure* that they are not bowing down under burdens which you ought to bear, or shedding bitter tears which it is your precious privilege to wipe away?

Christian sympathy has been enforced as a duty: is it not, at the same time, the source of the highest, purest happiness, and the only kind of enjoyment that knows no alloy, and that grows out of human relationships?

Was not that a blessed hour, when, as your soul was sinking under the heavy weight of conscious guilt, a voice was heard, saying, "Look unto me, and be ye saved!" for "I have borne thy griefs and carried thy sorrow;" and you found in your own sweet experience that your burden, like Christian's, fell off at the foot of the cross? Yes, "The chastisement of our peace was laid upon him, and by his stripes we are healed."

Do you want a *motive* to induce you to bear the burdens of others, while Jesus Christ was crucified *for you*? Will you not rather say, in *actions* as well as words, "I made haste, I delayed not to keep thy commandments"?

Then, when a few more days have passed, you shall stand at the right hand of the Judge: the sons and daughters of sorrow, whose labors you lightened, and whose tears you have dried, may be with you there, while you hear these cheering words: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me:" for, "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

THE CONTRAST.

BY DR. JOSEPH H. HANAFORD.

A FEW years since, I was called, professionally, in great haste, to one supposed to be about to depart from the scenes of earth. There was something so strange in the summons, and in the circumstances connected with it, that I experienced the emotions common with young physicians when ushered suddenly into the dark abode of wretchedness, to witness scenes at which the uninitiated stand appalled. With many misgivings, and no little trepidation, I approached the hovel; for the true physician must visit the abodes of misery and vice, if he would relieve ills far more numerous and heart-rending than mere casual observers ordinarily suppose.

As I wound along the dark staircase, its doleful creaking added not a little to my forebodings — by no means diminished as I approached the apartment. As I entered, a pale form met my gaze, as she lay on a pallet of straw, with bloodless lips and ghastly visage, apparently in the last struggle with the king of terrors. An air of wretchedness pervaded every part of the room,—such a wretchedness as sin ever produces,—illustrating the fearfulness of the fall when woman treads the paths of shameless licentiousness. Occasionally a stultified attendant, or companion, came into the room, apparently regardless alike of the comfort and fate of the exhausted victim. It was evident that medical aid could be of little avail, however skilfully administered. A long career of sin had planted the seed of death around the citadel of life. Her pulsations were feeble, and the tide of life was ebbing fast.

But a few years earlier she moved in a different circle. Surrounded by affluent friends, no desire which wealth could gratify was unsatisfied. She promenaded the most fashionable streets, and boarded at the first hotel of our northern emporium — the “London of America.” Arrayed in the newest fashion, and with a profusion of rich jewelry, she was the gayest of the gay. In the whirl of dissipation, threading the mazes of arti-

ficial life, petted by false friends and flattering suitors, the seeds of immorality were sown. They germinated in after years, grew, and yielded an abundant harvest; while she was deserted by those who admired, and flattered, and ruined her. Possessed of external charms, it was no difficult matter to draw around her a crowd of admirers, especially while wearing the badges of wealth and honor;—associates as gay, frivolous, and thoughtless as herself. Such, feeling within themselves the absence of everything noble, generous, and meritorious, always seek the companionship of those who seem happy and content with the allotments of Providence.

Reverses followed each other in quick succession. Step by step she descended from her high position, as seen by the eye of the voluptuary. Not many years passed before she presented the saddening spectacle to which allusion has been already made, surrounded by the fearful evidences of penury, shame, and utter wretchedness.

But I forbear to trace the sinful and shameless career of this wicked woman beyond her own incoherent mutterings and wild ravings. Those who, from their vocation, mingle in all grades of human society, if not in that which seems inhuman, become familiar with scenes to which ordinary citizens are, fortunately, strangers. They see life *unmasked*, presenting all its deformity and hideousness in the depths of degradation. They see too many illustrations of the truthfulness of the Scripture declaration, that “The way of the transgressor is hard.” They know, at least in some degree, how low mortals may plunge in moral pollution when they forsake the paths of virtue and rectitude. They know that one class of sins cannot go unpunished, even in this life, and the retributions of Heaven are as appalling as they are sure.

“Whoso cometh unto me, I will in *no wise* cast out.”

“*Just as I am*, without one plea,
Save that thy blood was shed for me,
O, Lamb of God, *I come!*”

MY MOTHER.

BY HENRY ARMSTRONG.

"I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like distant mountain streams
In cheerful waterfall."

My mother has been dead many years, for I am already gray-haired, and have a son in college as old as I was when she died. Yet it seems but lately that she left us. Other things, which happened long since, look dim and old to me; but the day of her death is always as yesterday. Thus, her influence on my life and character has not been confined to the few years we walked in the sunlight together. When I have been tempted to do wrong, the thought that it would make her unhappy, if she were living, has often kept me from it. If I have done a good act, next to the approval of conscience, its richest reward has been the remembrance of her smile. So, in a manner, she seems to have hold of my hand still. I used to think my mother was particularly deserving of her children's love, and that there never was such another. When I read, in the history, the story of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, I thought I knew another Cornelia; only I was afraid that she could not, like the Roman matron, call her children jewels. Since I have become a man, and had children of my own, and seen my wife's way with them, I have come to believe that there are many good mothers, and might be many more.

When I was quite small, I awoke, one night, very thirsty, and groped down stairs in the dark to get some water. It was nearly midnight, but I found my mother still sitting up, at work for me, upon a pair of torn trousers. The sight gave me my first notion of a mother's self-sacrifice. I shall never forget the impression made upon me by this simple incident. I could not help telling her that I would rather wear torn clothes than have her work so hard and late. She put her arms about me

and kissed me, and said that it gave her pleasure to work for her little boy, if he was good, and all so kindly that I could not help crying; and I remember resolving, as I went up stairs, never to tear my clothes again, or to grieve her. I should be happier now if I had kept the last part of my resolution, though it is a comfort to feel that she loved me none the less for the trouble I gave her. Perhaps my wrong-doing was more painful to her on that very account. The constancy of a mother's love is one of the most wonderful things in nature. It blinds her to her offspring's faults, and gilds its graces. Generally, human character is so unlovely, when closely looked at, that, were it not for some such enchantment to gloss over its deformities, and bring out what beauties it has, I do not know of a more discouraging or hopeless task than the nurture of a child. But God, who kindly hides its true character from her sight, that she may not be disheartened, crowns her labors with results she never could have hoped for, and often never knows; for her acts and ways are as instructive as her teachings. This great power, which she wields almost unwittingly, doubtless brings with it a proportionate responsibility. Yet she is not, on that account, to shrink from the place and duties assigned her; but to meet them as cheerfully and wisely as she can. She is to sow the right seed at the right time, looking to God for the increase.

I suppose that a mother's regard for her child never fails. However degraded it becomes, her eye can discern some trace of goodness still. The infant lying in her lap, like a pure snowflake just fallen from heaven; the child whose tottering, wayward steps she guided; the youth whose sprightly ways delighted her, and the beautiful manhood which was her pride, — come before her in succession, or together, and she looks upon all the depravity, which the world calls her son, only as his disguise. Sometimes I think that the confidence of a mother's hope, and the constancy of her love, are the chief bonds that hold society together. In childhood, wherever the way is difficult and dark, her love goes before us, removing obstacles and dispensing light. It surrounds us and animates us like the air we breathe. We know that not even the grave is a bar to it.

As I look back upon my life, from this distance of time and place, it seems as if every blessing I have enjoyed has come to me through my mother, directly or indirectly. In doubt and anxiety, I have always found her advice judicious, and suggested by a desire for my welfare. When I see, in young men, or middle-aged men, a disposition to hide from their mother their acts and thoughts, I cannot help suspecting that they are acts and thoughts which will not stand the open scrutiny of conscience. Otherwise, there is a wrong somewhere in their education, and a loss both of happiness and good. Frankness between parent and child is so essential to the proper training of the latter, as to make it manifestly a part of nature's design. It is a quality that cannot be sacrificed without almost spoiling her plan. Making all proper allowance for natural differences of character, I suppose the moral relation which subsists between children and their parents depends mostly upon the latter, for the plastic nature of childhood is given into their hands for moulding. I have seen parents, before now, whom it seems impossible to love as such. They made fear the basis of filial respect; and when, in after years, the foundation failed, the superstructure perished with it. Sometimes I hear such parents, considering the unlovely, selfish characters of their children, lament the fact, and charge all the blame on the degeneracy of the age. Of how much responsibility and pain this theory relieves them! Perhaps it is well that they do not clearly perceive how much less the degeneracy of the times has to do with the depravity of the child, than their own ignorance and carelessness. What I have said of parental influence, in general, applies with peculiar force to the mother's influence. For many and obvious reasons, the father occupies a second place in his child's affection. He cannot participate in those close ties of care and devotedness on the one part, and of dependence and gratitude on the other, which unite the mother and her offspring. A son may be tempted from the path of duty and honor; he may associate with the vile and degraded; he may scoff at the counsel of good and wise men; he may commit disgraceful and heinous crimes, even, and trample on divine and human law, — yet, if his mother's influence has

been what it should be and can be, the thought of her shall bring tears to his eyes, in his lowest condition, and he shall mention her name with respectful love.

So high and holy does a mother's mission appear to me, and so wide and beneficent her proper influence, that I shall fail to describe accurately my beautiful ideal of her. Next to her duty to God she places her duty to her children. Her regard for them, and for their interests, is controlled by a discretion that can deny a present and temporary gratification for the sake of a permanent, though future, happiness. Her desire for their welfare is not satisfied with meeting simply their sensual wants. She believes that there is a higher pleasure than visits or pastry can bestow; that after-life is full of duties for them to perform, and that they will act their parts well or ill, according as their early training fits them for the work. Having such broad views of their destiny and her responsibilities, she is led to conduct their education by a consistent plan; and, aiming always at their lasting and highest good, she also makes them happy now. If she deems correction necessary, affection, and not anger, wields the rod. She directs the youthful mind to ennobling views of virtue, and of man's relation to God and his fellow-men, and illustrates the truth and sincerity of her teachings by the purity of her life. Above all, she is a Christian. Unless she has been disciplined in the school of Jesus, and studied his lessons of love, forbearance, high resolve, and humility, how can she well execute the task committed to her hands? He who has such a mother can never become utterly dead to truth and beauty. Faith in religion and virtue come naturally to him. She is greater than Cornelia, and her children rise up and call her blessed. She does not claim to be perfect, because, by doing so, she would destroy the force of her example. But, being herself imperfect and human, she tries to lead, as nearly as possible, a perfect and divine life. Therefore her influence is not confined to her family circle, but is felt wherever she is known; and the model mother is a model Christian woman.

The day of my mother's death was a beautiful Sabbath. The services were begun in the church. Faintly, and mellowed by

the distance, the morning hymn from the choir trembled on the still air, down the street, and in at the open window. We recognized the strain as one in which her voice was wont to mingle around the family altar. The dying heard it, and feebly moved her hand to the measure. Perhaps it seemed to her like the song of angels. In the hush that followed the singing, while we knew that the whole congregation were at prayer, bearing our sorrow on their hearts, my mother died. Since then, I have believed in a Madonna, whose intercessory prayers for me at the foot of God's throne will cease only with my life. I make the date of her death, as it comes round, year after year, a holy day. This is the anniversary of it, which I thought I could not keep better than by writing a few words to encourage living mothers — perhaps sorrowful, and despairing of any useful results from all their labors — by the assurance that, although the harvest of the seed they sow may not golden until they have been long asleep, it will certainly ripen. I shall also be glad if any, who have not thought how vast a mother's influence is, are awakened to a proper appreciation of it. So will the hearts of their children bear a correct record of their worth; and, though they are dead, their good deeds will be alive, and speak of them.

* * * *

SWEET mother dear, thy work is o'er ;
 The impress of thy soul is here ;
 But thee, alas ! we see no more ;
 No more thy cheering voice we hear.

O, may the teachings of thy love
 Through life's dark scenes a beacon be,
 Whose light shall guide my steps above,
 And land me safe in heaven with thee !

Ladies' Christian Annual.

OLD MOLL AND LITTLE AGNES; OR, THE RICH POOR AND
THE POOR RICH.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

CHAPTER VII.

ON arriving at the residence of her guardian, Miss Mowbrey hastily discharged the coachman, and, being admitted by the porter, perceived at once that some unusual event had occurred. The servants were crowded into the hall, and, as soon as they saw her, made signs of distress, at the same time pointing to the chamber at the head of the stairs.

"Robert," inquired Florence, speaking as calmly as possible, "what has happened? Is your master ill?"

"He 's dying, miss!" answered the man, wiping his eyes; "but I'll never believe he meant to kill himself," he added, sinking his voice to a whisper. "He would n't do that."

The women pressed forward to relate particulars; but at that moment Bessie came cautiously down the stairs, and beckoned Miss Mowbrey to go to Mrs. Buckingham. Passing the door of her master with a mysterious and solemn movement, the nurse entered a darkened chamber, whither Florence followed her. Mrs. Buckingham was seated in a low chair, rocking herself back and forth, in the extremity of her grief. As soon as she saw Florence, her tears burst forth afresh. The young lady advanced to her side, and for a time allowed her own tears to flow in sympathy with her afflicted friend. At length the lady whispered, "Do you know?—have you heard?"

"Robert told me his master was very sick."

Mrs. Buckingham gave her niece a piercing look of inquiry, and gasped, "No more?"

"I did not stop for any particulars," answered Florence. "Bessie heard my voice, and called me to you."

"It is dreadful!—it is shocking!" exclaimed the lady, seizing Florence with both hands. "He has committed suicide!"

Two physicians are with him now. O, I cannot endure to have it so! Think, what a terrible disgrace to his family!"—and the lady covered her face with her hands.

"Think, rather," added Florence solemnly, "of his poor soul! Think what a dreadful doom awaits him! Horrible, horrible thought!"

For one moment the lady of fashion forgot herself in the awful reality held up before her; but she soon replied bitterly, "I expected consolation, or at least sympathy, from you, Florence, and you only aggravate my distress by the most horrible suggestions!"

"Dear, dear aunt!" exclaimed the young girl, throwing aside her bonnet, and seizing the hand which the lady had withdrawn, "I do indeed sympathize with you! I am myself afflicted in your affliction; for was he not for many years as indulgent to me as a parent? But how did it happen? Is there no hope that he will recover?"

Mrs. Buckingham sadly shook her head, while the tears, which had ceased to flow, poured like rain down her pale cheeks.

In a short time she grew more composed, and Florence gathered from her that Mr. Buckingham had occupied a separate apartment since their return to New York, and, on the morning of the day in question, rang for his breakfast to be brought to his room. The chamber-maid, who carried it to him, said he was writing at his desk when she entered, but immediately arose, and walked the floor while she arranged the table, then made an impatient gesture for her to leave the room. No one saw him again until nearly two in the afternoon, when the report of a pistol, followed by a heavy fall, alarmed the whole household, and they rushed in terror to his apartment. The door from the front hall was locked; but his private entrance had been forgotten, and by this they speedily gained admittance. Mr. Buckingham was found lying upon the floor, speechless, though the ball had only pierced the fleshy part of his arm. The family physician had been hastily summoned, and now had called in Dr. — to consult. Mrs. Buckingham said she could not command fortitude to visit his

chamber; but she had seen the physician, who assured her that, though the wound was but slight, he could not recover, and would probably live but a few hours.

At this moment Florence heard the door of the next room open, followed by a low knock at the entrance of the chamber where she was sitting. She opened it, and Dr. —, whom she had long known, gave a start of pleasure at seeing her. "You are the one, of all others, I am most glad to see here," he said, in a suppressed voice; "but you have a severe task to perform. Do you know all?"

Florence bowed.

"Mr. Buckingham has had a second fit of apoplexy, much more severe than the former one. In falling, probably, the pistol, which was loaded, went off, and wounded his arm. We have not thought it best to extract the ball, as he will probably never be conscious. But, while he lives, he must have care. I will endeavor to pass the night with you. Now I must go, and shall send Robert, who is a good nurse, to remain until I return."

Contrary to the expectation of the physician, during the night Mr. Buckingham revived from his dreadful stupor, and for a few moments seemed returning to consciousness. The sight of Florence bending over him seemed to annoy him, and Dr. — stepped forward and took her place. The following day his arm was so much swollen that it was thought advisable to remove the ball. The operation so much exhausted the patient, that for twelve hours he lay hovering between life and death; but at length, by the blessing of God upon the prescriptions of his physician, he rallied, and at the end of the week was pronounced out of immediate danger.

Now that the horrible calamity which had threatened them was for a while averted, Miss Mowbrey tried to collect her thoughts, and to form some plan for the future. From sundry hints which had fallen from Dr. —, as well as remarks of the faithful Robert,—who, more than any other individual, had been received into the confidence of his master,—she feared that her guardian had met with pecuniary losses to such an amount that, in order to avoid the disgrace of a failure, he had

conceived the awful project of putting an end to his life. In the first warmth of her gratitude that his attempt had failed, the noble girl generously resolved to devote the greater proportion of her own property to enabling him to resume his business whenever his health would allow. But soon a doubt entered her mind whether it would be right for her to do this without consulting her absent friend; and, though she had not yet heard of his arrival in Calcutta, yet she at once seated herself at her desk to write him. Before she commenced, however, a low knock called her to the door, where she received from Robert a note directed to herself, and which he said he had found upon his master's desk the day of his dreadful attempt at suicide, but which, amidst the anxiety which followed, he had forgotten to deliver.

Supposing this letter was to commend his wife and children to her care, Florence again fastened the door, and sat down to its perusal. She glanced at the direction, and her heart beat rapidly as she read, "Miss Florence Mowbrey. To be delivered when I am dead." Fearing, she scarcely knew what, the young girl paused, and lifted up her heart to God for strength to bear any affliction he might send upon her; then, with feelings more composed, she broke the seal, and glanced at, rather than perused, the following lines:

"FLORENCE MOWBREY: When you read this I shall be beyond the reach of your reproaches, but not beyond that remorse which has driven me to put an end to my life. Yes, Florence, I am ruined for this world; and, if there is another beyond this, I am ruined also for that. I have appropriated every cent of your property to try to save myself; and, believe me, at first I fully intended to replace it; but all, *all* is gone. You, as well as my family, are beggars, and I dare not live to meet the disgrace. But, Florence, it is an awful thing to die unprepared! I would at this hour give all I ever possessed had I the simple trust in God which Agnes expressed in her short prayer, 'Please make Mr. Buckingham good, so that he can be happy. When he dies, and looks in God's great book, may he see his name written there, and then he can go and see Jesus, who died for

sinner just like me!’ Those words have haunted me ever since; but it is too late! — *too late!* Poor Florence, farewell!”

For a long time Florence sat with her hands pressed upon her heart, her face and lips growing momentarily whiter and whiter, as anticipations of the future and remembrances of the past came crowding into her mind. Brought up in affluence, she could not yet realize all the bitter meaning of the word *poverty*. She thought of Andrew. He had sought her, supposing she was an heiress. Her first care should be to release him. That was her only honorable course. Then her plans for the education of Agnes were completely frustrated, and tears, against which she had steeled her heart at the thought of her separation from her betrothed, now flowed freely. But they were bitter tears. She reproached her guardian, she reproached herself, she almost thought hard of her Maker for allowing her to be so tried. Ah! that was a sad hour for the poor girl, and sorely was she tempted to evil. But the good spirit who had ever watched her path came to her rescue. He presented new thoughts, and a brighter picture, and at length tears of sorrow for her unbelief streamed from her eyes. “God forgive me!” she exclaimed, fervently, “for I am a poor, guilty creature. In my wrath I ceased to remember thy mercies.”

In her calmer moments she called to mind her late decision with regard to her absent friend. “No, no!” she exclaimed, earnestly, “I will not do it! My anger rendered me unjust. I have no right to ascribe to him such mercenary motives. I will love him still! And what a comfort my little Agnes will prove to me! O, I have still many, many mercies — far more than I deserve!”

In the mean time, a scene of an exciting nature was taking place in an adjacent room. Enclosed in an envelope, directed to himself, Robert had also found a note addressed to his mistress; and on the arrival of the physician, he had requested him to deliver it. After receiving an intimation as to the subject of the letter, Dr. — proceeded at once to her room. He began cautiously, by speaking of her husband; stating that,

though in all probability he would be a confirmed invalid, yet he might live many years.

"A very doubtful kind of consolation, doctor," suggested Mrs. Buckingham. "A fretful, irritable husband, such as he invariably is when indisposed, is not the most agreeable addition to a family."

"But surely, madam," replied the doctor quickly, shocked by her heartless words, "it ought to be a matter of gratitude to you that God has given him space for repentance. Think what a dreadful thing it is to rush unprepared into the presence of our final Judge!"

The lady put her embroidered handkerchief to her eyes, and, after a short pause, her companion went on: "Have you any idea of the cause of his conduct? Has he ever adverted to any embarrassments in his business?"

Mrs. Buckingham started forward at the serious tone in which he had unconsciously made the inquiry, and asked, earnestly, "Do you know anything? Has any evidence been discovered?"

"It is rumored," continued the doctor, "that your husband has been, for a year past, losing the confidence of those connected with him, and that of late he has been known to insist upon forcing sales at a great personal sacrifice. When his friends endeavored to reason with him, his reply was, 'I must have money!'"

While he was speaking the lady gazed earnestly in his face, and when he ceased she sighed heavily.

"I have in my hand," added the kind doctor, "a note from your husband, directed to you, in which he probably gives the reasons for his deluded state."

She caught it quickly from his hand, tore open the seal, and read: "Your extravagance has ruined me! Remember it, for it is truth! I loved you, and to gratify your pride I have ruined my own soul, and now you will be a beggar!"

Giving a loud shriek, as the letter dropped from her hand, she instantly sprang to her feet, and attempted to rush from the room.

"Madam," urged the doctor, detaining her, "where are you going?"

"To my husband—to accuse him of falsehood and cruelty! He has accused me of crimes which he himself has committed!"

"But it would be at the price of his life. And, even were it not so, his mind has not recovered its tone; he could not understand you."

"O God!" exclaimed she, with a passionate burst of tears, "what have I done to deserve such a blow? I shall die! I choose to die, rather than live to endure such disgrace!" She sobbed so violently that her whole frame was convulsed; and her companion was so shocked with the heartless, hardened character she exhibited, that he could say nothing to soothe her. At length she started suddenly from her seat, exclaiming, "But Florence is rich! She will aid us! Perhaps, after all, we can prevent our poverty from being discovered!" And, just as the young lady was beginning to turn from her own trials to the mercies which still remained to her, and to remember that she was not alone in her affliction, Mrs. Buckingham, with a hurried knock, burst into her room.

"Florence, you will befriend us! You will not forsake us in our poverty!" she exclaimed, throwing herself into the young girl's arms.

Florence made no reply, except to place in her aunt's hand the fatal note directed to herself, when a repetition of the former scene took place, and I need not repeat it.

Miss Mowbrey had not lived so many years in constant intercourse with this lady of fashion without learning that she was wholly engrossed with the vain pursuit after pleasure,—that pride, envy, and ambition, were the predominating traits in her character. But she had never before realized how entirely the indulgence of these emotions had swallowed up every feeling of affection for her husband and children. She was astonished, she was shocked, at what she saw and heard. Yes, in that scene she learned to be grateful that her Father in heaven had taken from her so great a temptation to worldliness, and that before her affliction she had learned in whom to put her trust.

It was, perhaps, well for the young girl that she had no time to brood over her trouble. Upon her devolved the selection of a cottage, in the neighborhood of the city, to which the family could remove as soon as her guardian was sufficiently recovered to enable him to do so without danger. To her, also, came the servants for directions in preparing the house and furniture for sale, and to her the kind physician committed the charge of his patient. In the latter duty she found an efficient coadjutor in Robert, who had gained complete ascendancy over the enfeebled mind of his master, and who in his attention was untiring. Mrs. Buckingham had never but once seen her husband since the sad change was made known to her, and at that time the effect upon both of them was so unhappy that Florence determined to urge her attendance upon him no further, but to allow circumstances to bring them together, as it must do when they were in a smaller house.

Agnes still remained at Beech Grove, where Florence had left her on her way to New York; and, as soon as the loss of her property became known, her kind friends wrote, urging her to come to them at once, assuring her that their home and their hearts should ever be open to receive her and Agnes. It was Florence's first impulse to leave her unthankful charge to take care of themselves, and fly away to the peaceful refuge provided for her; but other and better thoughts withheld her. Providence had placed her here, and had given her duties to perform, and, however disagreeable, she would strive to fulfil them. Her guardian was as helpless as a child, and far more difficult to manage, while his wife remained passive and dejected. In the midst of her anxieties and cares, Louis reached home, having been absent several months on a tour of pleasure. In a distant city he had read an account of his father's failure, and attempt at suicide, and had immediately hastened home. Florence feared that his presence would only aggravate her cares; and in a kind but free conversation she pointed out the danger and folly of the course he had pursued, and besought him to begin life anew. She briefly alluded to the unhappiness in his own family, and the fearful crimes of his father in con-

sequence of setting aside the precepts of the word of God, and endeavoring to conform to the world.

Louis listened, with tears. "I am not," he replied, "the heartless wretch I seem. During my tedious journey home, I have had time for reflections, and bitter ones some of them have been. I have seen enough of the heartlessness of those who are striving to be leaders of fashion to be completely disgusted; and I am ready now to devote myself, under your direction, to the support of my parents."

Florence learned that this was not a vain boast. In the care of his father she soon found he was an invaluable assistant; and thus Robert was relieved at a time when his services were of the utmost importance. Though at first Louis could scarcely conceal his horror upon beholding the meaningless and almost idiotic expression which had taken the place of the angry one seen upon the countenance of his father when they parted, yet, by accustoming himself to the sight, and instantly assuming the offices belonging to a tender son, he soon rendered himself indispensable to his father's comfort. He carried a low couch into the room, and from that time took the entire charge of his patient during the night. He soothed him, caressed him, and quieted him, as he would a fretful child; and all this not for a day or a week, but for a long period of time.

One day, just before they left the city for their new and humble home, Florence noticed him in earnest consultation with their firm friend, Dr. ——. He had not been an unmoved spectator of the change in Louis; and, as he went below, Florence heard him say, "I will arrange a meeting for you at ten to-morrow morning." During the day, the young man requested her to remain with his patient for an hour, as he had business which would call him from home. To this she readily agreed, and when he returned she saw traces of deep emotion upon his countenance.

"Good news, Florence! — good news! I have been able, through the kindness of Dr. —, to obtain a situation in a store, which is far beyond my expectation. I am to have my board and five hundred dollars the first year, with an increase of salary afterwards, if I do well. I told my employers I had

been spending my time idly and unprofitably for the last three years; but that I was determined, with the help of God, to live a new life. I concealed nothing from them, of the past, and I spoke earnestly of what I hoped to be in the future. I mentioned the distance of our house out of town, and the absolute necessity of my remaining at home, to take the care of my father at night. Mr. Sampson, in the kindest manner, said my living out of town would be no objection; that, on the whole, he should feel easier about me if he were sure I was not exposing myself to the temptation of New York in the evening; that I could take breakfast and tea at home, and occasionally, he added, we shall want you to take dinner with us."

As Florence listened to his earnest tone, and especially as she witnessed, day after day, the hopeful change in the character of her young relative, and thought of what he was and might have been, had his father continued prosperous in business, she acknowledged the truth of the poet :

" Sweet are the uses of adversity."

In his case she saw the beauty of the inspired passage, "There is that maketh himself rich, and hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, and hath great riches." In his poverty the graces of filial love, Christian kindness, meekness and humility, had sprung up and borne fruit. Florence, for the first time, looked forward with the hope that this might also be the case with regard to the other members of the family.

KEEP DOWN THE GRASS. — The earliest converts to Christianity in Africa were very regular and earnest in their private devotions. They had no closets to go to, but each had their separate spot in the thicket, where they used to pour out their hearts to God. The several paths to these little bethels became distinctly marked; and when any one of those African Christians began to decline in the ways of God, it was soon manifest to his fellows; and they would kindly remind him of his duty, by saying, "*Broder, de grass grow on your path, yonder.*" If any heart cares less for the Saviour's cause than it used to, we may be sure the grass is growing on the path to our closet.

STORY-TELLING.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

THERE is great influence in a well-told story. Even adults are impressed by it, and much more the little child. Doubtless, the simple tales of the nursery have given direction to many minds and hearts for life. How many hours do some parents spend in a year in the rehearsal of stories to their listening little ones! What a source of pleasure is found here by the children, gathered around the fireside, or laid away for the night in cribs and trundle-beds! Aged sires and matrons still recall with delight such seasons of their long-past juvenile history. Few have lived upon whose young and tender hearts this kind of influence has not fallen. Then, too, what a variety in the character of the tales to which childhood listens! How often are they related without any regard to their real character, or to their influence upon the child! The affections, the fears, and the wicked passions, are thus appealed to without discrimination, simply because story-telling is not regarded in the light of an influence. It seems strange that any parents can cherish such an opinion, when so many facts, that show the power of this moulding agency, are on record. A female, who is exceedingly timid, has just told me that nursery tales were the cause of her timidity. Her thoughtless mother was wont to tell her of "ghosts and goblins," and of other things equally terrific, until her young imagination was filled with frightful pictures, and darkness became to her the symbol of dreadful realities. A quarter of a century has passed away, but the influence of those stories remains. Reason tells her that improper fiction was the sum and substance of these narratives; but reason cannot eradicate impressions which have become almost a second nature. This is only one of a thousand kindred examples that might be cited upon this point. It might be interesting and profitable to cite other facts illustrative of the influence of story-telling upon the temper, will,

and tender sensibilities, of the child; but we have another object in view. We designed, when this article was commenced, to record some experiments, relating to this subject, with a child of three and a half years of age, and derive from them the lessons which they are suited to teach.

Two of the stories which were told him were "Peter in Prison," and "Jonah in the Whale's Belly." These were related very minutely, with such explanations as were necessary to accommodate them to his understanding. The first one evidently made the deepest impression upon his mind. To his inquiry, "Why was Peter put into prison?" it was replied, "Because he preached the gospel." This forcibly impressed his mind, probably because his own father was a preacher, and also because he himself had preached many a sermon, using a chair for his pulpit. "Why do not the wicked men put you into prison for preaching the gospel?" he asked. He could see no reason why Peter should be treated worse than other preachers. Frequently, afterwards, he would inquire of his father, when going away upon an exchange, "Won't the wicked men put you in prison?" On one occasion, when he was playing "preach," and, with a carpet-bag in hand, was going away upon an exchange, as he said, he ran back from the door, and asked, with considerable emotion, "Shall I be put into prison?" The impression upon his mind was so deep, that, for months, one of his plays was "Peter in Prison." A little niche beside a book-case served him for a prison, while his active imagination could easily convert a book, and sometimes the cat, into Peter. He went through with the acts of seizing and thrusting him into jail; and when I asked him why he went to the other side of the room, he replied, "I'm waiting for the angel to break off Peter's chains." As I have said, this was a daily play for months, and never did a child derive more satisfaction from an amusement than he did from this.

The other story he delighted to hear; but it did not seem to impress him in the same way. He made no attempt to *dramatize* it, until "Peter in Prison" was completely worn out. One day, however, my attention was called to him, and I inquired what he was doing. "Playing Jonah," was his

response. How can a child manage to introduce Jonah into the whale's belly upon the stage? thought I. He went on without further interruption. He converted the lower part of a book-case, in which was a drawer, into the whale, while puss was unfortunate enough to become his imaginary Jonah. When he came to that part of the drama where the whale swallows his victim, he opened the drawer, thrust puss in, and closed it upon her. Puss certainly found the drawer as dark and close as Jonah did the whale's belly. The little fellow stepped back, and stood still for a few minutes, without appearing to see any storm or hear any thunder, when he said, "Now the three days and nights are gone!" and open came the drawer, and out leaped puss. "There, now!" said he; "see if you will be naughty any more, and not go where I tell you!" Thus ended the play.

These two stories may serve as an illustration of a class which teach the same lessons. We have not referred to this child because he is at all precocious or peculiar, but simply because we can speak more definitely of what our eyes have seen and our ears have heard. Similar results of story-telling may be gleaned from the history of almost every child. Parents do not take the trouble to notice them. They are regarded only as "children's play," and therefore passed over "without note or comment." But we believe that parents may acquire much valuable information from even "children's play," and propose to prove it by showing what the two examples cited teach.

We learn from them that children possess active, glowing imaginations. The artist transfers such scenes to canvas; the child, in a no less artistic manner, converts them into life-like plays. And is it of no consequence how the imagination is schooled? Is it of small importance what the character of the stories may be? Suppose they are such as to verify the text, "Every imagination of his heart was evil continually,"—what then? Such a result may be realized. To deny it, would be to contradict many facts, as well as the counsels of true philosophy. If a story can work upon the imagination, as in the

two examples mentioned, it is of vast importance that they influence this faculty in the right direction.

Children think and reason more than adults suppose. The above cases show that the child thought for himself. There was an originality about his planning and executing, which presents quite a contrast with much of the mere imitation of adults. His mind was intensely interested in what he had learned, and active in making use of it. How important to furnish the mind with proper food for thought! It will not be idle. If not busy about good, it will be busy about evil. Here is, also, a rebuke to that sentiment, so often expressed, "The child is too young to understand." He comprehends parental instructions much earlier than many suppose.

Bible stories are well adapted to impress the young mind. The two named above are a sample of scores to be found in the Scriptures. They possess a thrilling and marvellous character beyond the most of the "nonsensical" nursery tales, which are all some children hear. A story must have something of the marvellous, to strike the child's mind forcibly. Besides these given, how thrilling are such as "Moses in the Bulrushes," "Daniel in the Lion's Den," "Joseph and his Brothers," "Christ on the Cross," and many others, familiar to every reader! Moreover, they possess a *moral* value, which every person sees and acknowledges. The child readily perceives this. Can any one doubt that the boy who played "Jonah" with so much gusto, understood that disobedience to God is wicked? These narratives, too, will teach such moral lessons much better than simple precepts. In this respect they are like pictorial books. Wise parents will draw largely from the Bible, in telling stories to their children.

There is danger in relating stories that appeal to the malevolent affections of children. In the foregoing examples, we see how readily the child seizes upon the retributive part of a story. The boy delighted to seize and chain Peter, and to throw Jonah overboard, and see him imprisoned in the whale's belly. Even these would be stories of doubtful character to rehearse to the young, were it not for those important and sublime truths which they inculcate. Without doubt, there is a tendency, in

the juvenile mind, to delight in tales like "Jack the Giant-Killer," and those that appeal still more strongly to the passions. We noticed that the child, of whom mention has been made, found great pleasure in playing "Bear," which he learned of the boys in the street. When engaged in this sport, he was noisy, wild, and ferocious, plunging about the room, much to the annoyance of all. It made him rude. This illustrates the point we have in view. Stories should not be of a character to develop the pugnacious or vindictive elements of human nature. Humanity is "bearish" enough in itself, without the aid of extraneous influences. These tendencies should rather be checked, and the right kind of story-telling may do much to effect it.

In regard to this, as in respect to all other influences exerted upon the young, we should remember that "the child is father of the man." A proper appreciation of this truth will do much in determining the kind of stories to be related to children. Dr. Doddridge received indelible impressions from the narratives of the Old Testament, which his mother taught him, before he could read, from the Dutch tiles in the chimney-corner. Here the man was made. Some incidents of his early life contributed to make the celebrated Dr. Parr what he was. They turned his attention to the office of preacher, so that he said, when quite a child, that he should preach the gospel. All his plays and plannings seemed to run in that direction. He would preach and pray, when six years of age, in a manner that surprised beholders. He often robbed the cat of her prey,—a mouse or a bird,—and, having prepared the lifeless remains for burial, delivered a funeral sermon over it, and then committed it to its final resting-place. No one can doubt that there is a marked connection between those early incidents of his life and the renown that he won in age. Such incidents ought to cause every parent to regard all the influences upon childhood as determining the character of manhood. This view will not fail to magnify the importance of such subjects as that which we have thus imperfectly discussed.

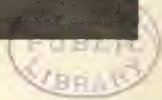
A HAPPY HOME.

[SELECTED.]

IN a happy home there will be no fault-finding, no overbearing spirit; there will be no peevishness, no fretfulness. Unkindness will not dwell in the heart, or be on the tongue. O, the tears, the sighs, the wasting of life, and health, and strength, and time, of all that is most to be desired in a home, occasioned merely by unkind words! The celebrated Mr. Wesley remarked to this effect, namely, that fretting and scolding seemed like tearing the flesh from off the bones, and that we have no more right to be guilty of this than we have to curse, swear, or steal. In a perfectly happy home all selfishness will be removed. Even as "Christ pleased not himself," so the members of a happy home will not seek first to please themselves, but to please each other.

Cheerfulness is another ingredient in a happy home. How much does a sweetness emanating from a heart fraught with love and kindness, contribute to render a home happy! How attracting, how soothing is that cheerfulness that is borne on the countenance of a wife and mother! How the parent and child, the brother and sister, the mistress and the servant, dwell with delight on those cheerful looks, those confiding smiles, that beam from the eye, and burst from the inmost soul, of those who are dear and near! How it hastens the return of the father, lightens the care of the mother, renders it more easy for both to resist temptation; and, drawn by the cords of affection, how it induces them with loving hearts to return to the parental roof!

O, that parents would lay this subject to heart, that by untiring efforts they would so far render home happy, that their children and domestics shall not seek for happiness in forbidden paths!





ANDREWS PEAR.

MY SEA-SIDE HOME.

WORDS BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

Andante.

MUSIC BY B. F. BAKER.

1. O swelling sea! thou deep blue sea! How restless, free and grand thou art! How dear to me thy murmurs are, At thought of thee, how thrills my heart!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first two lines of the lyrics, and the second system contains the remaining two lines. The piano accompaniment is written in the left hand, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, flowing pattern in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, and the piano accompaniment is written below the vocal line. The score is written in a standard musical notation style, with notes, rests, and bar lines clearly visible.

MY SEA-SIDE HOME, . Concluded.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with the lyrics 'Nor gurgling brook, nor birds' sweet lay,'. The second system continues with 'So dear as sound of thee, O sea!'. The third system is a 'Colla Voce' section. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, key signatures (one sharp), time signatures, and dynamic markings. There are also section markers with numbers 2, 3, 4, and 5.

2
From childhood's hour, I've loved to roam,
Mong rocks and cliffs where sea-birds come;
And then, retreat from waves that laved
My tiny feet with moss and foam,
Ah! those were joyous days to me,
When on thy beach I played, O sea!

3
When happiness my bosom swelled,
My willing feet were turned to thee,
And in thy sparkling, crested waves
Was sure of love and sympathy.
Nor hill, nor dell, nor lawn, nor tree,
So dear as glimpse of thee, O sea!

4
And then when sadness pierced my breast,
When those I dearly loved proved false,
Thy bounding billows sang of him,
Who spoke the tempest into peace,
Ah! pines my heart at thought of thee,
And of my home just by the sea.

5
And when devotion's twilight hour,
Allured me on thy shore to stray,
Thy peary beach and rolling surf,
Inspired my soul and helped me pray.
Ah! thrills my heart when thought of thee,
Uplifts to God, Thy God, O sea!

MARY WASHING THE SAVIOUR'S FEET.

[See engraving ; also Matt. 26 : 1—16 ; Mark 14 : 1—11 ; John 12 : 2—8.]

JESUS retired to Perea after the resurrection of Lazarus, a miracle which led many of the Jews to believe on him. But his growing popularity increased the hatred of the sceptical priests and Pharisees, who sought the death of Lazarus, in order to destroy the evidence of this mighty work, by enabling them to raise a false issue, and to show that he was still a tenant of the tomb.

After a season of seclusion, he with a few of his disciples journeys toward Jerusalem, according to the custom of the most devout, to spend a season in preparation for the Passover. Six days before that festival, he arrives at Bethany and enters triumphantly into Jerusalem, while the multitude spread their garments and garlands before him, and shout "Hosanna in the highest." He drives out of the temple the market-men, overturns the tables of the brokers, boldly meets and refutes his adversaries, teaches the people, heals the sick, and performs other mighty works. On the evening of these days, he retires from the crowded city to his suburban home at Bethany.

Here we find him, at the close of the fourth day of that memorable week, in "the house of Simon the leper," elsewhere called "the house of Martha and Mary." The table is spread for their evening repast ; at one end of it sits the Saviour, in meekness and wisdom ; at the other end is Lazarus, admiring his lovely sister. Martha serves, with characteristic solicitude, for the honor of her house and of her royal guest. Mary, filled with gratitude for the wonderful restoration of her brother to life, bows before her Lord, washes his feet with her tears, and wipes them with her hair.

The washing of feet is still an act of friendship and hospitality in Oriental countries, commonly performed before the anointing of the beard and hair, the head and feet, by servants for their masters, by disciples for their Rabbi, and sometimes

at festivals by the host or hostess for their distinguished guests. Her gratitude, love, submission, joy and faith were evinced not so much by the service which she rendered, as by her mode of performing it. For water she substituted her tears; for a napkin, her hair; and for perfumes, an ointment most precious, made of spikenard, the nardus or nard plant, valued at forty dollars, and used principally in palaces and the courts of kings. By her side, on the marble floor, stands her box of alabaster, a species of marble, commonly white, with veins of varied and beautiful hues. Simon, a man venerable for age, wisdom and piety, stands with one arm resting on the table, and beholds the scene with admiration. The beloved disciple gazes inquiringly upon the countenance of his Master. Peter, the most ardent and impetuous of the apostles, looks on with sympathy and wonder. But the mean and mercenary traitor stands in the rear, carefully considering what personal advantage he can gain from the events that are passing before him. In his selfishness, he covets both the box and the ointment; and, when he sees the one opened and the other poured upon the Saviour's head and feet, cries out, "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?" Mammonized and miserable creature! Hast thou not stolen silver and gold enough from that bag? Has selfishness such dominion over thee that thou canst not see anything devoted to thy Lord, without a desire and an effort to convert it into money, to put it into the common treasury, and then to distribute a part among the poor, and to purloin the rest? No wonder thy Master rebukes thee. It is infinite forbearance that allows such a thief and traitor to live.

Turn from him to the most amiable and devoted of the sisters of Bethany. Hear her Saviour's commendation of her: "She hath wrought a good work upon me;" "against the day of my burial hath she kept this." Whether that ointment was a gift, or the reward of her industry, she obtained it honestly, and had treasured it up, that she might show, by this symbolic service, her faith in her divine Redeemer, and her gratitude for his merciful interposition. What cared she for the edict of the Sanhedrim, requiring his discovery and appre-

hension? The Master is come; and she yields herself to the reception of his instruction, to the honor of his person, and to the enjoyment of his presence. It was well that she did not understand the full import of his words, "against the day of my burial hath she kept this." Their literal significance would have overpowered her.

But her Benefactor understood them. He knew that Gethsemane and Calvary were before him. Around these his thoughts so clustered, that he viewed the events of the passing hour in relation to them. "The dead," thought he, "are washed, wiped, anointed and embalmed; and, in anticipation of my last hour, I have received from you, Mary, the consecration of death."

Still, hope sustained her and her household. Full well they knew that he who had burst the bands of death, and brought Lazarus from the cold precincts of the grave, could shield himself from Jewish rage, and vanquish the powers of darkness. When supper was ended, they retired to rest; but, while they slept securely, his enemies were plotting his destruction.

Morning dawns; the Saviour and his travelling companions depart for Jerusalem, and the sisters of Bethany watch his retiring footsteps till the Mount of Olives hides him from their view. Soon the report goes forth of his betrayal, apprehension, denial and crucifixion. But his resurrection and ascension follow in fulfilment of prophecy, and his Gospel spreads rapidly; and, in verification of his words, wheresoever it is preached in the whole world, there is this, which Mary did, told for a memorial of her. It has made her name immortal. Consider it, ye daughters of Zion. You may die; but the good you do will live after you; it can never perish. Labor on and labor ever in the cause of humanity and of Christ, for your reward is sure and great, both in this world and also in that which is to come.

THE FAMILY AT BETHANY.

BY L.

THEIRS was no palace-hall
Bedecked with Eastern pomp and pageantry;
No lowly train attended at their call;
A simple lot was theirs, — those pure, meek-hearted three.

They bore an humble name, —
They gleaned the harvest through the sunny hours;
Beside their cottage door, when evening came,
They watched the daylight fade from orient flowers.

And oft they sang old songs
Cheerful and clear around the household hearth;
They sang of Israel in her day of wrongs, —
Of Israel in her pride, the chosen of the earth.

Once a bright stranger sought
Beneath their lowly roof, for food and rest;
Nor fame, nor treasured gold that meek One brought,
But heaven was in his eye, love reigned within his breast.

The brother loved him well,
And Martha strove to make his welcome meet,
While Mary caught the melodies which fell
From his mild lips, and, wondering, listened at his feet.

And hither oft again
The Saviour sought a refuge in his woe;
To soothe his grief, three kindly hearts were fain, —
One home on earth gave love; *even that* 't is sweet to know.

But sorrow came at last
O'er that charmed circle — that dear household band;
A light, a presence from amidst them passed,
While summer blooms and birds shed beauty o'er the land.

Death his dim shadow laid
On the fond brother's darkly flashing eye:
On him the gentle sisters long had stayed
Their hopes; but now he breathes nor word, nor wish, nor sigh.

And where was He whose love
 Might calm the tide of sorrow by its power ?
 He came with grief-worn heart, that love to prove ;—
 Blest Saviour ! thou alone hast light for such an hour.

They went his steps to meet,
 To seek the pity which he ne'er denied ;
 And weeping spake, while kneeling at his feet,
 “ Master, hadst thou been here, our brother had not died.”

They led him to the place
 Which sacredly those hallowed relics kept ;
 Upon the Saviour's brow the eye might trace
 The tenderness of love and grief. He bowed and wept.

He wept beside the dead ;—
 (O, melting thought ! that God's own Son did weep) ;—
 Then roused he that pale sleeper from his bed ;—
 Death, when *that* voice commands, his treasure cannot keep.

Now is he still the friend
 Of those who seek his presence thus to greet,
 Remembering him where household voices blend,
 Breathing his name when cherished kindred gladly meet.

Fond mother, speak of him
 With thy calm, gentle tones at hour of even ;
 When infant eyes with sleep's soft spell grow dim,
 Then speak, and fill their slumbers with the dreams of heaven.

By thine unceasing prayer,
 Bring down his presence like a brooding dove
 Beside thy hearth ; O, be it ever there,
 Filling confiding hearts with melody and love !

Should grief, which all must share,
 Upon thy heart its aching burden lay,
 To soothe thy spirit's woe shall be his care,
 His wing shall cover thee and shadow all thy way.

Congregational Journal.

If there be one that o'er thy dead
 Hath in thy grief borne part,
 And watched through sickness by thy bed,
 Call this a kindred heart.

Mrs. Hemans.

LOVE OF HOME

BY REV. LEWIS SABIN.

THE love of home is an important element of character. It is not an element of weakness and imbecility, but a fruitful source of magnanimity and moral virtue. Next to religious affections, it supplies the most powerful impulses to patriotism, industry, honesty, purity, enterprise, and a noble philanthropy. The strongest appeal to the old Roman patriotism was couched in the watchword, "*Pro aris et focus*,"—for your altars and hearths. The peril of their homes sent a stirring appeal to their valiant hearts.

But the sympathies of a Roman household were few and weak compared with those which have been nurtured and refined under Christian influences. Among the Swiss so strong is the attachment to home, that a Swiss regiment, in foreign service, is said to have been rendered wholly unfit for duty by accidentally hearing a favorite song of their country. Much of this feeling is said to be found in the people of Scotland, who have been trained up under the stern discipline of the descendants of the Covenanters, and amidst the enchanting scenery of that country.

There are few countries, where the mass of the people have cherished the endearments of home with a stronger affection than that of the descendants of the Puritans in New England. In our clime of chilling winds and frosts we have been forced in a measure to seek our choicest pleasures and recreations at the domestic hearth. The serene and sunny skies of a more southern climate invite the people more abroad, to recreate themselves in the fields and open air. But our bleak hills and driving storms have made us love the fireside, the summer-garden, and the friendly visit. This has operated to narrow down the familiar circle, and to restrict the social relations within a limited range; but it has strengthened the attachments which bind the members of the family together, and to

their common home. They have felt that in each other's smiles and welfare they had something to live for. They have felt that they had a character to maintain for the sake of those at home. They have had a commanding motive to be industrious, honest, enterprising, generous, pure, patriotic, benevolent. The man who, as the hard toil of the day is ended, sits down at the domestic hearth, there to seek comfort and freedom from care; there, in the relations in which nature has placed him,—the husband, the father, the man,—while he listens to his infant's prattle, and his little boy cons over his lesson for to-morrow, and the mother of his children, serene and cheerful, shares in every care, *he* finds strong impulses, moving his brave heart to all goodness. His fireside interests must be cherished and protected. And these home sympathies in time extend to a wider circle, and expand into all the charities of life. Here we find the source of much of the true patriotism and refined and virtuous sensibility, that adorn the best portion of society.

The home feeling *must be cultivated*. Should any doubt the need of this cultivation and encouragement, to prevent the feeling from decay, a brief observation will dissipate the doubt.

We are becoming a people of migrations. Our fathers came to this country as emigrants, and the stream thus set feebly in motion two hundred and thirty-five years ago, now carries with it annually a nation of people. The whole world is on the move. Influences have sprung into existence, in recent times, which operate to unsettle old inhabitants of the Eastern States, and in many ways to break up home attachments. Forty years ago, people began to move from Massachusetts to New York, then to Ohio, then to Illinois, then to Iowa, and then to Kansas and California. There is a spirit of unrest everywhere operating.

The people, who claim to live at home, cannot resist the invitation of railroads and cheap fares to go everywhere, and see everything. Multitudes are half their time abroad. There is an unsettled state of things, unfavorable to the development of the higher and purer qualities of our nature. There are

novelties to call us away from home ; changes, too, crowded into every year, changes of habit and custom, changes of operation, changes of communication, and changes of structure. These things, some of them, are well enough in their way, and may be productive of benefits. But who does not see that they are attended with particular evils ? One of these is, the dying out of the home feeling. This feeling does not live and flourish on the move. Like the things by which it lives, and to which its affections are fastened, it demands time for growth, in order to become rooted, and to entwine its tendrils around the localities and objects of home.

It is common at present for young men to think more of making money, and gaining distinction and office, than of anything else. It would be wiser if they would make it their object first to have a *homestead*, where they may feel settled in the world, and where the home-endearments may grow and bind them and their children to the spot. It will make the young man more of a *man*, and a better citizen. A distinguished secretary of one of the departments of the general government, four or five years ago, is said to have given the following counsel to a young man, who applied to him for a clerkship in his department. Thrice refused, he still persevered, and the secretary, interested in his determined spirit, said to him, " My young friend, go and buy a piece of land, put up a house upon it, and go to work. Keep your conscience clear, and live like a freeman,—your own master, with no one to give you orders, and without dependence on anybody. Do that, and you will become honored, respected, influential and rich. But accept a clerkship here, and you sink at once all independence. I may give you a place to-day, and I can put you out to-morrow ; and there is another man, over at the White House, who can put *me* out ; and the people by and by can put *him* out ; and so we go. But if you own an acre of land, it is your kingdom ; and your house is your castle ; *you* are a sovereign, and you will feel it in every throbbing of your pulse, and every day of your life would assure me of your thanks for having thus advised you." This was good advice. Every young man should seek to have a home-

stead and a home. He will have more self-respect, more thrift, more public spirit, because he loves his home.

"Love is a strong plant," it has been said; "it will overgrow everything else; but its roots do not love new soils."

This is true of the love of home. The tendrils it throws out fasten by growth; and, if ruptured, will not mend themselves, nor be mended by tying. It is the *old* orchard, and the *old* garden, and the *old* pear-tree, and the *old* garret, it may be, that we think of, as dear to our childhood. The new may be more in fashion, and filled with a better furniture, but we do not desire it, for the old is better.

The home affection depends on a variety of things for its full development and strength. One of these is *permanence* of place; another is *the multiplication of things about us which we naturally love*; another is *a virtuous and intelligent family*. Of the first of these I have already spoken.

The second tends to secure the first, for no man desires to get away from the things to which his affections are fastened. And what should a man best love on earth, after his God and those whom God has given him in kindred and friendship, if not his *home*?

There is a *material comeliness and order*, which encourages and strengthens the home feeling.

I might speak here of the influence of *architectural taste* in the style of the building and appurtenances, as conducive to strength of home attachments and the refinement of the mind.

But I pass to speak of *horticulture* as important for strengthening the home feeling.

It is pleasing to see of late a growing attention among us to the cultivation of fruits and flowers. It requires not a great amount of labor and expense to set out shade-trees about the house, and to supply the garden-plot with choice varieties of apples, pears, plums, grapes, and other kinds of fruit, interspersed with varieties of floral beauty. Not many can afford the expense and time to lay out a garden with gravelled walks, and hedges of box and hawthorn, and artificial fountains. It would be extravagant. But most people might multiply the objects of simple beauty and utility around them, without any

extravagant expenditure. Their dwellings, large or small, might look out from amid green trees, and smile with embowering roses and honeysuckles, where the garden should offer all the summer its blended fruits and flowers, as if scattered from a hand moved by a heart full of love. "The man who loves his garden and the types of loveliness which grow there; the things which his own hands have planted and tended, and over which his own eyes have watched against autumn blight, and winter frost, and insect foes, will love his home the better for it." His children will catch the home feeling from him. He loves his home more, because he loves the walks which his feet have long been accustomed to tread by morning, and evening, and moonlight; whose every bend and unevenness he knows in the darkness as well as in the daylight; paths to which his own feet not only, but those of his best and early friend, are familiar; along which little feet have pattered,—some of them now may be treading the walks of the upper Paradise.

There are certain indices or correspondences of character in every individual. If you know what a man is in one respect, you may infer what he is in many others, since personal traits always go in families or groups, and the family likeness, within certain limits, will never lead you astray. The love of a garden, a taste for flowers, indicates home attachments, and at the same time conduces to virtue and intelligence. "Coarse people" may be skilful florists; but, if they are *coarse*, they may be virtuous, and are likely to be more intelligent and refined than others in like condition, and with like advantages.

It is a recommendation of horticulture that it furnishes employment for leisure hours. Many have little fondness for reading, and they feel a woful want of employment during leisure time. It has been said that in this country our amusements are politics, smoking tobacco, and drinking alcoholic liquors. There is too much truth in the remark. Simple and innocent pleasures have too little charm for many. "Young men often fall into vice because they do not know what else to do." They wander about as if they had no home, spending

their leisure time in the streets, or at the street corners, or in the public resorts where the men who are destitute or despisers of home do congregate. The habit of cultivating a garden or playing a flute has saved many a young man from the paths of the destroyer.

Some stern, calculating utilitarian may ask, "What is the use of flowers?" The answer is, They afford us an innocent pleasure. They are instruments of refinement and happiness. They are made to engage our attention, and to interest us. They catch the eye of infancy. Children, bounding through the garden, know their use as well as the bee knows that of honey. "O, the beautiful flowers!" they exclaim, rushing to them as naturally as water to a channel. Flowers have a language which the heart understands. Childhood, in its simplicity, gathers clover blossoms and dandelions all the summer morning, and lays them in the mother's lap, or on the teacher's table, as symbols of affection. Youth and beauty twine their floral wreaths, and bind their bouquets, as recognized messengers of love. Ripened life and worn age pause before them with a fresh pleasure and busy memories of times when life budded and blossomed, and are reminded of the bloom of celestial fields, and a rejuvenescence, of which these are the emblems. This happy influence of floral beauty and order upon the sensibilities and character is in perfect accordance with the well ascertained laws of æsthetics. From the first to the last of life, flowers speak to the heart. Death, the coffin, and the grave, welcome them; and, by their mute signals, utter lessons on the vanity of human life, and at the same time throw back a parting smile on the living, as if already catching a glimpse of the coming immortality.

We should, as much as possible, blend beauty with utility in *everything* about home, to make it lovely; not costly, perhaps, certainly not beyond one's means, but simple, pleasant, attractive. The Former of our bodies and Father of our spirits has encouraged a love of the beautiful by his own works, by garnishing the heavens as he has done, by his inimitable coloring of the flowers, by his giving to the birds their splendid plumage and enchanting song, and by the innumerable

forms of beauty and sublimity throughout all his works. He gives us fruit for satisfying our *wants* ; he gives us also flowers, satisfying the *sentiment* of our nature. And the fruit never comes without the blossom. "The seeds of all things lie wrapped beneath the folds of beauty." The blossom tells us that the fruit is coming, but the beauty of that blossom is not necessary for that use. It has a use of its own, in the very exhibition of its beauty.

Expense, within due limits, is not to be disapproved in providing for material beauty and comeliness around home. The pattern of the Tabernacle and the Temple of Israel, with the furniture of gold, of blue, purple and fine linen, was prescribed by God himself, thus showing that the impressions of taste should be made subsidiary to moral effect.

In addition to material comeliness and taste, another means of promoting the love of home is *intellectual culture* in the family. The home feeling does not depend on profound attainments in science and literature ; but it demands at least a moderate and respectable degree of intelligence in the family.

There should be a good supply of useful books and publications, which should be reckoned as one of the necessities of the family. A taste for instructive reading may be, and should be, cultivated in children ; and when it is formed it will be to them a charm which will attach their affections to home, and be a safeguard against the temptations of vice to which many of the young fall a prey. Reading in the family supplies matter for profitable conversation. It leads to an agreeable interchange of thought in the mutual communication of what has been read, and the discussion of important subjects and events. Besides, the young should be encouraged to cultivate their minds at home, and to pursue their studies there. They can often learn as much at home, in the long winter evenings, as they can in the school-room. They are too apt to think that education is only to be looked for in the school. But home is the place where education is to be carried on, more than the school-room. If the father can assist them in their studies, it is well. But if they can have little assistance at home, it will do them good to conquer difficulties by their own application.

The youth of promise is he who concentrates his mind on difficult points in his lessons, and is resolved to conquer,—to think out the problem, and be a victor. Such a scholar will find pleasure in his studies. His mind will acquire self-reliance, vigor and strength.

It is *thinking* which gives power to think well. There are many youth who never think of home as a place to pursue study. At school they ask for help, whenever they come to anything which they suppose to be difficult. They resort to the teacher, or solicit his permission to go to some older scholar, for assistance. They get over a difficulty in this way, only to get into another. They understand for the moment what is told them, but it does them little good. The mind does not expand, and grow strong and active. It is very different with the scholar who is willing to tax his own powers to the utmost before he seeks help to get over difficulties. He not only studies at school, but you may see him at home with his books, working his way, through the hard questions and difficult problems, with patient thought. You anticipate for *him* success in future life. This habit of thinking closely imparts force and power to the mind; it gives breadth and extent to the intellect, and fits the individual for discharging the practical duties of life.

Many people feel that they have *not leisure* for mental culture; they suppose that it is necessary to be a professional man, in order to have time to indulge in reading. This is a mistaken view. I believe the mechanic, the farmer, the merchant, the laborer, have quite as much leisure as the average of men in the learned professions can command. There are some men, who are busily engaged in these different callings of active life, whose minds are well stored with various useful knowledge, acquired from books and periodicals. It is surprising how much may be effected, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, for the improvement of the mind, by a person resolutely bent on the acquisition of knowledge.

The cultivation of the mind imparts a charm to home endearments, and should be regarded in every Christian family as secondary in importance only to that of the heart. It

imparts dignity and interest to the social circle. Mind enlarges mind ; language becomes ardent and instinct with thought, and the conversation of the domestic circle becomes chaste and cultivated, delightful and improving.

The most important means of rendering home attractive and lovely is to *have it pervaded with the pure spirit of religion*. Whatever attention is bestowed on mental culture in the family,—whatever care is given to household order and external comeliness,—the cultivation of the moral and religious affections holds the highest rank among the means of strengthening the *love of home*. For this purpose, other books are important ; but *the Bible* is the best book for the family.

Tree, shrub and flower, prodigal of verdure, and sweets, and beauty, and fragrance, are useful ; — they connect themselves with pleasant histories of the home and the heart. Plant the honeysuckle and prairie rose by your window. But far better is “ the Rose of Sharon ” in your home,— the spirit of Christ and devotion to his will.

In former days, the religious element entered largely into the system of home culture, and it did as much as anything to impart a charm to the spot, which the children, wherever they wandered, *never* forgot.

The simple and patriarchal manners of our Puritan fathers, which they carried out in their families, were calculated to make deep impressions upon their children, and to fasten their most endeared associations around their early home. In after years, they would go far at any time just to look upon the dear, *dear* spot, imprinted on the heart. Fondly the returning visitant remembers the old mansion, the old well, the apple-tree, the meadow, the pasture, the great rock, the cold spring, the lilacs and the rose-bushes,— scenes in which he once sported so freely, and which he loved so well. But there is nothing which he recalls with so fond and vivid remembrance as the moral and religious training to which he was subjected. There was the Sabbath lesson in the Catechism,— it *must* be learned and recited. The tokens of reverence for the aged and for superiors were enjoined, and the injunction must be obeyed. The patriarchal father, how he used to take down

the old family Bible from the shelf, and after reading a portion of it, commend the family to the great Shepherd of Israel! The mother, too, always watchful and loving, was the soul, the presiding genius of the whole; her heart, her counsels, her smiles, her ever ready sympathies were the light of home, to be remembered while any earthly memories last.

It would be well for us if more of this moral and religious culture of former days had been retained, and children were more generally trained now, as then, to habits of subordination, obedience and moral virtue. *Honor thy father and thy mother.*

Our view of the means, promoting home attachments, would be incomplete, were I to conclude without indicating more distinctly the province of *woman* in making home lovely and happy. Home is *the sphere* of woman,—the place of her best and most powerful influence,—the scene where her brightest gems appear, and her fairest laurels are won.

Some are called to teach, and are honored in the calling. If some women choose to practise medicine, or to enter the counting-house and engage in trade, or to labor as itinerant lecturers and public speakers, I would have no controversy with them. There is reason for demanding a wider range of employments and better remuneration for women who are dependent on their earnings for support. But it is not in the public arena that their best honors are gathered. It is in the homes of Christian society that woman has exerted her most illustrious and abiding influence. In the home economy it is her province to *preside*; to conduct the affairs of the house with order, neatness and system, and to diffuse the cheerfulness of her loving and gentle spirit through all its changing scenes. Man goes abroad to labor and conflict; the farm and workshop are to bear the marks of order and thrift from his hard hand; he mingles in stormy debates and political strifes; he tends the fires of the engine, and guides the helm of commerce. Woman meets him as he returns to his door, and there her empire appears; her care instates order; her presence is dignity; her love cements the members of the household, and they “rise up and call her blessed.” Take away the wife and mother from

the home, and what a disruption of the family takes place ! When the mother dies, the home is changed. Its light is extinguished. She who was there,—the virtuous woman,—always there, a “keeper at home,” “having her children in subjection with all gravity,” “looking well to the ways of her household,” has gone to her rest, and that home will never be *what it was*.

The heart of woman, refined, intelligent, pure, pious, gentle, affectionate, sensitive, is the central attraction of home, making it lovely and pleasant as gardens by the river's side. *“Strength and honor are her clothing ; and she shall rejoice in the time to come. Give her the fruit of her hands, and let her works praise her in the gates.”*

HOME.

SCENES of my birth, and careless childhood hours !

Ye smiling hills, and spacious fertile vales !

Where oft I wandered, plucking vernal flowers,

And revelled in the odor-breathing gales ;

Should fickle fate, with talismanic wand,

Bear me afar where either India glows,

Or fix my dwelling on the polar land,

Where nature wears her ever-during snows ;

Still shall your charms my fondest themes adorn,

When placid evening paints the western sky,

And when Hyperion wakes the blushing morn,

To rear his gorgeous sapphire throne on high.

For to the guiltless heart, where'er we roam,

No scenes delight us like our much loved home.

R. Hillhouse.

THE KIND HUSBAND.

BY MARY MONTAGUE.

"WHAT is the matter?" said Mrs. Robbins, when she was waked by hearing some one move about in the little parlor which adjoined the bedroom in which she slept.

"I am getting up, Helen," was the reply.

"Why, can it be that it is morning? It seems as if I had but just gone to sleep," said Helen.

"It is early; not quite four o'clock. I have laid out some extra work to do, and shall go to the shop a couple of hours before breakfast. I saw Dr. Bigelow yesterday; he said I must be careful of you through the warm weather, and that porter would be good for you while you are so weak; so I shall do overwork enough to pay for all you will drink."

"I would do no such thing; you have as much on your hands as you can get along with, now. I shall gain strength fast, as soon as the weather is cooler."

"But I do not like to wait so long before you can be about; so you must make no more objections. You know we husbands do not like to be dictated to. I shall come home at six o'clock to get my breakfast and dress Katy. In the mean time you must shut your eyes, take another nap, and see what a pleasant dream you can have about your husband. Now, be very careful not to disturb that little bit of a Helen who is snuggling so close to her mother."

So said Charles Robbins, as, with the pleasant expression on his face of a light and happy heart, he went forth to commence the labors of another long day.

Just as the village clock struck seven, Mrs. Robbins waked again, and saw her kind husband, who, as he bent over her, said,

"I thought I should have to go back to the shop without saying 'Good-morning' to you, Helen!"

"Have you had your breakfast?" she inquired, with surprise.

"Yes, indeed; the Astor House could not have furnished a better."

"What did you find that was so nice? Perhaps I shall want some when I get up. Was it as good as the fish you cooked once?" said Helen, smiling.

"O, yes; a great deal better; but I ate it all, and it would not have done for you if I had not; but don't you know the *best* make mistakes sometimes? So, you must not laugh at me. Yes, you may laugh, too; but do not get discouraged and cry. I cannot stand that."

The mistake alluded to was of quite a ludicrous character. The day previous to that on which it occurred, Mrs. Robbins, in anticipation of their breakfast, which was to be a fried cod, had sifted some Indian meal and placed it in a bowl in the pantry, that the fish might be dipped into it before it was cooked. Near the bowl was another, which contained brown sugar. As Mrs. Robbins had been kept awake through the night, her husband prepared his own breakfast, just as he had often done. Hearing only general directions, he unfortunately took the bowl of sugar instead of the meal, and wondered why the nice crust did not form upon the fish, as it always did when his wife cooked it in precisely the same manner; nor did he understand, until he began to eat it.

He enjoyed the joke, of which Helen reminded him occasionally, because he saw it kindled a smile on her pale face, such as he loved to see.

"Where is Katy? Are you going to take her with you?" inquired Mrs. Robbins.

"Here I am, mamma," said the little darling, who was standing by the side of her mother's bed, with her sun-bonnet on, all ready to go with her father.

"Have n't you a kiss for mother and little sister?"

Katy was raised up by her father, to leave the kisses and take a peep at her baby sister; love for whom already filled her heart.

"Why, Charles, her hair has not been combed," said Mrs. Robbins, as she saw the long frizzled curls.

"It is no matter; the neighbors all know you are sick.

perhaps at noon you will feel able to do it. I do not like to ask any one to undertake it, they make such work in trying to curl it," replied Mr. Robbins.

Katy was sitting on the side of the bed, looking most earnestly at the baby, as these remarks passed between her parents.

As her father was taking her down, she said,

"I want to see her little feet every time."

So the tiny feet were uncovered, and, "Arn't she precious?" expressed her childish joy in a tone of voice as of a miniature mother.

"Do you not think God was very kind to send you this dear sister, whom we all love so much? You must be a very good little girl, and then you can teach her to be good when she is older," said her mother.

"*I think so*; I will teach her, 'Now I lay me,' when she talks, and the letters on my blocks, too," was the reply.

"Now father will take you down, and I want you to play about and not trouble him, because he is very kind to let you go with him."

"Helen, I have carried the milk down cellar, excepting what I left in the pantry, with the baked apples, for your breakfast. I shall stop at Aunt Walker's and ask the old lady if she or Betsey can come up for an hour or two, to dress the baby and fix you up a little. At noon I will bring you some porter, as the store was not open when I came home to breakfast. Now, promise you will not try to work about at all when you get up, because I can do all that needs to be done this evening."

"Yes, I will promise, you are so kind," was all that Helen could say.

The world around, society at large, accounted the family, who occupied *only half* of that little brown house, as *poor*; but did they estimate rightly? What is poverty? What is wealth?

Mr. Robbins returned at twelve o'clock with little Katy, who begged to be allowed to carry the bottle of porter to her mother, because she wanted so much to have her get well.

Then he prepared his own dinner, and made a nice cup of tea which he carried to his wife, with some blanc-mange.

"Where did you get this blanc-mange?" asked Helen.

"Sure enough, where did I get it? Why, after Mrs. Walker went home, and told Betsey how bad your mouth was, nothing would do but that Betsey would go to the store, get some moss, and make this, and when I came by she gave it to me."

"How very kind people are to me! I should not think they would be so."

"Betsey said she had not forgotten some things you had done for her. Perhaps that was the reason."

"I do not want *pay* for doing a neighborly kindness," said Mrs. Robbins, with a good deal of emphasis.

"No, I know you do not; but the Bible says, 'A man that has friends must show himself friendly;' it teaches, too, that a spirit of kindness shown toward others awakens a similar spirit. That is all."

After Mr. Robbins had partaken of his simple meal, in company with Katy, the dishes were placed in a pan of cold water with those which were used in the morning, Katy was washed, undressed, and laid on the lounge, to take her long afternoon nap, whilst he went forth again to finish the *shop labors* of the day.

Mrs. Benton, who lived in the next house, ran in, after she had taken her own early tea, to see how Mrs. Robbins was getting along, and made a fire; so that when Charles returned weary to his supper, he was glad to find his tea steeped and plenty of hot water for the dishes.

"How are you feeling to-night, Helen? And how does baby do?" were the pleasant inquiries of her husband.

"I think we are doing well. Mrs. Stanwood and Mrs. Bailey have been here. Mrs. Stanwood says I can have more of these sweet apples if you will get them; and Mrs. Bailey brought me an apple-pie. I think I shall have to give it to you. It is made of early apples, and I want you to eat it. It will do just as well, if we are one."

"Helen, I do think it seems nice to be sick among such kind people. In the city one might die and the people at the next door know nothing of it. I should not like to be sick in New York, should you?"

"I do not like to be sick anywhere," said Helen.

"No, I suppose not; but still I think there is a choice in places," rejoined her husband.

The clouds seldom gathered so dark around Charles Robbins that no ray of the sun pierced their gloom. When the hour of summer-twilight drew on, the dishes for *all day* had been washed, and scattering things were in their places. These were not done from a sense of duty ALONE, but because he loved to lighten the cares of his wife, and smooth the rugged path she was travelling with him.

Since another little one had found shelter and welcome in their home, Mr. Robbins had called Katy *his own*, while the youngest was called "*mother's baby*," because she necessarily engrossed so much maternal care.

Now, he said to her, "How would my little daughter like to have papa take her up in his lap, and rock her to sleep, while he is singing?"

"Pretty well, I should," said the delighted child, who had learned she must not *expect* such attentions, yet was very happy in receiving them.

"Get your night-dress first," said her father; and while he sang a pleasant lullaby, the child sank peacefully to sleep, and was laid upon her mother's bed.

Mrs. Robbins was weak and weary; she loved her husband as he deserved, and it grieved her to see him toiling early and late, day after day, with no better prospects of relief. If she regained her own health, there were reasons why he might not relax his exertions; and was it strange that when he reëntered the parlor he found her trying to keep back the tears which would come?

"Why, Helen, what is the matter now? I thought you said you felt better," he added, with surprise.

"I am better; but I feel badly. I am nothing but a drag upon you, all the time. You can never get ahead at this rate. I wish I was well and strong as other women are."

"I do not know any well strong woman I should be willing to change you for," interrupted her husband.

"Just think of Harry Wells, who was married the same

week we were, and see what a beautiful place he has, while we are worse than nothing," said Helen, from a full heart.

"O, no, my dear wife, you forget; we have each other; besides two dear little girls here, and one in heaven. That is more than Wells can say. When you feel badly again, ask yourself where Nellie is."

"I know she is in heaven, for she belonged there when she was here. What a pity her husband did not appreciate her better!" said Helen.

"I think Wells must have placed a *high* value upon her; for, while he was gone to California, she earned the four hundred dollars which were paid down when they bought that cottage, and the rest remains on a mortgage now; and, what is more, is likely to for some time to come. I think many a man values his wife, just as he does his horse, by the amount of labor she can perform, or the money she brings him in. The idea of sitting down together, and reading, or conversing in such a way as to promote each other's mental, moral, or spiritual improvement, seems never to have even entered their minds. I have not the least doubt, that, if such were told that the responsibilities of this life should be met in a better manner by those who sustain the relation of husbands and wives, and a better preparation made for heaven, they would ridicule the idea. But I believe it, for all that; mutual helpers we are, or ought to be; and if you and the children are spared, only to encourage me, I will never complain of hard times, or short fare. I only wish I could help you more than I can. Sometimes I think I will get some one to come and stay here, so that you need have no care."

"It would not relieve me from care; it might lighten your domestic duties. Now, tell me, if the men in the shop do not laugh at you for doing so much for me and the children."

"Certainly they do; but do you suppose I care for it? Occasionally I give them a lecture on the treatment of wives, such as, I think, the Bible requires. So, you see, we are about even."

"O, I wish I could do something besides sit here and fold my hands, while you are working so hard!"

“Hush, wife; if *I* do not complain, *you* must not for me. It is you who suffer. I felt bad when you were so feeble that you had to wean Helen; but the trial is all over, and you both are doing well now. I hope the children will live to pay you for all you have done for them. You must not talk any more to-night; I am afraid you will not sleep, as it is, I have preached such a long sermon. I will bring out the cot-bed, and make it up here, for Katy and I; after I have put her in it I will make your bed over again. Then, when you have gone to bed, I will read to you a little while. You know you always feel better after hearing the Bible read.”

But not for the comfort and consolation of his wife alone did Charles Robbins peruse the word of God; for, in that quiet hour, in that happy home, did the spirit of all grace descend, the petty trials of this life were changed to its choicest blessings, and the words of prayer uttered by that sick-bed became the language of a heart filled with praise.

H U S B A N D S .

BY WILKINS.

Know then,
As women owe a duty — so do men.
Men must be like the branch and bark to trees,
Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage;
Clothe them in winter, tender them in age,
Or as ewes' love unto their earlings lives;
Such should be husbands' custom to their wives.
If it appears to them that they 've strayed amiss,
They only must rebuke them with a kiss;
Or cluck them as hens' chickens, with kind call,
Cover them under their wing, and pardon all.

THE CRACKED PLATE

BY REV. H. HUMPHREY, D. D.

"MA, my plate is cracked," said a bright, little boy, of six or seven summers, pushing it from him, and just spoiling his sunny face. Without saying a word, his doting mother gave him hers in exchange. Examining the plate afterwards, I found there *was* a small crack in the edge of it; so very *small* that I am quite sure it would have escaped my notice, had it been placed before my seat a hundred times at the table.

Now, that mother was an educated and sensible woman, and, in some respects, she managed her children very well. But did she know what she was doing when she yielded to the childish whim of her darling boy? I am sure she did not. Had she reflected for a moment, she must have seen that such indulgences, carried out, were directly calculated to spoil the child, by making him dissatisfied with everything that might not happen to be just so at the table, or anywhere else.

I am afraid there are a good many estimable mothers who might learn a profitable lesson from *this cracked plate*. There are no demands which children will not learn to make if they are indulged in all their capricious notions. No matter whether it is a "cracked plate," or a cold pancake, or a little poorer fork than the mother happens to have, or some dish that is not quite so well cooked as common, that makes the trouble and pouting. If the mother indulges the child by yielding once, she can scarcely refuse to do it again and again. He will become more and more dainty and capricious, till she will have no peace. Nothing will satisfy. He will be forever teasing and grumbling about something. "I don't love this, and I don't love that." And so he must be "humored to death."

There is a more excellent way, which is not only infinitely better for the child, but saves the mother a great deal of trouble. If, when the little urchin pushed away the cracked plate, and scowled up his face, his mother had sent him away, and made him go without his breakfast, he would have been glad

to get it, with something on it, by dinner time. Such fretting and teasing is exceedingly annoying to many fond mothers, and there is no need of it in the world. It is their own fault. Any child can be cured with very little trouble; or, as "prevention is always better than cure," any boy can be so trained from the first as not to know whether his plate is cracked or not, provided it has something on it to satisfy his hunger. And, being early taught to deny himself in little things at the table, and trusting to his mother's better judgment, will be a great advantage to him in after life. Let him be accustomed to eat what "is set before him, asking no questions," and it will grow into a habit, greatly ministering through life to his health and comfort. Any boy that is allowed to change his plate because it happens to be cracked, and to complain that he don't like this, and he don't like that, and to have a little nicer plate to pamper his capricious appetite, will have good reason, when he becomes a man, to complain of the early over-indulgence of his fond mother, and to wish that, when he complained and grew moody because everything was not just so at the table, instead of changing the cracked plate, she had sent for the birch, or put him upon short allowance, till he would relish such things as other boys eat, and are glad to get them.

Children who are commonly too much indulged in their food will, sometimes, when crossed a little, go off to bed in a pet without their supper, to punish their mothers for denying them what they ask for. In this sort of resentment or retaliation they should by all means be indulged, till they find out that they punish themselves more than anybody else.

I know it is sometimes difficult to decide how far to indulge young children in the kind and qualities of their daily food. They should not be required to eat anything to which they evidently have a decided natural aversion. But mothers should take care how, by pampering the appetite of the child, they create an aversion to any kind of nutritive food which is adapted to an unvitiated appetite, and to make him strong and healthy. But there can be no room to hesitate when a boy can't eat his dinner upon a *cracked plate*, or when he demands any similar indulgence.

WHY SHOULD FAMILY RELIGION BE REVIVED?

BY REV. W. GALE.

PART II.

It greatly promotes *domestic happiness*. No one who has carefully examined the subject can doubt this. In proportion as the members of a family are truly pious, there will be order, and a prompt discharge of all the relative as well as devotional duties. This will secure a corresponding amount of mutual happiness. Truly Christian parents have no greater joy than to see their children walking in the truth; and every pious and affectionate child must experience a corresponding pleasure in the assurance that his parents are the sincere and devoted friends of Christ. And not only so, but religion, if it be genuine, will exclude from the family, as from larger communities, the demon of discord, lead to the suppression of the evil passions and selfish desires; refine, elevate, and strengthen, the natural affections; introduce new subjects of thought and conversation; awaken new hopes; and, in various ways, draw into closer and more endeared union those who, in the absence of religion, would be bound together only by natural ties and common interests.

When parents and children can look upon each other as the disciples of Christ and the heirs of heaven, of what pleasing emotions are they the subjects! What bright anticipations are they permitted to entertain of the future! How delightful must be their seasons of morning and evening devotion! How well are they prepared for the duties, trials, and changes, of each successive day! How little have they to fear from the approach of death! How precious to them must be the hope, that, after death, they shall all meet in their heavenly Father's house, no more to die, no more to suffer, no more to separate!

Again, family religion is closely connected with the *welfare of the church, and of society at large*. We have already noticed

the maxim, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Observation, as well as Scripture, assures us that what parents are in moral character and social habits, their children are likely to be; and that what children are in the family, they will generally be in all the pursuits and relations of life. If well trained and educated when young; if, at an early period of life, they acquire the habit of subordination; if they cheerfully conform to the good and wholesome regulations of a well-ordered household; especially if, in the fullest sense of the term, they obey their parents in the Lord,—then most certainly, in all ordinary cases, they will be a blessing in the various relations and pursuits of life. They will be the firm supporters of law and order; they will be faithful in their business transactions, and in the discharge of all relative duties. The grand nursery for the church is the family; and that, too, is the school of character for the state. God promised to prolong the Jewish nation, and to increase them mightily, if they were faithful to maintain family religion. "Now these are the commandments," said Moses, "the statutes and the judgments which the Lord your God commanded to teach you, that ye might do them in the land whither ye go to possess it. That thou mayest fear the Lord thy God, to keep all his statutes and commandments, which I command thee — thou and thy son, and thy son's son, all the days of thy life." And the reason was this: "That thy days may be prolonged, and that it may be well with thee, and that ye may increase mightily, as the Lord God of thy fathers hath promised thee, in the land that floweth with milk and honey." In the last verse of the last chapter of Malachi, to which allusion has already been made, religion is noticed as the only thing that would save the people from ruin,—“Lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.” Here is a principle which God has ever observed in his dealings with mankind — with the Jews, and with other nations. Nothing but the turning of the heart of the fathers to their children, and of the children's heart to their fathers, or the religious instruction and discipline of families, can secure to any people the blessing of Heaven, or give to them lasting prosperity. What was it that

happily distinguished our Puritan fathers and their first descendants more than almost anything else? It was their family religion. And whatever there is remaining among us that is truly excellent and valuable, either in a moral or social point of view, must be traced very much to the same source. Nothing can be more easily established than the beneficial effects of family religion on the church and on all the interests of society.

Family religion promotes *the spiritual welfare and the salvation of the household*. Says an interesting writer, "God has blended, and almost indissolubly, the immortal interests of parents and children." Christian families are the nurseries of God's kingdom above, not less than of his church in this world.

If it is true, as we often hear it said, that the offspring of professors of religion are as bad as other people's children, it is not true that the descendants of parents who perform their duty are as bad as those of parents who neglect it. If it is true that the children of the most pious and faithful do not always turn out well, it is also true that no parents are perfect,—that none bring up those committed to their care, in all respects, as they ought. But it is not true that children who are left without religious instruction, and are ungoverned,—who are allowed from early life to have their own way; who grow up in irreligious families, or who are disobedient and impatient of restraint while young,—are as likely to prosper, and to be saved, as others better trained. Such a conclusion is as much at variance with facts as with the teachings of the Bible. The early habit of subordination to parental authority is a very important means of personal piety. Though every dutiful and well-trained child may not, through the power of temptation and untoward circumstances, be converted and finally saved, yet there is much more hope of such a child than of one who is self-willed, and troublesome in the family, in the neighborhood, in the school-room, and in every community to which he belongs. What children are at home, they usually will be abroad; and what they are, when young, and in the family, they will be, for the most part, in all the subsequent periods and scenes of life. There may be some exceptions. The grace of God can subdue

the most neglected and stubborn child that ever lived; and, without his grace, those who have the best training will be lost. Yes, if He please, those who have the worst training, or no training, will be converted and saved. Instances of this kind do occur. We call them, however, wonders of grace. They do not ordinarily take place in God's dealings with mankind. Such a work is like changing the Ethiopian's skin or the leopard's spots. Though God is a sovereign, dispensing his blessings as he will, yet he is pleased to work by means; and no means does he more use for the spiritual good of men than those we are now considering. In proportion as children are rightly trained, we may hope that they will be converted, and ultimately saved. Let them be truly consecrated to Christ, and educated for him, as he requires, and there will be but little to fear as to the result. Labor and pray for a revival of family religion.

THE TRIAL OF FAITH.

DOUBTLESS many are deceived, in time of ease and prosperity, with imaginary faith and fortitude; so that there may be still some doubt while a man is underset with outward helps, as riches, friends, esteem, &c., whether he leans upon those or upon God, who is an invisible support, though stronger than all that are visible, and is the peculiar and alone stay of faith in all conditions. But when all these outward props are plucked away from a man, then it will be manifest whether something else upholds him or not; for, if there be nothing else, then he falls; but if his mind stands firm and unmoved, as before, then it is evident he laid not his weight upon those things he had then about him, but was built upon a foundation, though not seen, which is able alone to stay him; although he be not only frustrated of other supports, but beaten upon with storms and tempests, as our Saviour says, "The house fell not, because it was founded on a rock." *Leighton.*

A SONG.

BY MRS. CHARLES A. ELY.

"Mother, my heart is light and gay."

MOTHER, my heart is light and gay,
And I must laugh, and sing, and play ;
Chide me not, your own dear child,
If I seem with pleasure wild.

Mother, Henry comes to-morrow,
Then adieu to care and sorrow.

And I must weave a garland fair
Of tender buds to deck my hair ;
And my robe of sky-like blue
I must wear to please him too.
Mother, check that falling tear,
Kiss your happy daughter dear

I well remember he told me
How much he loved my childish glee ;
How he prized my joyous heart,
Though he soon from me must part.
Mother, Henry comes to-morrow,
This is not the time for sorrow.

MOTHER'S LOVE.

SWEET is the image of the brooding dove !
Holy as heaven a mother's tender love !
The love of many prayers and many tears,
Which changes not with dim declining years, —
The only love, which on this teeming earth
Asks no return for passion's wayward birth.

Norton.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY MRS. C. B.

As a young plant wants sunshine to unfold and mature its beauties, so a child requires the smile of a mother to develop its moral nature, and call into exercise its best affections. Probably all mothers have some natural regard for their children; but, in many, maternal love is not what it should be. They do not sufficiently realize that the heart is as susceptible of culture as the intellect, and needs it far more. Yet, some intellects and hearts require it much more than others; just as in the material world some soils demand more cultivation than others. And the mother, to whom nature or cultivation has not given warm affections, will not be likely to awaken the purest emotions in the heart of her child. Hence culture is needful.

It pains me to hear any one say, "I do not like children;" and yet I have heard the expression from the lips of a mother. And, when I expressed surprise, and asked, "How can you help loving little children?" she said, pleasantly, "Well, now that I have them, I *like my own*."

How coldly that word *like* fell upon my ear! Surely there should be a deep feeling in the heart of a mother; and, where this is wanting, there is nothing that can fully supply its place, and exert an equally salutary influence on the heart of a child. Some may say that grace will do this; and perhaps it will. But it produces the desirable result by kindling into a flame the little spark of love that was in the heart.

Indeed, so efficacious is the divine principle, that, combined with other auspicious influences, it does sometimes produce, in the heart of one who was never a natural mother, so exact a counterpart of a mother's love, that, if there is any difference, we cannot tell in what it consists. I know a beautiful instance of this in the person of one who assumed the position of a mother, and who probably has been to the children of her

adoption all that a natural mother could be; and the love that she has meted to them has been in "full measure returned into her own bosom." Many a mother fails to command from her own offspring the love, the almost reverence, that is freely yielded to the inestimable lady to whom I refer.

Now, she owes much of the beauty and excellence of her character to the blessed influence of a mother's tender regard. She had a loving, devoted Christian mother, whose affection she returned with one so pure and fervent, it would seem as though it were mirrored back from the heart of the recipient. Death has broken that tender, holy tie; but its hallowed memory will remain with her until the dis severed bond shall be reunited in the presence of Him who loves little children. Till then she will be to her adopted sons and daughters what her mother was to her. Happy are the children of such a mother! Many instances might be adduced to show that the moral culture, which we bestow upon our children, they will, in all probability, bestow upon theirs; and that the more love we cherish in our own hearts, the more we shall awaken in theirs.

From the depths of my heart I pity the little ones that are not the objects of a "mother's love." I do not mean that cold regard that simply feeds and clothes the perishing body, and leaves the mind and heart uncultivated; nor yet that injudicious fondness that indulges every wish of a child; but the love that is under the control of moral principle; and, while it earnestly endeavors to promote the happiness of its object, still yields to no wish the gratification of which conflicts with its best interests; but firmly restrains every wrong propensity, and strives to subdue every unhallowed passion. Such a course is much better calculated to win the affection of a child than an unlimited indulgence; because it first commands his respect, which is a necessary attendant of love.

Mrs. Leslie's story of "The Step-Mother" is a happy illustration of this principle. With a heart deeply imbued with holy affections that were drawn from the living fountain above, she won the love of her adopted children, even against their previously-formed resolutions to resist her influence. She gently constrained to the course she thought it right for them

to pursue, and restrained them from all that she believed to be wrong; and thus uniting undeviating kindness with unwavering firmness, she won at once their confidence and respect.

The position of a mother, whether natural or assumed, involves a fearful responsibility. She needs both wisdom and grace. And, even if she possess these very efficient aids, her way is often one of trial and perplexity; and He who knows the wants of a mother, has given, to smooth the difficult way, that precious gift, maternal love; one of the most blissful emotions that ever thrilled a woman's heart; and its tendency is to elevate and purify, as well as to add to her happiness. It is often a safeguard in seasons of trial and temptation, and a powerfully sustaining motive to enable her to endure poverty and suffering. It watches the cradle of infancy, guards the faltering steps of childhood, and, like a sacred shield, encircles the path of youth. The joys of maternity are enhanced, and its griefs alleviated, by the same sacred influence; and in every age how often it wings to heaven the fervent prayer, that its loved ones may be kept from sorrow, and saved from sin! It never tires nor grows cold; but, as life wears away, increases in strength and purity, till death stills the heart's last throb. Lives there a mother who has never felt the deep, holy tenderness of a mother's love?

In all the recollections of my childhood and youth, and even of my maturer years, my richest earthly blessing was my mother's love. Without it life would have been dark. From every pleasure of my early days my heart turned to that love as to a higher, purer joy. In every little trouble, my spirit clung to that sheltering affection. And, when the morning of life had passed, and the "heat and burden" of mid-day must be borne, with my mother's sustaining presence I could endure suffering and sorrow without a murmur, and without a tear. That precious love, that cherished presence, no longer remain to me; but, while "life and being last," its memory will never fade from my heart.

"A mother's love—go ask the buds that live
By heaven's pure dew on yonder parching hill,
Ask the pale flower that summer's suns revive,
For some faint emblem of that holy thrill.

The fickle dews may shun the plant that pines,
The lofty sun forget the flowery glen ;
A mother's love with death alone declines ;
And say, ye white-robed angels, dies it then ? ”

NURSE OF A MOTHERLESS INFANT.

BY MRS. WELBY.

THOU art not mine — upon thy sweet lip lingers
Thy mother's smile ;
And, while I press thy soft and baby fingers
In mine the while,
In the deep eyes, so trustfully upraising
Their light to mine,
I deem the spirit of thy mother gazing
To my soul's shrine.
They ask me with their meek and soft beseeching
A mother's care ;
They ask a mother's kind and patient teaching,
A mother's prayer.
Not mine, yet dear to me, fair, fragrant blossom
Of a fair tree,
Crushed to the earth in life's first glorious summer ;
Thou art dear to me,
Child of the lost, the buried, and the sainted ;
I call thee mine,
Till fairer still, with tears and sin untainted,
Her home be thine.

THE FATHER'S LAMENT.

BY META LANDER.

WHEN I saw thee day by day
Slowly fade and waste away,
Like an autumn leaf,
In mine eye there welled a tear,
To my heart there stole the fear
Of o'erwhelming grief.

When thy lip had ceased to smile,
And thy pleading eyes the while
Sought relief from me ;
When the rose had left thy cheek,
And upon thy forehead meek
Pain sat wearily ;

Then my heart within me died,
And there came a rushing tide
Of foreshadowed woe,
Which my soul was soon to learn,
When the floods from sorrow's urn
Over it should flow.

When I caught thy moaning sigh,
When I heard thy feeble cry —
Anguish-cry of pain ;
When I saw thy quivering lip,
Sadly watched thy deathlike sleep,
All our vigils vain ;

Then, on joy's fair-blooming flowers,
Fast descended sorrow's showers,
Laying hope in dust ;
Long I wrestled with my God,
Asking strength to bear the rod,
His sweet love to trust.

In my torturing suspense,
In my agonizing sense
Of the dreaded stroke,
Heart and flesh had well-nigh failed,
O'er my faith had grief prevailed,
Had not mercy spoke

When thou upward turn'dst thine eye,
Looking for some angel nigh,
Through earth's wildering maze,
Yearning for the land of light,
Fast unfolding visions bright
To thy spirit-gaze ;

Then I longed to soar away
Upward to immortal day,
Far from this dark night ;
Where there comes no parting word,
Where no wail of grief is heard, —
Never falls a blight.

When thy beating pulse was low,
Shadows gathering on thy brow, —
Tones of music hushed ;
When I watched thy fleeting breath,
Saw thee in the arms of Death,
Life from out thee crushed ;

O, my lost one ! darling child !
Then burst forth my anguish wild
In o'erwhelming tide.
Could it be my flower of bloom,
Blighted in the rayless gloom
That I wept beside ?

When I kissed thy marble brow,
Whiter than the virgin snow,
Was thy spirit near ?
When thy mother's grief to calm,
I besought for Gilead's balm,
Didst thou bend thine ear ?

Lord, thou knowest all my heart ;
Know'st how hard it was to part, —
Pity thou my woe !
Ah, my child ! thy parting knell
Tolling slow that long farewell
Haunts my spirit now.

OLD MOLL AND LITTLE AGNES; OR, THE RICH POOR AND THE POOR RICH.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE must now leave the stately mansion on C—— street, and follow our friend Florence Mowbrey with her charge to a humble cottage, three miles out of town. It was now the latter part of November, and Louis had been extremely busy in arranging the few articles of furniture, which they had been allowed to retain, to the best advantage. But the room of the invalid had been his chief care, and his constant adviser was often called from the other parts of the house, to say whether the couch would be pleasanter in this corner or that, drawn up before the cheerful fire. At length all was arranged to his entire satisfaction; and never had the gorgeously draped parlors of his early home seemed so cosy and comfortable as this. It was the best room in the house, being on the first floor, and having a south-west view, the sun lay in it nearly all day. Fortunately there was a small room opening from it, so that the two single beds for the invalid and his nurse could be placed there, as this apartment was to serve for parlor, in case they happened to have any visitors; but this they did not expect. Beside these two rooms, there was a good-sized apartment in the rear, with another bed-room leading from it, and a small kitchen beyond. In the attic there were four chambers, so that there was an abundance of room for their diminished household. Running along the side of the house, about the length of the dining-room, was a pleasant portico, which, as Downing remarks, gave expression to the whole building. At the end of this portico there was a flight of steps leading to a small garden, containing about a quarter of an acre. Here were currant, gooseberry and raspberry bushes, and quite a number of peach, cherry and plum trees. To this garden

Florence looked forward as a source of great interest to the invalid, as well as to the children.

And now every piece of furniture was in its appropriate place, the family were called together to pronounce upon them, before Mr. Buckingham was led from his temporary quarters to take possession of his new abode. Bridget, who was a protégée of Florence, and now the maid-of-all-work, followed at the call of her mistress, and warmly pronounced the parlor the "heartsoimest looking room I've seen for many a day."

Mrs. Buckingham remained silent, as usual, until Louis, putting her arm in his, said, cheerfully, "Mother, isn't this pleasant?"

"It looks well enough," she replied, "if we could keep it so; but how is a sick-room ever going to be fit to receive callers?"

"Florence and I do not expect any," continued Louis, gayly; "and as you say you shall not see any who do call, why, I don't see that we need to set aside a room for the purpose."

The lady bit her lip, and said no more; and with one lingering glance around to see that all was right, and a little moving of the arm-chair to the front of the grate, the affectionate son stepped briskly out to introduce his father to his apartment.

Florence's eyes filled with tears as she witnessed his tender care when he tenderly guided his father's steps over the sill of the door, and waited patiently until he dragged his palsied limb over the carpet. When he was seated, the invalid gazed around with the pleasure of a child, his eye resting a moment upon the family pictures which were hung upon the walls, then turning to the table in the corner, and then whistling a response to the merry welcome of the familiar bird, hanging from the window.

"It pays me for all," whispered Louis in Florence's ear, "to see how he notices everything, and how pleased he is."

"Tell her," lisped Mr. Buckingham, pointing to his wife, "to go away; she don't belong here." It was with difficulty that

he could make himself understood, but now in his earnestness his words were terribly distinct.

No one answered ; but presently the lady turned, gave him a withering glance, and walked haughtily from the room. Florence, who had been watching her, sighed heavily. She hardly wondered at the thought of the patient, "she don't belong here," for a heavy frown had settled upon her brow, and her mouth had become almost fixed in an expression of disgust. All else was bright and cheerful, and even to his enfeebled mind she seemed out of place.

In the evening Agnes unexpectedly arrived. Florence had sent for her to come the first opportunity ; and, as Mr. Van Lennep had business in the city, she accompanied him. It was not his first visit to the cottage, for he had been unwearied in his search after one which would be a pleasant home for them, and was as much pleased as Florence herself, at finding this was to be let.

Agnes was almost wild with joy to be restored to her friend, and ran joyfully from room to room, expressing great delight at all she saw. Mr. Buckingham patted her hand, then tried to reach her head, to express his surprise that she had grown so tall. "Where 's Lily ?" he asked, when she turned to run away.

"Florence says Lily is coming at Christmas !" replied the child.

Amid the multiplied cares of superintending her little household, the weeks flew rapidly by. Louis entered upon his new business on the first day of December, and by his faithfulness and activity soon gained the entire confidence of his employers. It was Agnes' privilege to watch for the sound of the little bell which the affectionate son placed on the bed by his father when he left the house. As the invalid frequently slept late, and Louis always left a bright fire in his room, Florence determined that this should be Agnes' hour for study, until she began to attend school. This she was to do after the Christmas holidays, Mrs. Van Lennep having insisted upon paying her tuition, as Florence would not be able to direct her studies as she had done. She soon found great assistance from the child, in the

care of the patient, who sang to him, combed his hair, related instances of the sagacity of her dog, and the surprising intelligence of Miss Rose, until he laughed as heartily as she wished. She soon became so expert in feeding him, that he would take food from no one else. However dark and gloomy the day, Agnes was always happy. Indeed, the thought that she was of use, rendered her spirits so buoyant that Florence, who had considered her a quiet child, was surprised at the change. She danced through the house, singing like a bird, and carrying sunshine wherever she went. The sick man always welcomed her approach with a brightening face, or a snap of his finger with his well hand. Where is Beauty, was Louis' first question, upon entering the house, if she was not in sight. But this did not often happen, for she almost always recognized his step coming up the yard, and flew to open the door for him, and to relate her day's experience with her patient.

Even Mrs. Buckingham was lured into occasional forgetfulness of herself by the enthusiasm of the child. When she went out, she always met with some adventure. She frequently brought home some little bunch of flowers which the market-man had sent to the patient. And "O," she used to say, "everybody is so kind !"

On these occasions, Mrs. Buckingham would sometimes drop her work for a moment, and listen with interest ; but only to resume it with a deeper sigh, as she exclaimed, that she should be thankful when Lily came home—then she should have some attention. She did n't see why Mr. Buckingham need to engross all the cheerful company there was in the house. She usually sat from morning till night with some articles of her former fashionable attire lying loosely in her lap, trying to arrange them for present use, if any of her city acquaintance should call. But they never did call ; and, from protesting that she would not see them, nothing should induce her to do so, she began to abuse them most heartily, and congratulated herself as well rid of such false friends.

The day before Christmas, Lily arrived, accompanied by a lady with whom she had been staying. Mrs. Storey resided in Philadelphia, and was a distant connection of Mrs. Bucking-

ham. Their acquaintance had been renewed at the falls the previous summer, where she had been struck with Lily's beauty and grace, and, having no children, she now came to offer to take the child and educate her as her own. She was intending to be absent on a tour to the south for two months, and would give the mother until the end of that time to decide whether she would consent to the proposal.

Mrs. Buckingham, with more of true feeling than she had exhibited since the change in her circumstances, promised to think of the subject and let the lady know her decision. She, however, soon came to the conclusion to be governed by Lily's conduct. If she proved as great a comfort as Agnes had done, nothing should induce her to part with the child. If, on the contrary, she were wilful and passionate as she had heretofore been, she would gladly be rid of her. The mother was innately selfish, and, in her decision, no thought of sacrificing her own ease or pleasure for the good of her child entered her mind. No question arose, "Is Mrs. Storey qualified to be a mother to Lily?" "Will she exert a right influence over her?" No, it was entirely this, "Will the tediousness of my life be increased or lessened by her presence?"

* On this point, twenty-four hours enabled her to come to a decision. As might have been prophesied from her former character, Lily sneered at everything in and about the house, and was always comparing it with her city home, or the house she had just left. She looked upon Agnes, and even Florence, with contempt, for appearing cheerful under such circumstances, and declared she "never would be contented, never."

It was plain to see that her presence cast a gloom over the whole household; and as Agnes soon commenced attending school, Florence's heart sank within her. Poor Florence! It was a sad and weary termination to all her bright hopes. Though endeavoring to appear cheerful, she was sensible of a daily increasing weight upon her spirits, as the time had long passed when she ought to have heard from Mr. Hanley, announcing his arrival in India. In vain Louis watched the shipping-list. In vain Mr. Van Lennep made inquiries of ship-masters, no intelligence of him could be gained. Mechanically

she went about her daily duties, but her cheek grew pale, the fire faded from her eye, and a close observer might see that she was weary and sad at heart. It was at night only, when all the other inmates of the cottage were locked in the arms of slumber, that she allowed herself to dwell upon her own sorrows ; and sometimes the thought of them overwhelmed her. Bereft of property, home and friends, at a time when life generally appears most bright and hopeful ; pressed with the agonizing fear that some evil had happened to him she loved, the midnight hours were often passed amid groans and bitter tears.

But Florence was a Christian, and the God upon whom she leaned for support in the hour of her trials, did not forsake her. Often, when her need was greatest, and her heart was ready to cry out, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" she felt a strong arm around her, and she realized the presence of her Saviour, while soothing words were suggested to her mind, and she could say with Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

One day, about a month after Lily's return, her mother put a note into Florence's hand, requesting her to read and forward it. This was the first intimation which she had received of the offer made by Mrs. Storey, and she was not surprised that the letter contained the full consent of the mother to give up her child. Indeed, Lily's ingratitude was the subject of her complaint from morning till night.

Under the existing circumstances, Florence could utter no remonstrances, for she could hardly conceive a worse influence for the child than she at present was subjected to, and she could but feel that it would be a great lightening of her care to have Lily away. Louis, when consulted, or rather when his mother announced to him her decision, said, "There is no doubt but we should be a happier family if she were away, for she has done nothing but fret, and tease Agnes, ever since she returned ; but how is she to be educated ? Will Mrs. Storey teach her to control her temper, or will she, for the sake of her beauty, indulge her in every whim ?"

"O," exclaimed his mother, "as she grows older, she will be ashamed of her conduct, and learn to govern herself."

When the kind offer of Mrs. Storey and her mother's acceptance of it were made known to Lily, she took no pains to conceal her delight; and, from that time, her conduct became more unamiable than before. She addressed even her mother with a pertness and want of respect, which showed that she already looked down upon her, and felt herself wholly relieved of all the affection and respect due from a child to a parent.

Did no regret enter Mrs. Buckingham's mind, that she had so wholly neglected her child's moral culture? Did she never remember that she was responsible for the weak, selfish, and undutiful spirit which her daughter manifested?

Time, which stops for no man, went steadily on; days and weeks swelled into months, until the softened breezes and swelling buds announced that spring had come. Since the departure of Lily no changes of importance had occurred in the household, except that Florence's step had grown slow and heavy; and Agnes, who was now a tall, capable girl of nine years of age, had gradually assumed many of the duties which formerly devolved upon her friend. When or why she consented to these new arrangements, Florence could not tell, for all seemed to come so naturally, that she had no opportunity to remonstrate.

"Florence, dear Florence, do come here!" Agnes called out one morning; and, so saying, the lively girl pulled her gayly to the door, then down the steps into the garden, where she showed her that the crocuses had come up, and needed immediate attention. While Florence stood doubtful, Agnes ran back to the house, procured an old bonnet, pair of gloves, and trowel, and, before she hardly knew what she was about, the young lady was busily engaged in digging around the roots of the young plants, which were just beginning to peep up from the earth. In the mean time, Agnes flew to the unfinished duties of Florence, which, with a light heart and active hands, she quickly disposed of, having coaxed Mrs. Buckingham to arrange the parlor.

"You have such good taste," she said, winningly, "that you know how to make furniture appear to the best advantage." And the lady, who unconsciously had been gradually

yielding to the gentle influence of the child, suffered herself to be persuaded. The next morning the same thing happened, with one great addition. The air was soft and balmy, the sun shone pleasantly upon the little portico, and Agnes, with her heart beating wildly at her own success, wheeled the invalid's chair out of doors, and then darting back, soon appeared, leading Mr. Buckingham slowly forth to enjoy the pleasant sunshine. He seemed quite as much pleased as she did; indeed, he laughed so heartily at the surprise he should give Florence, that it quite impeded his progress to his chair.

At length the young lady started at the sound of a merry laugh, and was quite as much astonished as they expected, to see her guardian arrayed in his coat and hat, bowing and smiling with something of his old manner. Agnes was herself astonished, when Mrs. Buckingham consented to lead him back, if he wished to return before Florence was ready to come in, and hurried away to school with her heart brim full of happiness.

"O," she soliloquized, "who could wish to be rich? While Mr. Buckingham was so, how miserable we all were! Now I think even Mrs. Buckingham is happier, if she would only say so; and dear Louis, how good he is!" But here her thoughts turned to Florence, and she sighed again and again. Before she reached school, Agnes had made a plan, so great she hardly expected to realize it, but she would try. This was, to write herself to Mr. Van Lennep, and tell him Florence was not well, and ask him to invite her to Beech Grove. How to make her accept the invitation, was indeed the great point; but she thought she could succeed by representing how much better it would be to give Mrs. Buckingham an opportunity to be more with her husband, which she must be if they were alone.

That very night she drew Louis to the further part of the room, and entrusted to him her great secret, which he fully approved, and encouraged her to persevere in. She then related the events of the morning, which he considered a great achievement, particularly the tact with which she had left her patient in the care of his wife.

"It is plain enough to me," said the youth, taking her hand, as she, in her enthusiastic way, went on to tell all her hopes for the family, and her anticipations of health for Florence in consequence of her visit to Beech Grove, "it is plain enough that you were born to be a blessing to us. Now, Beauty, say what do you think we should do without you?"

"O, I don't think you could do at all," she answered, laughing gayly. "Mr. Buckingham would have nobody to amuse him; and you,"—she turned her bright eyes full upon him for one moment,— "would have to open the door for yourself, and eat your breakfast alone."

"Yes," he added, "and I should have the thought of no smiling face to cheer me as I came home weary from my work; nor could I be sure that my slippers would be at hand, and a nice little supper prepared to welcome my return."

Agnes' cheeks flushed brightly with pleasure, but she immediately turned away to assist Florence in the next room, and Louis returned to his father to tell him the news of the day.

Though the young girl was earnest in her desire for Florence to visit her friends, yet it was not until July that the way seemed plain for her to do so. At that time Agnes had a long vacation of two months, and was so desirous of making a trial of her skill as housekeeper, that it seemed a pity that she should not have an opportunity of doing so. Besides, her health was so delicate, that even Mrs. Buckingham urged her going.

Three months passed away, and still Miss Mowbrey remained at Beech Grove. She was really improved in health and strength, and, if not cheerful, was much benefited by the Christian conversation of her valued friends, and enabled to be resigned to the afflictive dispensations which had befallen her. Every week she received a joint letter from Agnes and Louis. Agnes kept a journal of daily events, which were of the greatest interest to the reader, and then Louis took the letter to the store and made many comments upon home affairs. His father had suffered at times from great restlessness, and could not be persuaded to remain in doors; but his mother grew every day more tender in her care for him, and Agnes had exhibited wonderful skill

in assuming other cares, so that she could feel that it belonged to her to attend to his wants.

I will give the reader an extract from her journal: "Dear, dear Florence, last night Louis brought home a box of excellent strawberries for his father, and this morning he made a nice breakfast. Do you know he eats with us now sometimes at breakfast, and always at dinner. Mrs. Buckingham sits at the head of the table, and he next her, so that she can cut up his food. She speaks so softly and pleasantly to him, that sometimes he stops eating, and gazes at her. I tell her it is because she is growing so handsome, and that I want to gaze too. Sometimes I have seen the tears come into her eyes, when she thought she was not observed; but she quickly wiped them away. Since you went to Beech Grove, Mr. Buckingham likes to have me read a chapter in his room, as you used to do, and say a prayer. Lately, his wife has come in and staid until we were through. I can't help thinking she is trying to be good. I wish I could tell her how happy it made me to give myself to my Saviour, and feel that he will order all things for my good. But I can pray for her, as I do every day, and ask God to give her the comfort of his presence."

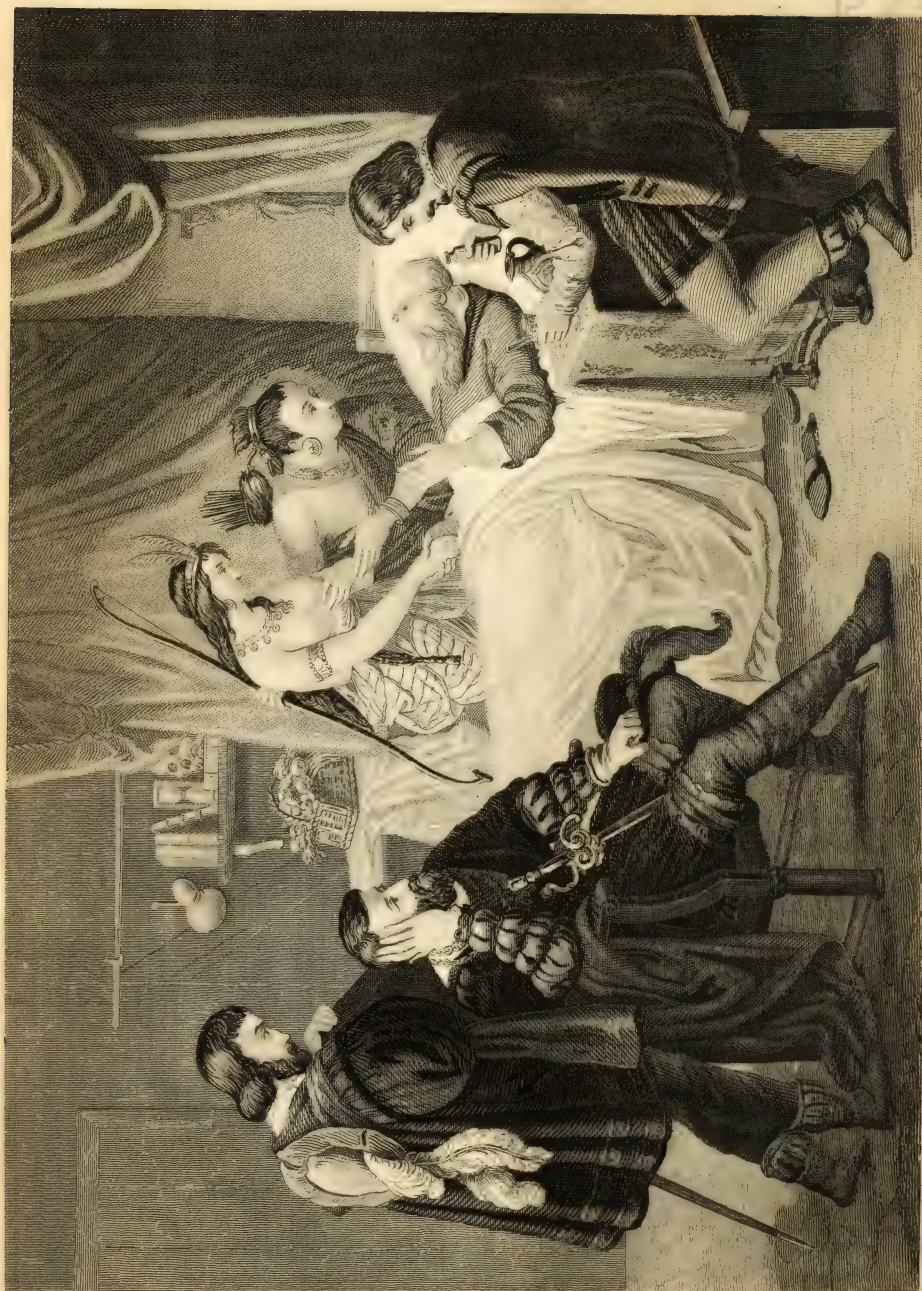
Florence had not expected to stay half as long; but her friends persuaded her that her family were at present better without her, and that she needed recruiting, so she suffered week after week to pass away, without forming any definite plan for her return, until a letter from Agnes was put into her hand, with only these words:

"O, Florence, come home! Come quick! Mrs. Buckingham is very sick,—I fear, *dying*!

AGNES."

BRIGHT be the coronal of bliss
 That future days shall date from this!
 The light that Hymen's torch supplies,
 Plumes Affection's paradise;
 The angel Constancy dwells there—
 Heaven grant this be your mortal share!
 With every hope more clear and bright,
 Twin stars of one chaste loving light!

Bradshaw E. Walker.





DICENTRA or DIELYTRA SPECTABILIS.



CHANGES IN THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

WORDS BY MRS. M. A. ELY.

MUSIC BY J. C. JOHNSON.

1. I came, where in my ear-ly days, I spent so man-y joyous hours, I hastened where I oft had sat, Be -

2. I came where I so oft had trained The beauteous rose, Whose odor shed Its rich perfume on all around, But

neath the Jasmine bow-ers : But change was writ - ten sad - ly there, Faded, and gone each flow'ret fair, But

found it withered, dead : I turned, my heart with sadness rife, Such, I exclaimed, is mortal life ! I

CHANGES IN THE HOMESTEAD, Concluded.

The musical score is written on three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics 'change was written sad - ly there, Fa - ded and gone each flow' ret fair.' are written below the first staff. The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics 'turned, my heart with sad - ness rife, Such, I exclaimed, is mor - tal life !'. The third staff concludes the piece with the lyrics 'O, such is mor - tal life !'. The score ends with a double bar line.

3 I came, but in the homestead halls,
 Where once was heard the jocund song,
 Where swiftly sped our youthful feet,
 In heedless haste along ;
 I found all silent, dark and drear,
 I sighed, for change was written there,
 For change was written there.

4 I called, but now no mother's voice
 Came answering sweetly to my own.
 No sister's cheerful laugh was heard,
 Or brother's whistling tone ;
 But back again on my *own* ear,
 Came my *own* words so strangely clear,
 My words so strangely clear.

5 I walked with sad and heavy heart
 Through each lonely, deserted room :
 No glad some smile awaited me,
 But mournful, solemn gloom ;
 The same deep truth was written there,
 All, *all* on earth is frail, tho' fair,
 All all, is frail tho' fair.

6 Father and mother both were gone,
 Long, long since numbered with the dead.
 Rank weeds grew wild and fearlessly
 Upon their lowly bed.
 Gone from that old ancestral hall,
 Were brothers, sisters, kindred, all :
 My friends, my kindred, all.

BARTHOLOMEW DE LAS CASAS.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

PROMINENT among the Spanish settlers of Cuba is his name at the head of this article. He was born in Seville, in Spain, in 1474, eighteen years before Columbus discovered America, with whom he and his father sailed for the West Indies in the nineteenth year of his age. He returned, completed his preparation for sacred orders in the Roman Catholic church, and again sailed with that discoverer on a second voyage to this western world. Upon the conquest of Cuba by the Spaniards, he settled there and devoted himself to the welfare of its aboriginal inhabitants. His humane exertions in their behalf secured him the title of "Protector of the Indians." Nobly did he remonstrate against their oppression with their Spanish masters, whose violence at length drove him from the island. He went back to Europe, and plead their cause so eloquently before the court of Charles V., as to obtain a royal edict in their favor.

If he had died immediately after this triumph, his name would have gone down to posterity honorably associated with that of Wilberforce, Clarkson and Elliot. But this champion of freedom subsequently introduced African slavery into Cuba, and sold negroes to the planters, to take the place of the Indians, whom he emancipated, thus uniting in himself the opposite characters of liberator and enslaver.

In 1521, he attempted in vain to found a colony of two hundred planters at Porto Rico, but they were dispossessed of their territory, and in despair he retired to a Dominican convent in St. Domingo, where he again espoused the cause of the Indians; and, after long and successful exertions for their Christianization, returned to Spain, and died in Madrid, in the ninety-second year of his age; ministered unto by his countrymen, but with still greater tenderness by daughters of the red men, who smoothed his pillow in death, and watched his expiring breath.

MATERNAL EXAMPLE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

MOTHERS, whatever you wish your children to become, strive to exhibit in your own lives, conversation and countenance. Do not send them forth into an unexplored country without a guide. Put yourselves at their head. Lead the way, like Moses, through the wilderness, to Pisgah.

The most certain mode to fix indelible habits, is the constancy of sweet example. Thus impressed on the young mind, amid the genial atmosphere of a happy home, they become incorporated with trains of thought, associations of ideas, elements of character. They lay their hand upon the soul, till, through the grave and gate of death, it passes onward to the judgment.

“Letters to Mothers.”

WE MEET AGAIN.

BY MONTGOMERY.

JOYFUL words, — we meet again !
Love’s own language, comfort darting
Through the souls of friends at parting,
Life in death, — we meet again !

While we walk this vale of tears,
Compass’d round with care and sorrow,
Gloom to-day and storm to-morrow,
“Meet again !” our bosom cheers.

Far in exile while we roam,
O’er our lost endearments weeping,
Lonely, silent vigils keeping,
“Meet again !” transports us home.

When this weary world is past,
Happy they, whose spirits soaring,
Vast eternity exploring,
“Meet again !” in heaven at last.

FAMILY DISCIPLINE.

BY REV. C. KIMBALL.

WHILE sitting, on one occasion, in the house of a professional gentleman, and observing some improprieties in his children, I asked him in effect why he did not train them to better habits. He replied in substance, It is too much trouble. This, in all probability, would be the reply of many parents who neglect family discipline, if they expressed honestly the feelings of their hearts. But why should it be considered a trouble to train up children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? Why not regard it a pleasure, no less than a duty, and a privilege, to check in them the outbreaks of depravity, and give a healthful direction to their opening powers? True it will require time and patience, fidelity and perseverance for years, to secure all you desire in the physical development, the moral culture, the prompt obedience and early piety of your children; but is not the blessing, when obtained, worth such an effort? Does it not immeasurably transcend all you have done or can do to secure it? Look through your dwelling, over your farm, into your stores and factories, and see if amidst all your treasures you can find an object more desirable, and upon which you set a higher estimate, than that lovely cluster of immortal beings, growing up like olive-plants round about your table. And are these to be neglected, while things that perish with the using receive your assiduous attention?

When on one occasion some Roman matrons were exhibiting their precious jewels to each other, Cornelia, less wealthy, perhaps, but more wise, presented her two sons, whom she was training for the service of the state, and exclaimed, "These are my jewels." A noble example, indeed, for a heathen, and worthy a more enlightened age. And will you, a Christian parent, enlightened by divine revelation, place a lower estimate upon your offspring, than did a heathen matron, and feel less interest in training them, not for the state merely, but for the service

of the King of kings? As the parents of Philip Doddridge saw their son growing in physical strength, increasing in knowledge and piety, dutiful to themselves and respectful to others, giving high promise of mental greatness and moral goodness, kindling in their bosoms the earnest hope that he might be extensively useful in the present life, and holy and happy in the life to come, did they regret the early consecration of him to God, the care and toil of watching and training him, the prayers offered in his behalf, the tears shed for him, and the anxieties felt in leading him early to the Lamb of God for pardon, justification and eternal life, through the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost? Could the parents of Washington have sat by his side as he retired from public life, and seen him, as he really was, the ablest general of his age, the "Father of his country," the first and ablest president of this young and rising republic, and retiring from the responsible office, loaded with the honors and blest with the caresses of a grateful people, — a great statesman, a skilful politician, judicious in counsel, profound in knowledge, keen in penetration, dignified in manners, filial, modest, benevolent, prayerful, fearing God and loving his country, — could they have felt a moment's regret for the efforts put forth, and for the solicitude felt in his behalf? Your child may not be a Doddridge or a Washington; but sure I am, if rightly trained, that he will be a comfort to you, a blessing to himself, and useful to the present and coming generations.

What sight on earth can be more delightful or hopeful, than a well-disciplined, dutiful, pious family of children, growing up in the fear of the Lord, and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost? It is like — like what? Apples of gold in pictures of silver; trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he may be glorified. It is from such families, mainly, that the teachers of Sabbath schools, our academies, colleges and theological seminaries, are to come. It is from such families, mainly, that the churches are to be replenished with members, be furnished with able and faithful pastors, the desolate sections of our country to be supplied with colporters, the heathen with missionaries, through whose instrumentality the world is to be regenerated and given to Christ; to be filled with peace, holiness

and love, and heaven with happy spirits and endless praise Reader, are you a member of such a family, of whom Jehovah will say, They shall be mine in the day when I make up my jewels, for I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, that they may keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment? Then shall your peace be like a river, and your righteousness as the waves of the sea, and the Lord shall be your everlasting light, and your God your glory.

On the other hand, what sight can be more distressing, than children born in depravity, nurtured in sin, and left to grow up under the debasing influence of carnal appetites and passions? Gross in manners and depraved in morals, corrupt and corrupting, like the Bohan Upas, they shed around them a withering influence, which blights and curses every object with which it comes in contact. Poisoning the channels of healthful influence, they demoralize society. "The poison of asps is under their lips; whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness. Their feet are swift to shed blood. Destruction and misery are in their ways, and the way of peace have they not known. There is no fear of God before their eyes." Unrestrained by parental authority, reckless of consequences, they press onward in the way to destruction. Reader, are you a member of an unhappy family which casts off fear and restrains prayer? When I look at such families, and seriously contemplate their character and destiny, my heart is pained, and my soul is stirred to its inmost depths, as I ask myself, Are these the children who are to be the heads of the families of the next generation? And what will be the state of society when they shall send forth a progeny, if possible, even more corrupt than themselves? But such families there are, and such there will be till the heads of them shall awake to the responsibility of their station, and train them up in the fear of the Lord. Shame on the indolence and guilt of those occupying a position of such solemnity, who neglect their duty to their offspring, on account of the trouble or labor it may cost them! Sooner or later they must answer for hiding their talent in a napkin, and must realize, in their woful experience,

the terrible results of such conduct, at the bar of an upbraiding conscience, and at the tribunal of a just God.

Fifty years ago it was expected by both parties, that parents at the head of families should govern their children; they did so, and the beneficial effects were realized by themselves and society. But now the reverse, we are compelled to believe, is too often the fact. In a multitude of cases, children, and many of them not over ten years of age, spoiled by indulgence, govern their parents, and the result is evil, only evil, and that continually. The sight is truly sickening, painful and disastrous in the extreme. Were my powers equal to my convictions on this subject, I would raise my voice to such a tone of earnest entreaty and tender remonstrance, as should reach the ears of parents in every log-house beyond the mountains. I would conjure them by all that is dignified in the parental relation, by tender regard and affection for their children, by the obedience and respect due to themselves from their offspring, by their regard for their highest welfare for time and eternity, by the love and tender mercies of God, by the dying agonies and intercessions of Jesus, by the gracious work of the Holy Spirit too often obstructed by parental folly and indulgence, by the joy of angels, the fellowship of saints, and the approbation of the great and good who dwell on the earth, by the decisions of the final judgment, and all that is glorious in heaven and fearful in hell,—by these and kindred considerations, I would conjure them to awake from their guilty apathy, and, with the dignity becoming parents at the head of their families, to take into their own hands the reins of government, to bring their children into a state of subordination, to teach them their relations and duty to themselves, to God, and to one another; to pray for them without ceasing, to reprove them tenderly and kindly, but faithfully, when disobedient, and to encourage them when filial, and by every available means to seek in earnest the salvation of their souls. All this, with the divine blessing, they can do and ought to do, and will be guilty if they neglect. God and Jesus, and the Divine Spirit, require it at their hands.

Is it said that there is no call for so much earnestness in this

matter? The reverse of this is demonstrably true, and, should the guardians of children and the teachers of religion hold their peace on a subject of such magnitude, we might almost expect the very stones to cry out.

There has been a sad abatement of parental authority within twenty-five years, and the results are visible to the careful observer of the rising generation, and that, too, notwithstanding the instruction given in Sabbath schools. In proportion as parental authority has been surrendered, insubordination among the young has gathered strength. They have too often become bold in demeanor, impatient of restraint, restive under wholesome regulations, violent in their passions, impudent and unchaste. Irreverence for God and his word, desecration of the Sabbath, contempt for divine ordinances, combinations to annihilate the church and the ministry, and attempts to trample down law and social order, have followed. Days appointed for public fasting and prayer, as also of thanksgiving and praise, have not only been less religiously observed, but, to a great extent among the young, have been converted into scenes of sport and dissipation. Non-resistance, come-outerism, abolition of capital punishment, socialism and kindred vices, threatening to bear away the pillars of state, and overturn the altars of devotion, have sprung from the same prolific source.

To remedy these evils, we must go back to the good old way of our fathers, and implant the principles and truths of the Bible early in the mind of the rising generation. To stay this tide of corruption coming in upon us like a flood, the foundation, which is parental influence, must be purified; then the streams will be pure; and as, with a renovating power, they flow gently over the surface of society, imparting vitality to the religious element, and health and vigor to the body politic, they will fertilize and beautify the moral wastes in the vineyard of the Lord, and make our own favored land, in its religious aspect and civil institutions, in the eyes of foreign countries, what New England has been and still is to the other sections of our own happy Union, the garden of the world.

LITTLE EMMA'S DREAM.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

My little contribution,
With ready heart and hand,
I gave, to send the word of God
To distant heathen land ;
And ere I went to rest that night
I kneeled to God in prayer,
That he would change my gift to light
For souls in darkness there.

When I was lost in slumber,
There seemed just o'er my bed
An angel child, with beaming brow,
And shining wings outspread.
And stainless seemed the robe to flow
About that lovely one,
As lies a glowing sheet of snow
Beneath the morning sun.

A touch of golden glory
Was on her wavy hair ;
Her face, with rose-tint on the cheek,
Was like the lily fair ;
And, O, she sang a holy song,
Which angels only know
To sound in their adoring throng,
And never learnt below !

She told a hasty story
About her life on earth,
When here a little dark Hindoo,
Of distant Indian birth :
That once her parents were of those
Who God in Ganges deem,
Where oft her babe the mother throws
An offering on the stream.

But when the missions taught them
To read the Word, and pray
To God in heaven, through Jesus' name,
Their gods were cast away :

That ere she died, she loved to sing
How Christ for her could die ;
And then he gave her spirit wing
To soar to him on high.

I drew my breath, to ask her
About the joys above ;
When silently she disappeared
With parting smile of love !
Awaking then, I prayed for more,
That I might send away
To shed upon some heathen shore
The beams of Gospel day.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

THE trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers, like souls at rest ;
The stars shine gloriously, — and all,
Save me, are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave ! —
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head ; when shall it wave
Above thy child ?

'T is a sweet flower, — yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow ;
Dear mother, 't is thine emblem, — dust
Is on thy brow !

And I could love to die, —
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams,
By thee, as erst in childhood lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes of childhood dear
With bitter tears ?

Ay, must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sear,
Went down with thee ?

Oft from life's withering bower,
In still communion with the past, I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night-winds' wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown ?
I gaze above, — thy look is imaged there, —
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air !

O, come ! whilst here I press
My brow upon thy grave, and in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child !

Yes, bless thy weeping child,
And o'er thine urn, religion's holiest shrine,
O, give his spirit undefiled,
To blend with thine !

Would, mother, thou couldst hear me tell
How oft, amid my brief career,
For sins and follies loved too well,
Hath fallen the free, repentant tear ;
And, in the waywardness of youth,
How bitter thoughts have given to me
Contempt for crime, love for truth,
'Mid sweet remembrances of thee.

J. Aldrich.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

HOME happiness depends not on wealth and luxury, not on splendor and elegance, not on numbers, not on climate, not on any contingent circumstances whatever, but on the blessing of God. Thousands have rolled in wealth and luxury, dwelt in mansions adorned with elegance and splendor, but happiness was not an inmate of their dwellings. Children may be numerous, and worldly prosperity roll in like a tide, but bear on its bosom no permanent and deep joy. They who have forsaken the rugged hills of the north, to dwell in the sunny vales of the south, and they who have forsaken southern homes for colder latitudes, have told us that domestic happiness is not dependent on climate. In every latitude, and under every variety of contingent circumstances, has happiness, domestic happiness, been sought; but, alas! how few have found her. Multitudes, disappointed in the search, have foolishly fancied that this invaluable boon perished from the earth when Adam and Eve turned their backs in sorrow on the gates of their lost Eden.

The Psalmist observed how men sought true felicity in his day. And since domestic comfort is the chief enjoyment of men, he may have had domestic happiness in his view when he said, "There be many that say, who will show us any good?" This is the universal language of all who have not found a truly Happy Home. But he, as if he fully understood the secret, adds, "*Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.*"

Here is the secret of domestic bliss. It lies in the favor of God, in the light of his smile. O, that men universally understood this! O, that they who have sought substantial good in wealth, and splendor, and outward appliances, and sought in vain, would consider this! The smile of God, the light of his

countenance, produces domestic harmony and joy among his redeemed children in heaven ; and why should it not also upon earth ? Alas ! it is feared that there are thousands of wealthy and prosperous families,—I mean prosperous in a worldly point of view,—upon whom the light of God's countenance has never yet risen.

There is reason to believe that there are multitudes of households, and perhaps yours, reader, is one, where domestic peace and harmony and joy are strangers, because God is shut out of your dwelling ; because there is under your roof no altar of prayer, no Family Worship. Jehovah, the mighty Maker of heaven and earth, is a great God and a great King above all gods. From his everlasting throne, he has declared "them that honor me I will honor, and those that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." Can it therefore be expected that he will smile on those who worship him not by the sacred fireside of home ? Can domestic happiness,—I speak not of that which is spurious, but such as is genuine,—can it abide under the roof where God is not worshipped ? O, if parents would but bend the knee daily in fervent prayer to God, and read and meditate his holy word, and sing his praise, I do believe they would soon find his favor to be life, and his loving kindness to be better than life. If we acknowledge him in all our ways, he will direct our paths. And, in the rearing of a family for usefulness and honor, fathers and mothers would do well often to remember that except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY OF DOMESTIC LIFE. — One great secret of domestic enjoyment is too much overlooked. It lies in bringing our wants down to our circumstances, instead of toiling to bring our circumstances up to our wants. Wants will always be ahead of means ; and there will be no end to the race, if you set the latter chasing the former. Put the yoke of self-denial on desire, apply the spur of industry to energy, and then, if the latter does not overtake the former, it will at least come in sight of it.

ANXIETY FOR YOUNG MEN.

BY REV. DR. SHEPERD.

DURING the latter part of the successful reign of David, his son Absalom formed a conspiracy to usurp the throne of Israel. To render successful his treasonable and parricidal designs, he won over to his side a large portion of the army, and ventured to pitch battle with the faithful remnant of the king's veteran warriors in the wood of Ephraim. The army of the young usurper was overpowered, and himself slain. The anxious father took an elevated position between the gates of the city, that he might catch the first intelligence that came from the battle-field. At length a messenger is seen hastening toward the place of the king, with tidings from the army. The first question which fell upon the ear of the breathless messenger, from the lips of the trembling king, was, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" The victory of his army, the integrity of his kingdom, the security of the crown upon his head, were all minor considerations at this moment. All the questions of state were lost in the outgushing sympathies of the father. And who, that knows the strength of the ties that bind the heart of the parent to the child, can cast censure upon the king of Israel, for concentrating the deep solicitude of his soul upon the safety of his son, under circumstances so affecting? What though that son had been recreant, aspiring, and cruelly treacherous, he could not forget that he was his son. And could he have rescued him from his recent perilous position, and seen him return to his father's warm embrace, penitent and reformed, how cheerfully would he have parted with any amount of his possessions, even to the half of his kingdom! But it was too late. Absalom had fallen in the midst of his folly and rebellion. And, O, the touching lamentation of that hour! Is there anything that surpasses it, in depth and tenderness of grief, in the history of earthly sorrow?

I present the venerable king of Israel, in the chamber where he retired to weep, as an exemplification of tender anxiety for a young man in perilous circumstances. And what parent is there that does not sympathize with David in a degree proportionate to the temptations and dangers which surround an absent son? Is he in the city or country, on the ocean or the western prairie, how natural the inquiry, "Is the young man safe?" No matter how far he may have wandered from home, or from rectitude, can a mother's prayer cease to follow him? Will not a father's arms be open to embrace him on his return?

Nor is anxiety for the welfare of the young confined to parental bosoms. The Saviour manifested a special interest in the training of youth. The young man that came to him, kneeling and inquiring what he should do that he might inherit eternal life, he loved, for there were tokens of promise in his ingenuousness. Solomon devoted the choicest counsels of wisdom and experience to the admonition and instruction of young men. Paul gave charge to Timothy, to exhort young men to be sober-minded. The beloved John wrote unto "young men," "because" they were "strong," and might do great good, if "the word of God should abide in them, and they could overcome the wicked one." Thus it is evidently the duty of ministers, who are set to watch for souls,—of teachers, of all who have influence over the minds of youth, especially young men, to participate in this anxiety, so far as to exert that influence in securing, by every practicable means, their moral safety.

Their *inexperience* demands this solicitude on our part. How little can the young man know of life's realities! How liable to be led astray by false appearances! There are many influences at work, at this day, to surround the young with a fictitious world. Works, addressed to the imagination, giving an unnatural and unhealthy stimulus to the fancy, painting objects in unreal colors, teem from the press, and inundate almost every family, training the youthful mind, so far as they have influence over it, for a state of society very different from that in which it will be called to act when it begins to mingle in

the busy concerns of actual life. Hence arose his liability to be led into devious and dangerous paths. One false step leads to another. The descent is gentle and easy; but the end is a labyrinth of evils, from which escape is difficult, if not impossible.

How many young men are led astray by the arts of *unreal friendship*! It comes with a smiling face, and with words of oil. It comes, too, with many strong professions of attachment, and, withal, in a direct line with the impulses of a disposition craving unrestrained indulgences. It bears the face of a lamb, while it conceals the jaws of a lion. Such false friendship is the more dangerous, because it approaches you with concealed weapons. Before the victim is aware of his exposure, he feels the deadly thrust "under the fifth rib." A sneer, a word with a curled lip, derisive of subjection to parental tyranny, from such a companion, will cause the young man to turn away with cold distrust from the counsels of wisdom and experience, because they enjoin self-denial in things craved by a reckless regard to his highest good. It takes years of experience, and this often of the bitterest kind, to convince the young that true friendship often finds it necessary to wound, that it may heal; to amputate, that it may save life. "The kisses of an enemy are deceitful, but faithful are the wounds of a friend!"

O, ye who have encountered the same sources of deception and temptation in your youth, whose feet had well-nigh slipped, but who were saved, ye can speak the lessons of experience! Shall not they awaken your deep solicitude for the safety of those whom you now see travelling in the same dangerous road? Will you not hasten and speak to that young man before it be too late?

Another ground of our anxiety for young men lies in their *destitution of self-control*. The period of youth is proverbially exposed to the indulgence of self-confidence. The animal nature too often predominates over the intellectual and the moral. The appetites are strong, while conscience and foresight are feeble. That which is pleasing to the eye, melodious to the ear, and grateful to the palate, is apt to be seized with avidity, from

the promise of present gratification, although, like the forbidden fruit of Eden, the consequences are known to be fatal to peace. The young man means not to do himself harm; but he is impelled forward by the hope of immediate gratification. He cannot withhold his heart from any source of indulgence which yields present pleasure. He, therefore, "looks upon the wine when it is red; when it giveth its color in the cup; when it moveth itself aright," ignoring the certain results; "at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Alas, the young man void of understanding! "As the ox goeth to the slaughter, and a fool to the correction of the stocks," so he rusheth into her door, heedless of the inscription in flaming capitals over it, "None that go in unto her return again." "Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." "He that hath no rule over his spirit is like a city broken down and without walls."

A further source of anxiety for the safety of young men lies in the *corrupting influences that surround them*. Perhaps there never was a time when more and better opportunities were presented before the rising generation for their intellectual and moral culture. And yet we are constrained to say at the same time, and with equal assurance, that there never was a period when temptations to evil were greater. When were the disciples of infidelity and scepticism ever more insidious, incessant and successful? When were profaneness, Sabbath-breaking, and licentiousness, ever more bold? Here are the nurseries of the most fatal errors and vices; schools of iniquity where hosts of young men are trained up to become depredators upon the property and the peace of the community.

How anxious should every parent be, every spiritual watchman, every teacher of youth, every friend of society and the church of God, to forestall the mind of every young man with an abhorrence of whatever is grovelling and vicious; fortify him against every access of the seducer! How incessant should we be to cast in the good seed in the morning, before the enemy shall come in the night and sow tares! How earnest should we be to put the Gospel armor upon that young man,

that he may quench every fiery dart of the adversary, and stand safe and unharmed in the hour of trial !

In our anxiety and efforts for the moral safety of young men, we should keep distinctly before them the consideration that there is *no assurance* of such safety, except in the *renovating and sanctifying power of the Spirit upon the heart*. Short of such a radical change, carrying the affections up to God supremely, imbuing the soul with the love of Christ, and benevolence to mankind, we can have no sure ground of hope that any one will continue steadfast in a life of purity, integrity, always abounding in every good work.

Should these remarks fall under the eye of any of that class for whose benefit they are made, they will permit me to say, the love of Christ constraineth us to impress upon your minds the affecting truth urged by the Saviour upon Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again." Native amiableness of disposition, attractive social virtues, cultivated intellect, most desirable, lovely, and useful as they are, fail of reaching that high standard of holiness which is based on love toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Most earnestly and affectionately do we entreat you to come and plant your feet on the Rock, Christ Jesus. Other foundations of safety can no man lay. Believe in him with all your hearts; lay your bodies and spirits a willing sacrifice on the altar; give to God the dew of your youth; let your petition be, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe;"—and who or what shall separate you from the love of Christ? In the Everlasting arms you will be safe. The gates of hell can never prevail against you !

Young man, there is hope in your case ! The Bible is full of encouragement to the young. You are not the victims of long-cherished habits of unbelief and irreligion. When we sit down by the man of gray hairs, who has spent his whole life in pursuit of this world's possessions or honors, or pleasures, we realize how strong are the bands of habit. He is chained to his idols. With you it is not so. Your consciences are yet tender, your sensibilities susceptible to the appeals of truth. You have no inveterate prejudices to be overcome. Our hearts'

desire and prayer to God for you is, that you may be saved. Consecrate your early years to God. Give him your hearts, before the evil days come, when the pleasures of sense, the deceitfulness of riches, and the pride of life, shall have confirmed you in hopeless unbelief. Would that we could so gain your ear and your heart that you may become "as plants grown up in youth," in the garden of the Lord, there to flourish in perennial beauty and loveliness !

Scarcely does the sun look down upon a lovelier object than that of a young man of intelligent, consistent piety. Such an one sets out right. He remembers his Creator in the days of his youth. He girds on the Christian armor, and goes forth with the sacramental host to do battle with the powers of earth and hell, with the ardor and buoyancy of early life. If faithful to his high calling, he will become a burning and shining light — will, if blessed with long life, bring forth much fruit unto God, and become a bright gem in his Redeemer's crown in glory.

And do not the yearnings of a parental heart, the devout wrestlings of some spiritual guardian, urge you, my young friend, to make this consecration without delay ? Time is passing by, with its great and fearful changes. Soon those parental hearts that beat in such devout fervency for your safety — those parental lips that speak in accents of such tender solicitude for your soul's eternal welfare, will be still and silent in the grave. Or you may be separated from them, and all the restraining, moralizing influences of home, and be placed in the midst of the temptations of the city. Your house may henceforth be on the wide ocean, or on some desolate prairie of the west, where no sanctuary invites you to the ordinances of the Word. You may be summoned to your final account in your youth. Your sun may go down while it is yet day.

When I speak of the liability of the young to be ensnared in an evil time, my mind goes back, a few weeks, to the chamber where was borne a young man, who was incautiously drawn into an affray which took place at an Irish wedding-party, and there knocked down and stabbed in the breast; from which, after lingering eight days in great agony, he died.

There lay the youth of twenty-two summers, whom I had often met in the street, and looked upon as a rare specimen of physical vigor, comeliness of person, and promise of long life, now struggling with the grim messenger, whose dart had penetrated too deep to be extracted by human skill. Around him were gathered those to whose friendship and sympathy his amiable deportment and exemplary life had greatly endeared him. All that the ablest medical skill and the most assiduous attention could do was done; but the wound was mortal, and the ebbing of life went steadily forward, until the vital current ceased. Prayer was offered in that chamber, and elsewhere, without ceasing; the way of salvation through atoning blood affectionately and faithfully presented and urged upon the acceptance of the dying youth. With his mental powers in perfect possession, and in full view of his approaching dissolution, resignation to the will of God was expressed, and a hope of forgiveness through the merits of Christ Jesus. Kind and affectionate counsels were breathed into the ears of a weeping brother, the only relative in attendance, who hung over him as though they must live or die together. But the spirit took its departure, and there was a solemn stillness in that room. Strong men wept; manly tears fell plentifully from eyes which no ordinary scene could have suffused. God grant that the deep emotions of that hour, when each one present felt that he was standing close upon the verge of eternity, may not be dissipated from the mind, until the heart is surrendered to God, and the life consecrated to his service!

What is the lesson which such a providence ought to impress upon young men? Does it not say to such, "Venture not, as a matter of sport or idle curiosity, into those gatherings, either by day or by night, where the intoxicating cup is freely circulated, or where the brain becomes inflamed, and the arm nerved to any assault that may arise from the slightest provocation. If sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Go not in the way of evil men. Ponder well the path of thy feet. Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

I began with a venerable father, watching anxiously to hear

of the safety of his son amid the perils of a battle-field. Young man! perhaps the sainted spirit of thy anxious parent has passed up to the abodes of the blessed, and may now be hovering around you, like a guardian angel, to watch over you in your retired chamber, to mark the passing emotions of your pensive hour, and bear back to other kindred spirits a true report. If it be so, — and who will say that such a visitation may not fall within the sphere of privileges and duties granted to the spirits of the departed? — then this must be a solemn hour to you. When that guardian angel shall wing his way up to the celestial city, and many voices shall greet his return with the anxious inquiry, “Is the young man safe?” what shall be the answer? Shall it be, — will you permit the record so to be entered, — “He is joined to his idols; he refuses to accept of offered mercy; he pleads to be let alone this time”? — O, no! Heaven forbid it! Keep not those harps silent any longer. Let that answer be, “I saw the young man on his knees — behold, he prayeth! I heard his penitential sigh. I witnessed his espousals to Christ; I saw his name inscribed in the Book of Life. The young man is safe! Strike your harps anew, to the praise of redeeming grace! The lost is found! Glory be to God in the highest! The young man is safe!”

AT JESUS' FEET. — The Rev. W. Jay one day attended the dying bed of a young female, who thus addressed him:

“I have but little,” said she, “to relate as to my experience. I have been tried and tempted, but this is my sheet anchor; Jesus has said, ‘He that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.’ I know I came to him, and I expect that he will be as good as his word. Poor and unworthy as I am, he will not trifle with me; it would be beneath his greatness, as well as his goodness; I am at his feet, as you have often said.”

MY WIFE.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How sweet would evening fall,
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale !

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gladly would our pinnacle glide
O'er Gunga's troubled sea !

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooling wind.

I miss thee when, by Gunga's stream,
My twilight steps I guide ;
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering morn to cheer,
But miss thy kind, approving eye,
Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when at morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on ! then on ! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
On broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er black Almora's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor mild Mulwah detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea,
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay,
As then shall beam in thee.

THE MORNING STAR.

BY MRS. JOSEPH H. HANAFORD.

"And her against sweet cheerfulness was placed,
Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in evening clear,
Were decked with smiles, that all sad humors chased,
And darted forth delights, the which her goodly graced."
SPENSER'S "FAIRY QUEEN."

"The seasons all had charms for her,—
She welcomed each with joy ;
The charm that in her spirit lived
No changes could destroy." MRS. HALE.

"GOOD-MORNING !" exclaimed a fair man, of forty-five summers, his face glowing with the healthful hue of early morning. "Good-morning, Lilla !" and he laid his hand with paternal fondness on the head of a young girl, who sat leaning upon her elbow, and looking down on a slate placed on the table near which she was sitting. A lamp was burning near her, for it was yet early in the morning, and the shutters were still closed as they had been through the night.

Lilla replied, gently, "Good-morning, papa !" but did not look up.

"Why, my daughter, let me have a glance at those features, and see if a kiss on those lips won't bring me a more cheerful salutation, in a tone not quite so languid."

He raised her head. There were traces of tears upon her cheeks ; and two large, glittering drops had gathered in each of her eyes, and were just ready to course their way downward. Her lips quivered with emotion, as her father kissed her ; and he immediately asked, on perceiving her agitation, "What has occurred to trouble my little daughter ?"

She rose, and threw herself into his arms, sobbing, and finally said, "Papa, I am really ashamed of myself, but how can I help it ? Here I have tried to rise early for four mornings, and yet have not been able to get up soon enough to finish

my lessons. And that is n't all, either." Her voice faltered, and she stopped.

"Go on, daughter!" said the father, in an encouraging tone.

"Well, I ought to confess it,—and I will," said she, earnestly. "I am crying mostly because Arthur rose earlier than I did."

"Why, how can you mourn over his success in throwing off the chains of slumber!" was the father's exclamation of astonishment.

"Ever since we read the story of the English family, in which the earliest riser was called 'Lark,' through the day, as a title of honor, we have talked about it, Arthur, George, Lizzie and I; and we have all tried to gain the title. Arthur has had it the most, but I have never had it yet, for mother has told them not to call me, as I am not as well as they are, and she says I need more sleep. And yet, father, I should like to be called the 'Lark.' Am I wicked for crying, because Arthur got the name to-day?"

"Perhaps not, Lilla, if you only weep because you are disappointed, and do not envy him, and wish him to be as feeble as you are, that he might have to sleep more. But come here, my sweet Lilla;" and he drew her to a window. Throwing open a shutter, he admitted the gray light of morning. Rosy tints were already beautifying the east, and immediately before them, just above the horizon, shone with her glorious radiance Venus, the beautiful "Morning Star." The father pointed to it, and the daughter's admiring gaze rested on the lovely planet.

"Lilla," said her father, in a low, impressive tone, "you know your mother and I do not love to see our children weep. It makes our hearts sad, when tears fall from their bright eyes. And lately, dear daughter, you have wept, and looked sad, far oftener than we could have desired. Now let me propose another thing, in which perhaps you may succeed better than in early rising. Whoever wears the most cheerful countenance during to-morrow shall be called 'Morning Star.' How would my daughter like to try that experiment?"

"O, father!" was the glad response, "I should like it so much! I am really sorry that I have looked so sad, and I will try. Yes, I will try;" and the little maiden clapped her hands. With one more paternal kiss, her father drew her toward the room from whence the breakfast-bell had just sounded, and soon imparted his plan to all the members of the family. At the close of the meal he sent Lilla for a book to his study; and, during the interim, explained to his family his reasons for such a plan as he had devised.

"I think," said he, "that Lilla needs encouragement. She has been ill so much that her spirits are often low, and if we do not prolong the time for competition beyond to-morrow, she may gain the title, and, by being often addressed as our 'Morning Star,' may remember to cultivate a cheerful spirit, which will not only make our family circle happier, but conduce greatly to her health. Of course I do not ask my other children to weep, or look cross and sad, but simply request you to refrain from annoying her as much as possible. You will probably keep the 'lark' title all to yourselves, but don't prevent her from obtaining this new one, if she can be cheerful a whole day."

The children gladly promised; but, although they were willing to refrain from hindering their sister from gaining the title, each secretly resolved that he or she would try to secure it. But not having experienced the disappointment which Lilla had, nor having had any impression made upon their young minds by seeing Venus, as Lilla and her father had, they did not have a like motive to remember; and, several times during the "trial-day," Arthur and George were reprov'd for loud voices and unpleasant looks, as one interfered with the other's playthings; and Lizzie forgot the matter entirely when a letter arrived, saying a friend she had expected to visit them on the morrow would not be able to come for a week, and burst into tears. Lilla was on the point of doing the same, when she suddenly remembered the morning previous, when she was last disappointed, and with that memory came the thought of the "Morning Star," and she wisely forbore. Looking up just as she was seeking to manifest no emotion of sorrow, she caught

the eye of her father, and her equivocal smile said, "I am truly disappointed, too; but I'll try not to cry." He smiled, and the victory was won.

Evening came, and the family were about separating for the night, when the father, calling Lilla to him, said, as he gazed tenderly upon her, "My daughter, you have borne disappointment well to-day, and you really have been so bright and cheerful, that you deserve to be called our Morning Star. Cherish this cheerful spirit, my children, if you would have your hearts and our home always happy. When disappointments come, bear them patiently, remembering that God out of infinite wisdom orders all events. And now, good-night. Let us see who will be the 'lark' to-morrow, and thus the first to greet Lilla as our cheerful Morning Star."

With smiling faces they sought their repose; and, ever after, Lilla retained her pleasant name when her family wished to address her by an endearing title. It served to remind her of her duty to be cheerful; cheerfulness promoted health, and with returning health came more buoyancy of spirit, till, finally, she who was once a pale, puny, sickly, and usually sullen or sad child, became the joy of the neighborhood, with rosy cheeks, and laughing eyes,—the Morning Star shining on the family.

Years passed by, and in their rapid flight brought maturity to the mind and body of sweet Lilla. Nor were they without their effect on the other children of that family. The sons both passed with honor through college; one choosing the profession of an engineer, the other preferring the cares and responsibilities of a physician's life. Lizzie and Lilla remained at the old homestead. Rumor, with her hundred tongues, had whispered that Lizzie would soon fill a place at the head of some other household; but Lilla yet wandered, "in maiden meditation, fancy free."

One lovely evening, just preceding Thanksgiving,—that day which calls home so many wandering children of scattered families, and unites them again around the parental hearthstone,—Dr. Arthur Sanford, with his brother George, and a

stranger gentleman, might have been seen leaving the city of their residence, for the early home of the Sanfords. They had but a short distance to ride in the cars, but so great was the desire of the sons, who had been absent from their parents for many months, to reach home, that they would fain have urged on the iron horse to still greater speed, and regretted the frequent pauses at the various stopping-places. But, during their ride, they "spake often one to another," about the loved scenes and friends they were approaching.

"Mr. Scudder," said Arthur, "we are really glad that we have met with you this morning. Your arrival in the city last night was opportune, for I have long wanted to introduce you to our family, and I think you will enjoy yourself."

"I hope I shall be no interruption to your family gathering," was his reply; "but I know that it will be pleasant to unite in your Thanksgiving, though it will cause me to remember how far away I am from all my early friends."

"Well, you will be among warm friends," said George, in a playful manner; "so don't feel sad, or look sad, for if you do you will displease our Morning Star."

"Whom do you call by that bright name?"

"O, our sister Lilla," replied Arthur; "she believes, as you do, that cheerfulness is a part of religion."

"But why do you give her that title?"

Arthur and George here unitedly explained the incidents of their childhood, which led to the appropriation of such a name to their dear sister.

"But you cannot surely think that merely giving Skip Sanford that title was the cause of her continued cheerfulness?" asked the young minister, for such he was.

"O, William!" said George, "you are as full of questions as to the why and the wherefore, as in our college days. Wait till you see Lilla, and ask her, my friend."

Mr. Scudder smiled, and the conversation turned on college scenes, and the whereabouts of old chums, with accounts of their varied success in life, till the termination of their ride. At the depot they were met by the old family equipage, and quickly conveyed to the family mansion.

Here they found all the family, except Morning Star. She had gone some miles away to spend the night with a bereaved friend, who proposed on the morrow to be in their vicinity.

"Miss Seymour was so lonely," said Lizzie, in explanation, "that Lilla could not resist consenting to spend the night with her. I don't know how Miss Seymour could ask for Morning Star just now, when she knew you were expected; but then she needed cheering, and Morning Star is just the one to dispel her sorrow, as far as smiles and sympathy can do it."

"Smiles and tears, you mean, don't you?" asked George.

"No; Morning Star don't believe in tears, you know; she thinks she can express sympathy in cheerful tones, as well as in dolorous ones."

"But, then, your sister does not think it *wrong* to 'weep with those that weep,' does she?" asked the young minister.

"She does n't think it *wrong* to do anything our Saviour has taught; and I have seen her tears fall fast, in seasons when true sympathy could not fail to call them forth; but her words are always words of consolation and cheerfulness, and as soon as possible, as well as wherever possible, she blends them with smiles. Morning Star is a curious young woman, Mr. Scudder,—you need n't laugh, boys, or look so incredulous. Arthur,—Lilla is strange, but it is in a very comfortable way for us all. She believes in cheerfulness as a duty, and she acts up to her belief, that's all."

"Well, Lizzie, you are a good advocate; pity you had n't been a man," said George; "we might have had a lawyer in the family. But, after all, you are right. Morning Star is a strange, but bright specimen of humanity."

The summons to supper interrupted the conversation, and it was not again resumed. Mr. Scudder, however, did not forget it; but felt an unusual desire to see the wearer of so bright a name.

Morning brought the Star. She was gladly welcomed, and seemed joyous. Yet there was none of that levity which Mr. Scudder had feared might be evident. Unconsciously to himself, he had been interested in finding her simple and animated. There was no affectation, but constant cheerfulness. Smiles

often wreathed her lips, but sternness never pressed them together. The light of heaven shone in her eyes, and illumined her brow, but no shade of sullenness dimmed the one, or gathering frown darkened the other. She seemed truly, what her family had long called her, the Morning Star.

Mr. Scudder's visit was prolonged till the return of the "boys" to the city, a period of several weeks. He spent a brief season at Christmas in that pleasant family circle, which possessed *the magnet* for him, and returned thither in early spring, for this sole purpose,—as the discerning reader may suspect,—to make the lovely Morning Star his bride; the sharer of his joys, and soother of his sorrows, his companion in labor, and his "help-meet" in winning souls to Christ.

From the time he left her at Christmas, till they met in the following spring, they had been frequent correspondents. In one of his letters he thus wrote :

"Lilla, my Morning Star, indulge me, will you, in your next, with an explanation of your invariable cheerfulness,—of that sunlight that always shines in your presence? I know that you are a Christian, and believe, with you, that *true* religion never makes any heart gloomy; but I would know a little more of the process by which you have become so worthy of your beautiful name."

On the wings of love came her reply. "You are right, my chosen one, in attributing my cheerfulness to religious principle. I well remember, though but a child, the day on which my father gave me this title, which he said I had earned that day, and how glad and encouraged I felt. When I went to my room that night, I asked God, sincerely, to render me worthy of the title, and make me indeed a cheering light. God heard my infant prayer. I did not continue cheerful from that hour. I did not grow joyous all at once. But the good work was begun in my heart, and gradually, but surely, it went on. As I grew in years, God's Holy Spirit was ever whispering to me, 'This is the way, walk ye in it;' and, strengthened by Divine grace, I have at last become, in a measure, the trustful, hopeful child of God, who wears the expression of a cheerful heart, because her Bible teaches her to '*rejoice evermore.*'"

Give not the praise to me; you know that to Him only it is due, who has given me grace to follow one who declares himself to be 'the root and the offspring of David, and the Bright and Morning Star.'"

And thus Lilla continued, a sunbeam, till called to her home in the skies. May we not hope that she, and all who resemble her in character and life, will be numbered with those who, having "turned many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars and as the firmament, for ever and ever"?

On a certain occasion, General Washington invited a number of his fellow-officers to dine with him. While at the table, one of them uttered an oath. The general dropped his knife and fork in a moment, and, in his deep undertone and characteristic dignity and deliberation, said, "*I thought we all supposed ourselves gentlemen.*" He then resumed his knife and fork, and went on as before. The remark struck like an electric shock, and, as was intended, did execution, as his remarks in such cases were very apt to do. No person swore at the table after that. And after dinner, the officer referred to remarked to his companion, that if the general had *struck him over the head with his sword*, he could have borne it; but the home-thrust which he gave him, was too much,—it was too much *for a gentleman*. And it is hoped that it will be too much for any one, who pretends to be a gentleman.

Edwards.

MONTGOMERY'S LAST POEM.

The following hymn was written by the venerable James Montgomery, for a friend, on the very day before his death. The manuscript (says the *Sheffield Times*) betrayed no indication of trembling or old age, and might be taken to be the work of a person in middle life, instead of that of an octogenarian, who was just about to lay down his pen forever:

O, COME, all ye weary,
 And ye heavy laden,
 Lend a glad ear to your Saviour's call :
 Fearing or grieving,
 Yet humbly believing,
 Rest, rest for your souls he offers to all.

O, then sing hosanna
 With jubilant voices,
 And follow his train with willing accord ;
 Like him, meek and lowly,
 In heart and life holy,
 Own Christ, as good servants, your Master and Lord.

How easy his yoke is !
 How light is his burden !
 But what he suffered no language can tell ;
 His grief in the garden
 To purchase our pardon,
 His pangs on the cross to save us from hell !

Hence loud hallelujah
 Shall sound without ceasing,
 And till they all meet in the kingdom above,
 The living, the living,
 Prayer, praise, and thanksgiving,
 Shall joyfully render their love.

I WILL not sing a mortal's praise,
 To thee, I consecrate my lays,
 To whom my powers belong ! *Ibid.*

TENDENCY TO DEGENERACY.

BY REV. WILLIAM BATES.

A WELL-DRESSED and cultivated garden is a source of pleasure as well as profit to its owner. With its luxuriance of vegetation, its beauty of blossom, and wealth of fruit, it presents a delightful picture to the eye of taste. A skilful gardener never remits his exertions to keep the vines trellised, the flowers supported against the too strong breath of the wind, the loaded fruit-trees carefully propped, and all the different forms of vegetation, which he cultivates, so situated as to meet their own peculiarities, and to develop their characteristic excellences. One plant he places in a dry soil, another in wet ground; one, as its nature requires, in the shade, and another in the full, open sunshine. Every rare bud is watched for its blossoming. Every exotic is nurtured with care. Every dry branch is trimmed out of the young tree, and any limb, that would mar its graceful symmetry, is early pruned. Throughout the garden, marks of watchful care and unremitted labor appear. By daily attention and toil, are its refreshing beauties, its symmetry and richness, preserved.

But, let the gardener's skilful hand be withdrawn from it, and speedily a process of deterioration will commence. It will be overrun with weeds. Every delicate flower will be shaded, and every choice plant encroached upon, until all symmetry and beauty disappear, and the once tasteful and thrifty garden becomes a useless waste.

But a vineyard is not the only thing that degenerates under neglect; a garden is not the only thing that runs to waste, if uncultivated.

Proneness to deterioration is a universal tendency,—a characteristic of mind as well as of matter. Whatever is neglected declines. Constant effort is requisite, not only to preserve the beauty and fruitfulness of the garden, but to prevent anything of value from depreciating.

Illustrations of this principle are numerous in the natural world. A house unoccupied, or a ship lying unused at the wharf, will rapidly decay. The tendency of a farm to barrenness, can be arrested only by diligent culture, by a rotation of crops, and by a generous enrichment of the soil. Many plants speedily depreciate under neglect. Only the most attentive culture can prevent them from declining. Many of the most choice species of fruit are obtained only by persevering diligence and watchful culture; and their tendency to decline in richness and beauty can be arrested only by a skilful system of budding and grafting, and by assiduous cultivation.

Illustrations of the law of degeneracy may be found also in the record of nations. All history testifies that those kingdoms which have preserved to themselves the advantages of an enlightened civilization, have done so only by a constant and energetic struggle against the downward currents of social decline that have ever set powerfully against them. Many nations by these currents have been swept down to social disorganization and ruin. Every nation of ancient or modern times, that has struggled up to the heights of civilization, has stood firm only so long as it has contended with a vigilant eye and a powerful arm against the besetting tendency to deterioration. The statesman who has not learned, from his historical studies, that the strong tendency of nations is to decline in manners and virtue, has read to little purpose. For mankind, although susceptible of high social cultivation, are ever prone to sink down into anarchy and barbarism. It is only by the united influence of government, education and religion, that this downward tendency can be successfully resisted. Whenever these pillars of civilization are removed, or become weak, the social fabric falls. Or, whenever a body of men remove away from these upholding influences, and go out from the midst of the refinements of cultivated society, to form a new people or found a new state, they almost uniformly descend in the social scale. Colonists, going out from the conservative influences of a high civilization, ordinarily lose the polish of refined social life, and deteriorate in the valuable elements of character. Nothing but the unremitted appliance of the ele-

vating influences drawn from the higher social institutions of the parent country can counteract the general retrogression.

Individuals, as well as nations, afford illustrations of this law of degeneration. Persons of polished manners and refined taste often become, through negligence, coarse and vulgar. Men of good literary attainments often decline in scholarship, losing their former taste for study and all ambition to attain to intellectual excellence. Ladies and gentlemen, through negligence and a want of persistence in the duty of self-culture, not unfrequently lose the grace of their once polished manners, and their elegance and ease in conversation. The declension or corruption of language is an index of the retrogradation of society. Trench, in his captivating and instructive work,—*The Study of Words*,—truthfully says, “Men have dragged many words downward with themselves, and made them partakers of their own fall. A multitude of words in our language, having originally an honorable significance, have yet degenerated with the deterioration of those who used them. Scores of words, originally harmless, have assumed a harmful secondary meaning. Thus, ‘knave’ meant once no more than lad; ‘villain,’ than peasant; a ‘boor’ was only a farmer; a ‘churl,’ but a strong fellow. ‘Conceits’ had once nothing conceited in them; ‘officious’ had reference to offices of kindness, and not of busy intermeddling; and ‘moody’ was that which pertained to a man’s mood, without any sullenness implied.”

The most frequent lapse which men experience is in moral character. Temptations to wrong beset them on all sides. The world is full of evil influences. Strength of moral principle, firmness of purpose, a constant guarding of the citadel of the heart by an ever-wakeful conscience, are necessary to prevent a decline of virtue. The experience of multitudes and the observation of all bear testimony to the sad truth that men are prone to deteriorate in moral character. Few persons, perhaps none, live up to the standard of excellence they have adopted, however far below the divine law it may be. And as men decline in moral conduct, they sink in moral principle. How frequently do men of high social position and honorable reputation, in the indulgence of some sinful desire, sacrifice the

good name they have earned by long years of self-restraint and honorable conduct, and sink to the depths of crime and ignominy! How often do young men, of respectable parentage, enter upon courses of profligacy, and with rapid strides go down to infamy and despair, never to know again the joys of honor and virtuous reputation!

Everything in this world, of any value, is liable to deterioration. Piety, the best thing, is not an exception. It is subject to decay. The great general law of piety is, indeed, growth, advancement. Yet few Christians make regular and uniform progress. Through the strength of unconquered evil within, in consequence of duties neglected, and privileges unappreciated and unimproved, the course of many Christians is marked by instances of religious declension and relapses into sin. How sadly do many young disciples sink away from the standard of religious duty, with which they first entered on the Christian life! How often does the piety of Christians depreciate in their old age! How frequently do covetousness and petulance, two sins to which the aged are peculiarly liable, mar the piety of Christians in the decline of life, and cause a sad deterioration in their Christian character!

This tendency in human nature to degeneracy creates the necessity for the conservative and elevating influences of Christianity. Ancient civilization was destitute of this conservatory power, and therefore it could not stand. And if modern civilization is to abide, it must be upheld by the Christian religion. If the liberties of our country are to be preserved in the midst of the deteriorating influences to which, as a nation, we are peculiarly exposed, it must be by the power of Christian truth. There is no self-preserving or self-perpetuating power in republican institutions. Christianity must be their foundation, or they will fall.

This proneness to decline, as seen in the waning of the Christian's piety, creates the necessity for a diligent appliance of the means provided for the conservation of his spirituality. Without this, under the operation of the law of degeneracy, his moral beauty will be laid waste, and his Christian virtues crippled and prostrated.

To counteract the tendency to social and intellectual decay, the preventive agency and conserving power of education are requisite. Man is susceptible of high mental culture. He can by education be brought up to a high point of enterprise, honor and refinement. But let culture,—social, intellectual and religious,—be withheld, and he, by a law as sure as that of gravity, becomes and remains a barbarian. The lower orders of creation fulfil the end of their existence without culture. But man, left to himself, degenerates. Families, in which education is undervalued and neglected, deteriorate. They decline in respectability and enterprise. They experience a retrogradation in every valuable quality of character, and every attractive virtue.

As truly as the field of the slothful man becomes a useless waste, and the neglected garden is overgrown with weeds and briars, so truly will families and individuals deteriorate in social, intellectual and moral character, under the neglect of the means of education and culture. If they would resist the law of retrogression, let them not neglect intellectual culture; nor despise knowledge. Let them not undervalue moral excellence. Let them never remit their exertions at self-improvement.

“Let each

His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbéd shield,
Borne ever on high.”

ETERNITY. — Solemn and important was the advice given by Robert Hall: “Walk, as it were, upon the borders of the ocean of eternity, and listen to the sound of its waters, till you are deaf to every sound beside.” O, if we always did this, what different persons we should be, to what we are now, “in all manner of holy conversation and godliness!” Archbishop Tillotson, when his brethren were all preaching on “the times,” asked permission to discourse on eternity.

THE LONGING.

BY SCHILLER.

FROM out this dim and gloomy hollow,
Where hang the cold clouds heavily,
Could I but gain the clue to follow,
How blesséd would the journey be !
Aloft I see a fair dominion,
Through time and change all vernal still ;
But where the power and what the pinion
To gain the ever-blooming hill ?

Afar I hear their music ringing,
The lulling sounds of heaven repose,
And the light gales are downward bringing
The sweets of flowers the mountain knows.
I see the fruits, all golden glowing,
Beckon the glossy leaves between,
And o'er the blooms that there are blowing
Nor blight nor winter's wrath hath been.

To suns that shine forever, yonder,
O'er fields that fade not, sweet to flee !
The very winds that there may wander,
How healing must their breathing be !
But, lo ! between us rolls a river, —
A death in every billow raves ;
I feel the soul within me shiver,
To gaze upon the gloomy waves.

A rocky boat mine eyes discover,
But woe is near, the pilot fails ! —
In, boldly in, undaunted over !
And trust the life that swells the sails !
Thou must believe, and thou must venture ;
In fearless faith thy safety dwells ;
By miracles alone men enter
The glorious Land of Miracles !

OLD MOLL AND LITTLE AGNES; OR, THE RICH POOR AND THE POOR RICH.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

CHAPTER IX.

IN the small chamber leading from the dining-room, at the suburban cottage, four persons were assembled. Mrs. Buckingham, once the pride and ornament of the gay circle in which she moved, lay in bed, propped up by pillows. Louis stood before her, from time to time waving a large fan to assist the sufferer in her difficult respiration. Agnes knelt by the side of her dying friend, the woman and the child by turns gaining the mastery over her. If the feeble lips moved, she checked by a strong effort the sobs which were choking her, and bent her ear quickly to catch the faintest sound. With the thoughtfulness of one much her superior in years she wiped the cold dew from the damp forehead, or held the cup of wine to the parched lips; and then, when there was no further need of her services, she buried her head in the pillows, and gave way to her grief.

At the foot of the bed stood the faithful Bridget, trying to control her own sorrow, that she might the better administer consolation to her kind friends in their deep affliction. The sight of Agnes' distress deeply moved her; and, advancing nearer to the child, she said, "And sure, Miss Agnes, did n't ye say the mistress was going straight to heaven,—and won't she be a dale better off whin she gets there? Don't be crying the very heart out of ye, for sure the blessed Jesus knows what 's for the good of yees, entirely."

These words aroused Agnes, and, wiping her swollen eyes, she raised herself from her reclining position, when her attention was fixed by the countenance of her departing friend.

The dying woman lay as if in a glorious trance. Her eyes shone with a divine lustre, a bright smile played about her

mouth, while a heavenly radiance rested upon her brow. All present stood entranced. They knew that Death had come to claim his victim; but he came not as the king of terrors, but as a messenger from God to call a redeemed soul home to the skies. Once more her lips move; an expression of rapture lights every feature, and with the whispered words, "Jesus, my Saviour," a slight shudder passes over her, and death is swallowed up of eternal life.

It was some minutes before those present could realize that the spirit had taken its flight. At length, Bridget ventured to call the kind neighbor, who was trying to keep Mr. Buckingham from intruding into the sick-room, and herself remained to pacify and soothe him. Her task was not an easy one. With the fretfulness so common in his complaint, he exhibited great impatience that he should be kept from going where he pleased. At least, he wanted Agnes to come and amuse him. The sickness of his wife had excited and annoyed him. He had become accustomed to her gentle ministrations, and could not be made to understand why she absented herself from his side. The orders of the physician were imperative that he should be kept from her room, as it would not only be a great injury to her, but might subject him to an attack of his complaint. The ingenuity of Bridget had been taxed to the utmost to invent excuses any way consistent with truth, for the neglect of Agnes, or his accustomed attentions from his wife and son. On this day he seemed unusually silent and depressed, as if he had a foreboding of evil; but, as hour after hour passed, and he neither took his accustomed walk, nor was allowed to stroll about the house, Bridget's patience gave way. Her whole heart was in the sick-chamber of her mistress, and she had eagerly accepted the offer of a lady, who lived near, to remain with her patient.

It was but little more than an hour after the death of Mrs. Buckingham, that Florence arrived. Her presence at first only seemed to aggravate the grief of her young friends; but as, unmindful of time, hour after hour was passed in detailing an account of the blessed change which had taken place in the character of their departed friend, and relating the most minute

particulars of her sickness and triumphant death, the minds of each became more composed ; and Florence, though mourning deeply that she could not have been present to administer to her friend and receive her parting blessing, yet was comforted by the glorious hope of spending an eternity with her in praising the Lamb who was slain for our sins.

The following letter, which she wrote after the funeral to her friend Mrs. Van Lennep, gives an abstract of what she gathered, not only from Louis and Agnes, but from Mrs. Rose, who had been much in the family since Florence left home :

“VERY DEAR FRIEND : In my brief note announcing that all was over when I reached home, I had neither time nor strength to give you any particulars of the sickness of our deceased friend, nor of the blessed assurance which her last days afforded that she was prepared for a change of worlds. It is my privilege now to state many incidents which lead to such an assurance ; and I do so, fully believing you will rejoice, as I have no doubt the angels in heaven are rejoicing, over a soul redeemed by the blood of Christ, and sanctified by the Spirit of grace.

“It now appears that, since early in the spring, Mrs. Buckingham has been disturbed with thoughts of her past life, the folly of the course she had pursued, and the uncertainty of her own life. These thoughts for a long time she carefully concealed in her own breast, until, soon after I left for Beech Grove, Agnes one day found her in tears. Upon earnestly inquiring the cause, the poor burdened soul begged the child to tell her what she must do in order to be a Christian. God looked down in tender pity upon her distress, and put words into the mouth of the child, which greatly comforted and strengthened her in her new search after her Saviour. At her request, Agnes knelt by her side, and implored for her pardon and peace in believing. The lady wept tears of penitence ; and afterwards expressed her astonishment that so young a child could offer such a prayer. But the answer came not then. For weeks she sought her Saviour, sorrowing. The way of salvation was not clear to her. The Bible, so long unread and uncared for, was a sealed book ; but she grew

more and more importunate in prayer, and felt that she could not be denied a blessing.

"All this time, with a disinterestedness foreign to her natural character, she concealed her sorrows from her family, and even endeavored, in the presence of her husband, to appear cheerful. She had now become uniformly tender and affectionate in her manner to him, administering to his wants, indulging his whimsical fancies, and soothing his restless unquiet, in a manner those who witnessed it will never forget!

"Once, however, she confessed to Louis, with a burst of grief, that the remembrance that it was her own wicked extravagance which had brought her husband to such a state, caused her many hours of anguish; and she expressed also, as she had never done to me, the deepest regret that I also should suffer by her worldliness and folly.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God has perfected praise. It was the unspeakable privilege of my dear child to lead this sorrowing sinner to the foot of the cross. One evening, after most of the family had retired, Agnes stole softly into the room which she occupied with Mrs. Buckingham, and knelt in the moonlight to offer up her simple prayer.

"'Pray aloud, Agnes,' said Mrs. Buckingham; 'I am not sleepy. I cannot sleep with this weight of guilt upon my soul!'

"Agnes sprang to her side, saying, 'O, why will you keep such a load, when Jesus is waiting to take it and bear it for you! He knows you will sink without his aid. His arm is outstretched to save you. O, cling to it! Give up trying to save yourself, and lean upon him.'

"The words came with power. For one moment neither spoke; then, with a feeble cry for aid, the sinner threw herself at the feet of the Saviour, saying, 'Lord, save, or I perish!'

"When Agnes knelt again, it was with a heart swelled almost to bursting with gratitude and praise. Hour after hour of that eventful night was passed in alternate conversation and prayer, while the young disciple was called upon again and

again to repeat a part of a psalm, in which a new-born soul might give expression to her gratitude to God.

"The two days following, Mrs. Buckingham enjoyed much in the society of Mrs. Rose, an eminent Christian in the neighborhood, and the one who related to me most of the above. The change was very apparent. She said she could hardly contain her joy, and it kept breaking forth in sacred song. Even her husband noticed it, and, though he could not understand the cause, he was much pleased.

"On Tuesday night she was seized with an attack, in its first stages, somewhat resembling cholera, and said at once, and with the utmost calmness, 'I shall never recover.' Throughout her short sickness, though suffering the most acute distress, her mind was clear, and she gave directions about many family matters, especially about the care of her husband. She left many messages for Lily, and also for me, and then gave herself up to the contemplation of the joys which awaited her in heaven. Not for one moment did her faith seem clouded. She rested entirely upon the merits of her Saviour, again and again expressing her wonder that she, a poor, guilty sinner, should have been made a subject of saving grace, and often repeating the words which had been read to her,

" 'All my trust on thee is stayed ;
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.'

In this state she continued until Friday evening, when she departed with the words, 'Jesus, my Saviour,' upon her lips.

"I asked Agnes why she had not written me more particularly of the state of Mrs. Buckingham's mind. She replied, that she had considered the conversation as confidential, and had felt a delicacy in speaking of it even to me."

Throughout the winter Agnes was pale and languid, and showed plainly that her system had been overtaken. For some weeks following the decease of Mrs. Buckingham, Florence supposed that her listlessness was occasioned by the

reaction from the great excitement through which she had passed, and did not urge her attending school, though the term had been some time commenced; but as month after month passed away, and the usually active child lay most of the time upon the sofa, or walked feebly from room to room, her friends became alarmed, and at length Florence asked advice of the physician who paid occasional visits to Mr. Buckingham.

Agnes was a great favorite with the old gentleman, who had remarked her dutiful attentions to his patient, and more particularly her womanly forethought and care during the severe sickness of his wife.

The child confessed to him, what she had never mentioned before, that she was afflicted with constant headache, generally more severe in the morning, and which was greatly increased by the slightest exertion. She had little appetite, and her pulse denoted a prostration of her whole system.

The physician advised a more strengthening diet, with an occasional glass of weak porter, as she could bear it. As she had no tendency to fever, he prescribed powders of iron to stimulate her appetite, and give tone to her system; and recommended that, as soon as she was able, she should go a journey for change of air and scene.

Under this regimen she soon began to gain strength, and in March consented to accompany Louis to Philadelphia, to visit Lily. This short trip was found to be so beneficial, and Agnes seemed on her return so much like her former self, that Florence urged her to accept an invitation from Mrs. Van Lennep to visit her in May. She remained in Beech Grove until September, when she returned to take her place in the school, from which she had been absent a year.

To Florence the summer passed very quietly away. Mr. Buckingham was so much improved in bodily health that he was able, by the aid of a cane, to walk about the house; and, after being assisted down the steps into the garden, often spent most of the day there. He grew hearty, and gained much in flesh, but Louis and Florence perceived with anxiety that his mind was completely shattered. He would sit gazing at some

object for an hour, and, when aroused, would seem as if awaking from sleep. He called Florence Anna, and Louis quite as often by any other name as his own.

When Agnes returned home she was much distressed that he appeared not to have the least recollection of her, and could hardly realize so great a change in him in so short a time.

Their kind physician informed them that he was liable to be taken away at any moment, as the deep stupor which had fallen upon him was usually a precursor of the sleep which knows no waking.

During his summer vacation, Louis passed a week with Agnes at Beech Grove; and, on his return, took charge of his father, while Florence did the same. They were each delighted with the account Mr. and Mrs. Van Lennep gave of their favorite, and also with the improvement in her health and appearance. It was true there was a great change in Agnes. She was now in her eleventh year, was tall and graceful in her figure. A rich color mantled her cheeks and lips, while her whole countenance glowed with animation. Circumstances had developed her character prematurely, and she looked perhaps upon life in a different point of view from most of her age. To her it had been sunshine, shadowed at times by heavy clouds. But there was a buoyancy and enthusiasm in her disposition, which sprang forth and rejoiced at the first ray of returning light. Her sweet temper and obliging disposition, together with her conscientiousness and unconquerable determination to adhere to what she knew to be right, rendered her a great favorite at Beech Grove; and Mrs. Van Lennep, with the cordial assent of her husband, would gladly have adopted her for her own.

When, however, she mentioned the desire to Florence, the sad, heart-broken tone with which the young lady replied, "She is all that is left to me," precluded any further mention of the subject.

Mr. Hanley's silence was a subject upon which her friends had almost ceased to speculate,—certainly they abstained in her presence from any comment upon it, or even the mention of his name. But did she forget? Let her daily prayer to

God for strength to submit to this allotment of providence, bear testimony. Let her tears, as she occasionally indulges herself with a glance at his image, or reads for the hundredth time the assurance of his love; let the firmness with which, during the summer following the decease of Mrs. Buckingham, she replied to the overtures of a gentleman whom she honored as a friend, bear witness to the constancy of her attachment.

"I thank you, sir, for your proposal, but I have no heart to give. If I knew Mr. Hanley was not living, I might in time return your affection, esteeming you as I have long done; but, until I hear of his decease, I consider myself his betrothed wife."

Poor Florence! this trial was to come far sooner than she anticipated. Late in the fall, a gentleman called at the store where Louis was now head clerk, and, having requested a private interview, ascertained that Miss Mowbrey still remained in his father's family, and gave him a large packet directed to her. He said, in consequence of the sickness of his brother, who had been detained in England on his return from India, the packet had not sooner reached its destination. More than a year previous to the present time, Mr. Hanley consigned the bundle to his brother, wishing him, if possible, to deliver it either to the young lady herself, or to her guardian for her. Finding himself unable to do this, he had embraced the present opportunity of sending it to her address.

The contents of the box which came to light, after tearing off the numerous wrappings, contained little except the stunning conviction that, though Mr. Hanley still lived, he was dead to her. There was the locket which she had had taken at his earnest request. She could hardly believe that young, hopeful face ever resembled her. There, in a small box, lay the ring which he had said should never leave his finger until he was authorized to place the mystic symbol upon hers; and at the bottom of the box were closely packed all the letters she had written him during his absence, even to the scrap she had secretly inserted in his pocket-book, to be read on his voyage, and in which she gave way to the grief she experienced at the thought of their long separation. This bore marks of having been read and re-read; and Florence saw traces of tears hav-

ing fallen upon it. Her own tears fell thick and fast, as she re-perused it, and considered the language she had used almost prophetic. Tremblingly she removed one paper after another, hoping to find some explanation of his cruel act. But, alas, there was none! and she was forced to the conclusion, that he wished to be free, and had returned to her all that could remind him of the past.

Until Florence received this packet, she had not realized how hope had upheld her. She had invented all manner of excuses for the non-receipt of letters,—the irregularity of the mails, the change of her residence, and a thousand other casualties, but in her thoughts he had always been faithful. Not one doubt of his faithfulness had impaired the deep respect, as well as affection, with which she regarded him; for was he not a Christian? Now he had voluntarily given her up. Perhaps he had already formed other ties; and it must be the business of her life to tear his image from her heart.

Only once more did she examine and review the record of her own affection to him, reading the letters according to date, and his in reply. In doing so, she discovered the absence of the letters she had written to him in India, containing her desire to meet him there, and urging his immediate return home. There was only one directed to him after leaving Paris, and that was a hasty note she had added in a separate envelope to a long letter, in consequence of hearing, a day or two later, that the vessel had not yet sailed. The note was as follows:

“I have only time to repeat that my mind is determined upon the subject of my letter, where I have given you my reasons in full. I have had another interview with my guardian, who is still strongly opposed to my wishes, and says, at any rate, I must wait for your consent to so rash a step. My situation here is so uncomfortable, that I shall hasten my preparations to change it as soon as possible. In great haste,

“FLORENCE MOWEREY.”

This was the last date he had returned, though she could distinctly recall four long letters subsequently written.

After devoting a day to these sad reminiscences, Florence resolutely put out of her sight everything which could remind her of the happiness which had been so rudely destroyed, and endeavored, by entering with renewed ardor into present duties, to give herself no time for reflection upon the loss she had sustained. Louis sympathized deeply with her in her affliction, and wished most heartily that she would form another attachment. Agnes exerted herself to the utmost to supply the want of any other affection ; but, notwithstanding all these kind attentions, the work would often drop into her lap, and her eyes be fixed on vacancy, while her thoughts wandered over sea and land, in the vain endeavor to assign some reason for the course Mr. Hanley had pursued. At length she became persuaded that, on finding his business required him to remain in India, he had thought it better for both of them to form other ties. Gradually she grew accustomed to the idea of his being now at the head of a family of which she formed no part. Certainly this was better than the suspense which she had endured for so many years, and as time, with his healing wings, flew on, she regained in a great degree her former cheerfulness.

The spring following the decease of his wife, Mr. Buckingham was conveyed to the tomb. For three months he had been confined to his bed ; and, for the most of that time, lay in a deep stupor, which nothing could arouse. His bodily wants were carefully supplied ; but, in mind, he was as feeble and helpless as the infant when it draws its first breath. This event had long been expected, but it came suddenly at last. Upon trying to arouse him one morning to receive his food, Louis found his sleep was the sleep of death.





LILIUM LANCEFOLIUM SPECIOSUM



THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

MUSIC BY G. J. WEBB.

Moderato.

The last rose of sum-mer nad

Pia. The hare-bell de-cayed by the brook,.....

The frost had the up-land in-

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER, Concluded.

The musical score is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Bass. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the staves. The Soprano part begins with 'vad - - - ed,' and continues with 'And earth wore a rus - set - ty look.....'. The Alto and Bass parts provide harmonic support with various chords and melodic lines. The piece concludes with a final chord in the Bass line.

When forth to the wild-wood I wandered,
Whose leaves, like the hues of the bow,
By autumn winds suddenly Sundered,
Dropped thick on my pathway below.

So thought I, must perish man's glory,
And sink to remorseless decay;
But Faith told a beautiful story,
Of brightness which fades not away.

She lifted my heart from the mortal,
And with me in Paradise roved;
She opened to me Heaven's portal,
Where dwell the dear friends whom I loved.

In that land I saw with emotion,
No language of mine can express;
The saints bending low in devotion,
In garments of righteousness.

And roses in that land were blooming,
And Life's tree whose leaf never fades;
Whose glory no death is entombing,
An upland frost never invades.

O lead me sweet Faith to that grove-land,
To which thou upliftest my eyes;
That I may inhabit that love-land,
That Eden of bliss in the skies.

THE SHUNAMITE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

[See Engraving, and 2 Kings 4: 8—37.]

SHUNEM was a town of Issachar, south of Nazareth, on an elevated spot at the head of the plain or valley of Esdraelon. Its soil was fertile, its climate salubrious, and its groves, vineyards, fields and dwellings, indicated the industry, skill, competence and comfort of its inhabitants. It lay on the thoroughfare between Samaria and Mount Carmel, and was a convenient stopping-place for travellers between those places, especially for the prophets, who had frequent occasion to pass and repass between them.

The scene with which we are now concerned opens in midsummer, when its citizens are prosecuting their pastoral and agricultural labors. Night approaches, and they return home from their daily toils; company after company pass through its narrow streets. Among these is a weary traveller, well known at Shunem, where he has taught the people knowledge. His flowing robe is gathered up and bound about his loins with a girdle; his penetrating eye and radiant countenance, indeed his whole appearance, are in strange contrast with his plain and coarse attire. He receives the most friendly salutations. Even playful children rise up to do him reverence. Many invite him to their hospitable homes; but he prefers another dwelling.

Elisha (for that was his name) and Gehazi, his youthful attendant, present themselves at the door of a worthy citizen, whose amiable wife, called "great" by the sacred historian, on account of her polished manners and ardent piety,—great in goodness and good in greatness,—receives them into her house, where she and her husband have long dwelt in the favor and love of God.

The prophet salutes them, "Peace be to this house."

They reply, "Peace be to thee, thou man of God."

A servant takes his staff and turban, removes his sandals,

washes and wipes his feet. When all have supped, discoursed a while on divine subjects, and bowed together around the domestic altar, their distinguished guest retires to a small room over the front entrance, called "the prophet's chamber." This they have prepared for him, and devoted to his exclusive use. He enters, and finds it furnished to his taste, with simplicity and neatness; with a couch, a table, a stool and a candlestick.

He bows down with joy, and presents his thank-offering: "Blessed be thy name, heavenly Father, for the provision thou hast made for thy servant. I thank thee for this unexpected display of thy goodness. Truly thou carest for those who put their trust in thee; and I will lie down under the shadow of thy wings with delight." His cup of joy is full, and overflows. He cannot sleep till he has expressed his gratitude to his earthly benefactors. He rises, takes his candle, wends his way through the hall, down the stairs, and into the room where they are sitting. He tries to speak, but his emotions choke his utterance, and tears are the only expression of his sense of obligation.

They read his heart, and hasten to relieve his embarrassment. "Let not our arrangement grieve thee, thou man of God. It has afforded us more pleasure to fit that chamber for thy accommodation, than it possibly can thee to occupy it. Consider it thine own; and when thou passest this way, turn in hither, and share with us the bounties of our Father's hand." He bows his acknowledgment and assent, retires and lays down to rest. Was ever sleep sweeter? He was happy in the enjoyment of their favor; and they, in the consciousness of doing good, and in the hope of a future reward. No prophetic vision is necessary to perceive blessings descending on that house. This reception of a prophet in the name of a prophet, this cup of cold water given to a disciple, will not, cannot lose its reward. Let us behold its recompense streaming from heaven's open window.

Morning dawns, which comes much earlier among the Orientals than in some of our Occidental cities. Travellers in that country often rise and resume their journey, shepherds go

forth with their flocks, and husbandmen repair to their field labors before the rising sun, so as to gain time for rest during the intense heat of mid-day. But when the prophet arose, and looked out from his window upon the enchanting scene, he saw his benefactor going to the field with the reapers. He calls his servant, "Up, Gehazi; go call this Shunamite." His heart still swells with gratitude, and he would make some return for their kindness.

She presents herself in the hall near his door, where Gehazi stands to convey to her his master's messages. Say unto her, commands Elisha, "Behold, thou hast been careful for us with all this care; what is to be done for thee? Wouldst thou be spoken for to the king, or to the captain of the host?" Since Israel's victory over the Moabites, the prophet has had great influence at court, and a word from him in the ear of King Johoram would procure for her husband an office of honor and emolument at the capitol, at some receipt of custom, in the Jewish army, or as minister to a foreign country.

If she and her husband had been less pious and more ambitious, she would have replied, "Venerable man, I thank thee for thy kind interposition. Thy proposal suits my taste, and will gratify my husband, for we have long desired to extend our acquaintance with the world, and to obtain a higher rank in society. We have often talked of visiting Persia, Egypt and Greece; and if thou canst procure an ambassadorship for my husband, that we may go abroad, endowed with governmental authority and at the public expense, the privilege will more than compensate for a score of such chambers. The Lord prosper thy design, and succeed thine exertions."

But this godly woman had neither selfishness nor ambition to gratify. Most wisely she sought for her wedded companion no political preferment, but only the honor of serving God faithfully upon their farm and in private life. She preferred for him, and for herself and family, the comforts of their sweet home to the luxuries of foreign courts; the society of the man of God to that of kings, queens, and their attendants; and their quiet dwelling at Shunem to the palaces of Babylon, Cairo, or Athens.

"I dwell among mine own people," she said. "I cannot leave my sweet home, my native city and country, the land where my kindred dwell, and where are the sepulchres of my fathers ; no, I cannot leave these, except for that better land to which many of my friends have gone, and where I hope soon to meet them. It is our purpose here to dwell, here to die, and from this spot to ascend to heaven." Virtuous and amiable woman ! O, that more of Zion's fair daughters were like thee !

In meekness of wisdom, and in that contentment which is the best philosophy of life, she retires to her domestic duties. But the prophet's gratitude for her kindness is not satisfied. He inquires of his pupil, *"What, then, is to be done for her ?"*

Gehazi replies, *"Verily she hath no child, and her husband is old ;"* that is, probably, past age, as Abraham and Sarah were before the birth of Isaac. Her childlessness this watchful servant had noticed, perhaps had heard them lament.

"Call her," said the prophet.

When she had resumed her position by his door, he thus addressed her, *"One year from this time, and thou shalt embrace a son."*

She hides her blushing face, and for a moment her faith staggers at the richness of the promise. *"Nay, my lord, do not lie unto thine handmaid."*

He reassures her of the blessing. *"It shall be so ; the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it ; be not faithless, but believing."*

His solemn appeal to the faithful testimony of God confirms her hope, and, with a heart full of faith and joy, she bids them farewell, and they resume their journey.

The year rolls round, and eight days are added to its course, when Elisha and Gehazi again knock at the Shunamite's door. Her habitation is illuminated, a large company of relatives and friends are present, and music enlivens the scene. Jewish priests are there, clad in pontifical robes. But one is acknowledged by all the hero of the occasion, a little stranger who is to be consecrated to God in the sacrament of circumcision. Before the ceremony, the prophet enters, takes the babe in his

arms, holds it up as a token of divine faithfulness and favor, and blesses it in the name of the Lord.

But the mother's thoughts revert in penitence to her unbelief and expostulation one year ago, when she stood by that prophet's door, and she exclaims, "Forgive, I beseech thee, thou man of God, and pray the Lord to forgive, my unbelief and distrust of the promise. God's faithfulness is indeed as the mountains, and his mercy great above the heavens. He hath taken away my reproach, and blessed be his name."

The prophet replies, "Daughter of Israel, God is gracious to forgive thy sin; peace be on thee and on thy house." He kisses the child, and, delivering it to its mother, leads their devotions and invokes the divine blessing on the ceremony. The priests retire to do unto the child according to their law. They return, thanks are rendered, the promise of the covenant invoked, and the assembly break up.

Other parents know something of her joy, who have taken their first-born son in their arms, and in whose hearts its voice has called up parental love, and caused it to flow in a current so fresh and strong as to stir the deepest fountain of their feelings, and who have borne their choicest treasure to the altar, and consecrated it in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. They know something of the joy with which God rewarded this Shunamite.

Years roll on, and the child grows in wisdom and in stature. Parents can readily imagine her joy when its name was entered in the genealogical register of the family; when she saw this bud expand, and watched its signs of promise; when, with her husband, she formed plans for the education and settlement of her son, and in imagination saw him, now a boy at school, then a youth the pride and ornament of Shunem, next a young man returning with his bride, and finally the staff of her age and the crown of her joy.

But the serenest sky is not always free from clouds. The brightness of the morning, the sweetness of the notes of carolling birds, and the fragrance of the flowers, strengthen his desire to go forth from the nursery into the court and garden, to stand by the sporting fountain, and to play on the velvet lawn.

But of these he soon tires, and, returning to the house, pleads, "Dear mother, may I go out into the fields to father and the reapers?" How can she deny a request so reasonable? Yet she hesitates. A strange fear steals over her. She strives to banish it, saying to herself, "I have once distrusted Providence to my shame and sorrow, and I will do so no more." She nods her assent.

Like a deer he bounds over the plain, and, as he approaches, cries, "Father! *father!*" Abashed he stands, for a cloud is on his father's brow, and sadness in his face.

Astonished, he hears for once his kind father murmur, "What can my spouse be thinking, to suffer our darling to wander thus in this scorching sun? 'Go, go, my sweet boy,' he cries, 'sit down beneath the shade of yonder olive, till I return with the reapers.'"

Straight the lovely child obeys. But not long has he been seated, when strange pains shoot through his brain. He holds and bathes his head; but they still increase, and he cries, "*My head!* MY HEAD!"

His father commands a servant, "*Carry him to his mother.*" What consternation in that dwelling when they approach! The moaning of the death-stricken child, the lamentations of the servants, and the wailings of the agonized mother, no language can describe.

She clasps him in her arms, folds him on her breast, calls her friends, plies every remedy in vain. She prays, and God answers; but not as she hoped. The picture of despair, she sits over her child. She speaks, but he answers not. "Darling," she cries, "let me hear thy sweet voice once more; say mother!" He utters not a word. Again she cries, "Look, dearest—look at thy mother!" She raises her hand, presses it gently on his cheek, and a smile spreads over his face. "He hears me!" she exclaims. Mistaken woman! He is dead. That smile, his departing, triumphant spirit left to comfort thee.

This afflicted mother bears the lifeless body to the prophet's chamber, and as she lays it on his bed, weeping and praying, she exclaims, "Alas, that the wind should pass over this

flower ! Alas, that the sun should strike it !” But her thoughts glance for relief to the Lord God of Elisha, and she asks herself, cannot he who prevailed with Heaven to grant me this child, even now interpose for the restoration of its life, as Elijah for the widow of Zarephath ? Her resolution is fixed, and, having spread a clean white cloth over the corpse, and closed the door, she at once sent to her lord a servant, charged not to make known to him the child’s death, lest grief should overpower him, and also in the hope that the prophet might arrive and restore the child to life before his return with the reapers.

The servant delivered to him her message, “*Send me, I pray thee, one of the young men and one of the asses, that I may run to the man of God, and come again.*” This produced the desired effect of silencing all his fears, and of obtaining what she needed for the tour.

“I was right,” thought he ; “surely my wife would not think of such a ride, if my child were not in perfect health and safety. But why goes she to Carmel ? There is no religious assemblage to-day. But it may be she wishes to consult her spiritual guide, and her request is reasonable. Go,” he says to his servant, “comply with her wishes.”

In a short space everything is in readiness ; and, as they depart, she says to her servant, “*Drive and go forward ; slack not thy riding for me, except I bid thee.*” On the way, her mind is occupied alternately with prayer and anticipation of the prophet’s interposition.

In the distance the man of God espies her, and says to his theological student, “*Behold, yonder is that Shunamite. Run now, I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee ? Is it well with thy husband ? Is it well with the child ?*”

The command is obeyed ; and her reply indicates her submission and faith ; “*It is well.*” Yes, all is well that God does. O, that every parent of a deceased child could say as much ! “*It is well,*” for God takes but what he gave ; and in this way the great and good Shepherd gathers the lambs in his arms, and folds them in his bosom.

But her business is too important to be confided to any but her spiritual teacher. She hastens to him, casts herself at his feet, and is about to relate the story of her grief, when Gehazi, thinking her too obtrusive, attempts to remove her. "*Let her alone!*" thunders the indignant prophet. Emboldened by this rebuke of an officious pupil, she unburdens her heart, and implores the prophet's aid.

The fountains of his sorrow pour forth streams of tears. He must help her, but in a way to subdue the ambition and to mortify the pride of his pupil. To him he presents his prophetic wand, and bids him go lay it on the child.

Proud of his charge, Gehazi hastens to Shunem, enters the house, calls its inmates together, and, with offensive ostentation, lays the staff upon the child. But no sign of life appears. He turns it this way and that, but all to no other purpose except to fill him with shame, and to teach him that religion is not a formality, and that miraculous gifts are from God, who makes a difference between the holy and the unholy, between his divinely commissioned servants, and all pretenders and impostors.

The mother, fearing such a result, has prevailed upon the prophet to return with her; and, as they approach the dwelling, Gehazi flies to meet them, and to report to his master the failure of his religious jugglery, and his deep personal mortification; "*The child is not awaked.*"

The prophet's silence was a rebuke. He took his staff, entered the chamber where lay the corpse, upon which he stretches himself, "*and the flesh of the child waxes warm.*" The man of God rises, courses through the hall in an agony of faith and of prayer, returns, and again "*stretches himself upon the child,*" who sneezes seven times, and opens his eyes.

Gehazi is called to witness the power of prayer, and, in acknowledgment of the hand of God, to summon the Shunamite to the chamber, who, on entering, beholds her child alive, and joyfully obeys the command, "*Take up thy son.*" Did ever a mother embrace her child with more delight? She falls upon her knees, while the prophet renders thanks to God, who has turned death into life, and mourning into praise.

The tidings fly. The father returns with the reapers, hears and hears again the wonderful story, being sorrowful, yet always rejoicing. The child grows to manhood, and, upon his father's death, is comforted by this man of God, and exhorted to flee to the Philistines with his widowed mother, on the approach of famine. After seven years, being warned of God, they return to their forsaken home, happy in the enjoyment of each other's love.

O, that infidels, who reject the Bible, and pretend that miracles are mere tricks, would perform some such work for the relief of parents mourning "o'er their children dead!" or, if these be mere deceits, then let them deceive such parents into the belief that they actually receive their deceased babes restored to life, and that they share with them the blessings and calamities of the present world! O, that all would learn, from this narrative, how piety increases and sweetens the joys of "domestic happiness, the only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall!"

As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Father, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend;
Teach me thy statutes all divine,
And let thy will be always mine.

When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Father, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O, lead me onward to the skies!

And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Father, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

EARLY ACQUAINTANCE WITH GOD.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

To the physical wants and necessities of her babe, the anxious mother is prompted and urged by instinct to attend. To these, therefore, she is most sedulously attentive. Not a cry escapes the little curled lip of her darling, but all her maternal sympathies are touched; her maternal love and pity are tenderly excited, and all that maternal ingenuity and skill can do to discover and remove the cause of its suffering, and alleviate its distress, is immediately done.

The same fond affection is manifested in developing its wonderful baby-powers of speech and locomotion. With what interest and assiduity, with what patience and perseverance, its little tongue is taught to syllable the dear name of mother and of papa, and its little feet trained to totter from one pair of loving, outstretched arms, to another, is well known to those who have been at all conversant with the exercise and discipline of the nursery!

By degrees the child grows. Its stature increases. Its mind gains strength. Its tongue commands a fuller and freer utterance. The appliances of elementary instruction invigorate and strengthen its mental powers. When the child has attained a tolerable proficiency in the art of reading, books are provided. But what books? Alas! how often is the inclination of the child consulted, rather than the judgment and conscience of the parent. It is an adage, whose truth is universally acknowledged, that

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

And yet how often are children, in early years, furnished by their own parents with picture-books, and story-books, I will not say of most questionable character, but of most unquestionably bad character and influence; the parents seeming not

to apprehend that any evil can arise from books, prepared and published, as these profess to be, expressly for the nursery. Yet these books make impressions as lasting as life; impressions both false to nature and pernicious in their present associations and ultimate results. Take, for example, the story of Jack the Giant-Killer, or Bluebeard, or Father Redcap, or Little Red Riding-Hood, or Cinderella, or a hundred others which might be named, such as unscrupulous publishers will not fail to furnish, so long as the demand for them equals the supply. And what is the influence of such books? Do they not stimulate the fancy, corrupt the imagination, and poison the heart? Do they not beget a thousand foolish and idle day-dreams? Do they not fasten superstitious fear, and divert the mind from the sober realities of life to the dream-land of fiction and fable? And when a taste for such reading has been formed, how tame and comparatively insipid is sober truth! Parents, who bring up their children in such a way, and under such early influences, seem to me to err exceedingly. And I trace this error to the seeming fact that they forget that human nature is debased and fallen. They love their children, like to gratify their wishes,—but, in so doing, practically repudiate the doctrine of total depravity,—and fasten innate evil, when they should endeavor to eradicate or restrain it.

Now, when we consider that every child has a moral and religious nature, susceptible of very early culture, and that the child's future happiness is intimately connected with the cultivation or neglect of this noble part of its being, and moreover that God, the great moral Governor, demands of parents that they train up their children, not only morally, but religiously, for Him; it would seem that parents cannot begin too early to guard their children against everything which may prove prejudicial to their best welfare,—the welfare of their immortal souls.

To one not familiar with the religious instincts of little children, their readiness to receive instruction on religious themes would perhaps seem surprising. They begin to be inquisitive at a very tender age. And there is no knowledge that is so

early demanded by their inquisitive natures, or so expands and elevates their minds, as the knowledge of God their Maker,—of his goodness and his love, the favors he bestows on them and the duties he requires of them. They are ready to receive the most important truths of the Bible on the bare testimony of their parents. They have no misgivings, no doubtings, no suspicion of being deceived by parental lips. Hence Christ said, “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such”—that is, of those who have such a teachable disposition, and such a simple and childlike faith—“is the kingdom of heaven.” And he adds, “Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein.”

If, then, children are susceptible of religious impression at a very tender age, the responsibility of imparting or neglecting to impart early religious instruction devolves primarily, and perhaps mainly, on the mother. It is certainly just as proper for her to sing, “Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,” or some other Christian lullaby, to charm her babe into sweet forgetfulness, as to sing nonsensical nursery rhymes. And, of all persons in the world, the mother should most deeply feel the importance of her early influence over her child. For she is its mother. She stands at the very threshold of its immortal existence. With love in her heart for helpless infancy, such as no other being has, and endowed by the Author of all being with such powers and capacities for exerting, from the first, an influence such as no other being can exert, how deeply should her heart be imbued with the spirit of prayer and holy devotion to the honor and glory of Him for whose pleasure her little one was created! In the dawn of its existence is ordinarily to be decided the most momentous question touching her child, namely, whether immortality shall be to it a blessing or a curse; whether its yet unwritten history shall be blotted and stained by the record of flagrant criminality, or whether each opening leaf shall be illuminated by a light from heaven, depends, under God, upon the fidelity, or infidelity, of the mother’s heart. If she be a Christian mother, she will teach her babe, almost from infancy, to bend the knee and clasp its little

hands in prayer to God. If she be a pagan mother, she will teach her little one, before it can lisp the idol's name, to bring in its little fingers a votive offering to the idol's shrine. How important, then, is it that every mother in a Christian land should be deeply impressed with the amazing responsibility that rests on her to cultivate in her children an early acquaintance with God !

There have lived mothers who have realized the responsibility of their station, and the importance of their trusts ; whose homes have been happy in their declining years, because they have lived to verify the inspired truth, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." They were faithful in all their house. Their children have risen up and called them blessed. They have lived in the midst of affectionate and grateful hearts, and the evening of their days has been cheered and brightened by the tokens of divine approbation.

It is true neither the mother nor the father can renew and sanctify the hearts of their children. But they can prepare the way of the Spirit. God has said, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." And parents may, if they will, teach their children to love God, and to seek him early.

But, alas ! how few are the Hannahs of our day ; and, consequently, how rare are the Samuels ! If here and there a Lois and a Eunice, by making the holy Scriptures the favorite text-book of the nursery, have given to the church of God a Timothy, they have done no more than godly mothers and grandmothers are still privileged to do. Long since their day the faithful piety of his Bohemian mother gave a heavenly direction to the tender thoughts of Philip Doddridge. "I have heard him relate," says Orton, "that his mother taught him the history of the Old and New Testaments, before he could read, by the assistance of some Dutch tiles in the chimney of the room where they commonly sat ; and her wise and pious reflections on the stories there represented were the means of making some good impressions on his heart, which never wore out." Of the mother of the celebrated Timothy Dwight it is

recorded by his biographer, that "she found time to bestow a seasonable and particular attention on the education of this her eldest son. Early she strove to implant, and assiduously did she cultivate, in his youthful mind, those fundamental principles of virtue and religion, which afterwards had no small influence in saving him in the hour of temptation."

O, that we might have multitudes of such ministers of righteousness as these ! The church suffers for want of them ; the world is in perishing need of them. And doubtless we might soon have many such, if the excellent mothers of New England were more eminently devoted to Christ, and realized more fully than many seem to do the vast importance of preëccupying the minds of their children, while yet in the nursery, with the great idea of their relationship to God, and the obligations which that relationship imposes on them.

When we think what maternal piety has done to bless the world, and then consider how many mothers in our day, yes, and fathers too, seem utterly to forget God, in the scenes of the household, and only pander to the corrupt inclinations and wishes of their children, we cannot be mistaken when we say, that parents who neglect to develop and cultivate the moral powers of their children, in the tenderest and most impressible period of their probation, are making a grand mistake ; nay, are chargeable with a lamentable dereliction of their duty.

But this responsibility rests not on the mother alone. Very early the father comes in for a large share. As his sons and daughters grow up around him, he may do much by precept, and more by example, to give wholesome direction to their recreation, and to their early reading. He may scrupulously avoid procuring injurious books. He may show the evil of pernicious reading, and follow up the wholesome counsels and instructions of the mother, with the superadded weight of his authority. He may admonish his children of the danger of going in the way of evil men, or of sitting in the seat of the scornful. • He may encourage them to acquaint themselves with God ; to set their hearts, even in life's early morning, to know Him whom to know aright is life eternal. And thus, by early and faithful instruction and training, before they are

greatly exposed to adverse influences from without, they may receive impressions for good, which no after growth of iniquity and sin can ever wholly obliterate.

In conclusion, let fathers and mothers both study to understand and appreciate more fully what are the highest duties they owe to their young children. Let them study their obligations at the foot of the cross. Let them consecrate their little ones to God, bringing them in the arms of faith and prayer. Let them watch over and train them up for Him; and their children, thus trained and taught, will not forsake the right way when they are old and gray-headed. So powerful is habit, and so true is the maxim of experience, recorded at the head of this article.

It is remarked of a certain eminent divine, that, having occasion to visit a gay and thoughtless young family, he found in the mother's arms a beautiful and lovely babe. He talked to it; he saw that the young heart of the mother was bound up in the life of the child. He spoke of her pleasant home, of her cares and pleasures, of the blessedness conferred by that darling gift in her arms. As he was about to leave the house, he turned back to say that hers was a very interesting babe. "Madam," said he, "I hope it will not be brought up by a PRAYERLESS MOTHER!" The arrow reached her heart. May it reach the heart of every mother who neglects to pray for her beloved child.

IGNORANT LAUGHTER. — A gentleman of grave deportment was busily engaged in blowing bubbles of soap and water, and was attentively observing them as they expanded and burst in the sunshine. A pert youth fell into a fit of loud laughter at a sight so strange, and which showed, as he thought, such folly and insanity. "Be ashamed, young man," said one who passed by, "of your rudeness and ignorance. You now behold the greatest philosopher of the age,—Sir Isaac Newton,—investigating the nature of light and colors, by a series of experiments no less curious than useful, though you deem them childish and insignificant."

MY MOTHER.

BY J. E.

Long months and years have passed away
Since first I lisped thy precious name ;
And yet each trace of love to-day,
As bright as then, remains the same.

From thee I learned to bow the knee
Before the holy throne of God ;
To lift the voice in melody,
And walk the paths "the fathers trod."

From thee I learned to hate the lies
That blight and deaden human-kind ;
With others' grief to sympathize,
And in their joy a solace find.

'T was thou that taught my roving feet
The ways of sinful men to shun ;
With those who worship God to meet,
And after holiness to run.

'T was thou that taught my youthful soul
To seek for glory in the skies ;
To make the world on high my goal,
And fearlessly to "win the prize."

No time can e'er efface the mark
Thy love hath pencilled on my heart ;
No day so light, no night so dark,
To cause its power to depart.

Where'er I go, where'er I roam,
On native shores or foreign lands,
No place to me is like my home,
Where love hath clasped affection's bands.

THEATRICAL AMUSEMENTS

BY THE LATE REV. JOSHUA BATES, D.D.

PART I.

MY YOUNG FRIEND: Since my return home, I have reflected much on the subject, which incidentally became the leading topic of conversation on the evening before I left your father's house. Your mind seemed to be altogether unsettled on the question whether *Theatrical Amusements* were proper for a young lady in your situation. You said, if I correctly remember, that you had never visited the theatre; and, till very recently, had never agitated the question, whether you might innocently and profitably become an attendant. While your beloved and lamented mother was living, her disapprobation you observed was sufficient, not only to prevent your attendance, but to suppress the very desire of attending. And since her death, you have been restrained, you added, by a sense of propriety — by a regard to that custom which forbids a family in mourning to mingle in the circles of gayety, and participate in the amusements of fashionable life. But these restraints are now removed. Your beloved mother, you trust, is happy in heaven; and the customs of society require you no longer to wear the habiliments of grief, to exclude yourself from the company of the gay, and deprive yourself of those social enjoyments which are suited to your age and condition in life. Your father, you told me, has given his consent that you should become a regular attendant on the exercises of the theatre, provided you can attend in company with your cousins. Or, rather, if I received a correct impression from your language, he has referred the decision of the question, whether you will accept their invitation, to your own judgment and inclination.

The decision, my dear friend, which you are about to make, is one of great moment, intimately connected with your happi-

ness and character, involving consequences which reach far into the future, requiring, therefore, calm deliberation and the most scrupulous caution. You may, perhaps, think me officious, and even obtrusive, in thus writing you on the subject, and urging you to decline the invitation. But, if you do not thank me for the suggestions which I am about to make, and receive them as the advice of a friend, you will, at least, excuse and even justify my solicitude, when you remember the relation which I once sustained to your deceased parent, while a temporary resident in the country, and a member of my parochial charge; and, especially, when I remind you of the fact, that I was called to visit her, not, indeed, in her last sickness, but when she was supposed to be on her dying bed, and when you, then a lovely infant, received at my hand the seal of that covenant which is *well ordered in all things*,—a covenant of mercy which she so cordially embraced in your behalf, and the promises of which she continued to plead for you, as long as she lived, with fervor and confidence.

Presuming, however, on your candor and good sense, I will not spend time in apologizing for what I am conscious of doing with feelings of kindness, and a sincere desire to promote your highest enjoyment and permanent felicity.

You seemed to think that attendance on the theatre might be a profitable employment as *an intellectual exercise*, calculated to awaken the dormant powers of the mind,—to give energy to inventive genius, distinctness and strength to conception, vividness and elevation to fancy, richness and brilliancy to imagination, and excursiveness and comprehension to reason, in all its researches after knowledge, and in all its investigations of truth.

Now, in my apprehension, the very reverse of all this is true. The frequent appeals to passion, made on the stage, under circumstances the most exciting, must tend to blind the mind, darken the understanding, and warp the judgment. The whole train of reflections in the theatre is guided not by those associations which grow out of strong analogies, lead to logical deductions, and thus lay the foundation of science; but it is directed by those slight resemblances and accidental conti-

guities, which give reality to fiction, and place the wildest conjectures by the side of intuitive knowledge and the clearest demonstration. And, so far from awakening the fancy and giving exercise to the imagination, it is the very design of dramatic representation to address the senses, to imitate actions, to place character before our eyes. Instead of lively conceptions, therefore, we have nothing but direct and constant appeals to our perceptive powers. Instead of permitting fancy to paint the scenes of our contemplation, the *dramatis persona* stands forth to view, and we have only to behold his actions and hear his words, while fancy sleeps and imagination folds her wings.

It is true, well written poetry, as the language of metaphor and simile, springs from imagination, and finds its way to the heart through the same medium. It is, therefore, calculated to exercise and improve this faculty in the reader of sensibility, as well as in the writer of genius. And poetry may be good, though written in dialogue form, and adapted to dramatic scenes and acts. But the representation adds nothing to its favorable influence on the imagination. Indeed, by directly and constantly addressing the senses, and thus superseding the necessity of calling the imaginative powers into exercise, it counteracts the best efforts of the poet, and very much diminishes the purifying and elevating influence of poetic genius. While, therefore, dramatic poetry, as well as lyric or heroic, may be read with pleasure and profit, giving liveliness to fancy and delicacy to taste; the representation of the scenes which the poet describes, and of the characters which he delineates, must very much detract from the pleasure, and entirely prevent the profit and improvement. So far, therefore, as intellectual cultivation is involved in the question of frequenting the theatre, the argument is altogether against it. Familiarity with well-selected poetry may elevate the mind, while it purifies the heart. But for this purpose the reading of it is much to be preferred to its recital, in connection with imitative action and dramatic scenery. Now, surrounded as you are by literary friends, and residing as you do in a city celebrated for

its libraries, such a selection must be always within your reach.

Another consideration, urged in favor of attendance, and even regular and frequent attendance, on theatrical amusements, was the alleged fact, that *the characters of plays, and the performance of actors*, during a large portion of the year, furnish the *principal topics of conversation* in the fashionable circles of your city. Such attendance, therefore, was thought necessary to give you a standing in polite society, and enable you to take part in the evening party. Without this qualification for social intercourse, you seemed to suppose that you must be doomed to perpetual silence, or to the mortifying imputation of ignorance and vulgarity. Is it, indeed, so? Do these subjects, during the winter months especially, become the common and engrossing topics of conversation in the social circles of your people of fashion? Surely, then, it is time, high time, to attempt some change in this respect. Does it not become those who, by their education and position in society may exert a commanding influence, to unite their efforts, and, if possible, produce such a change? Should they not, by diligent study and judicious reading, furnish their minds for conversation on more dignified and ennobling subjects, and, by combining their influence, resolve to force such subjects into the social circle, and make them the fashionable topics of polite conversation? Might they not thus throw the imputation of ignorance and vulgarity from themselves, and cast it on those triflers who spend their nights in the theatre and their mornings in sleep, and, of course, remain ignorant of everything which requires study and effort and mental discipline — of everything, except what is thrown upon their minds in a passive state, and lodged on the very surface of their dormant intellects? But, if this change in fashion cannot be effected, surely it is time for a sensible and well-educated young lady to withdraw from what you denominate fashionable circles, and throw herself into some circle in which she can move more in accordance with the dictates of reason; or, endeavor to make herself the attractive centre of some new circle, in which the social principles of our nature can be exercised and cultivated,

without neglecting and perverting the nobler powers which belong to us as intellectual and moral beings.

The suggestion that topics connected with the theatre furnish the materials for so large a portion of the conversation among those who stately attend it, constitutes, in my apprehension, a conclusive argument against such attendance. It admonishes those who would cultivate their intellectual powers, in connection with their best social feelings; who would furnish their minds with enduring knowledge, as a source of happiness and a means of usefulness; who would be something more than walking statues, or dancing puppets in the world, to withdraw from an amusement which naturally produces effects so inconducive to intellectual improvement, and so degrading to the dignity of rational beings.

Can you not spend the evenings which your theatre-going people devote to this amusement, and the subsequent mornings which they stupidly yawn away, in some pursuit more profitable and pleasant, even more improving to the understanding and more in accordance with the better feelings of the heart? Will not these hours, which are lost, or worse than lost to them, enable you to enrich your mind with knowledge of a useful and elevating character? By attending scientific lectures, by judicious reading and systematic study, during the time thus redeemed, may you not qualify yourself for conversation on subjects more dignified, and for action in a higher sphere of social life, than falls to the common lot of those who are trained in this school of fashion?

Indeed, the mere *loss of time* occasioned by stated attendance on theatrical amusements,—the loss of that *precious time* which is always flying, as on the wings of the wind, and which can never be recalled or for a moment arrested in its rapid course,—which ought, therefore, to be improved with the most watchful care, and devoted to some valuable purpose, either for our own benefit or the good of others, had occurred to me as in itself constituting an insuperable objection against the practice, as decisive of the question under discussion. The time occupied in the theatre and in preparing for it; the derangement of the appropriate hours of rest, which this prepara-

tion and attendance occasion ; the lassitude of body and mind which follows, with the reveries and trifling conversation to which the mind is thus inevitably led, must cause immense loss to those who become stated attendants, leaving them little opportunity for business and study, and none for solid reading and sober reflection.

I may add, the influence of attending the theatre *on health* is not to be forgotten. The long confinement in a crowded house, with the sudden change of temperature in returning home, often at a late hour of the night, cannot fail to expose those who attend the theatre to the danger of destroying health, and undermining the best constitution. Many a young lady, without question, has thus laid the foundation of some chronic disease for life, and brought upon herself the decrepitude of premature old age ; or, what is more frequently the case, has become the immediate victim of sudden cold and inflammatory fever ; or, what is more common still, has withered under a rapid decline, and sunk into an early grave. Nothing contributes more to preserve health and establish a good constitution, than the observance of rigid rules of living ; than systematic and judicious attention to exercise and diet and sleep. But no such rules can be observed by those who are devoted to theatrical amusements. With them the night often encroaches on the day, and the day on the night ; sleep, sought out of season and interrupted by dreams, ceases to constitute rest ; and food, taken irregularly, and frequently at a late hour of the night, fails to nourish and invigorate.

I do not remember that, during our conversation, anything was said on *the moral influence* of the theatre. Indeed, the old and hackneyed plea for it, as a school of virtue, seems to be generally abandoned, and those who have had the best opportunity to observe its effects, agree in testifying that, as it is generally conducted in this age and country, it deserves rather to be accounted a school of vice. I will not, therefore, pay so poor a compliment to your understanding and discernment, as to adduce a single argument on that point. I must, however, be permitted to state a fact, intimately connected with this view of the subject, which ought to have influence

in deciding the question of attendance, even where no fear of its exerting an immoral influence is apprehended. I refer to the fact that the theatre depends for support very much on those who make no pretensions to religious sentiment and Christian character. Of course it accommodates itself to the taste of its patrons and supporters—the unprincipled, the licentious, the profane. No lady of delicacy and refinement, therefore, can become an attendant without subjecting herself to severe trials of feeling—without being compelled to witness what must expose her to extreme mortification, and cause her to “blush and hang her head.” And will you, my young friend, expose yourself to such trials, and suffer yourself to pass through such a course of training—a course so abhorrent to your native delicacy of feeling, and cultivated purity, and refinement of taste?

You said, however,—and I suppose this consideration has great weight in your mind,—that young people *must have amusements*; you subjoined, indeed, *innocent amusements*. And you asked very significantly, whether the theatre, properly regulated and judiciously attended, may not furnish them.

Now, let me ask in turn, what is an innocent amusement? Can that be innocent, harmless, suitable for a rational and immortal being, which interferes with mental discipline, and prevents the highest moral and intellectual attainments—which tends to warp the judgment and defile the imagination—which endangers health, stupefies conscience, and hardens the heart? Can such employment of time and talents be innocent? Can it be innocent for you, even though you should feel yourself ever so far removed above its temptations, and secure against its allurements to vice? Truly, young people *must have amusements*; or, rather, I should say, *recreating pursuits*. And I ask again, is there any lack of these in the region of innocency, and within your reach? You cannot, you say, participate in the peculiar pleasures of piety and devotion, which your deceased parent so richly enjoyed and so earnestly recommended. I am sorry that you feel obliged, in truth, to say this; that you have no taste for the joys of

religion ; because they are the purest and most enduring, without alloy and without decay, "incorruptible, undefiled, and unfading." *Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Godliness has the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.*

But are there not pleasures left for you, which are decidedly innocent and free from temptation, which may be enjoyed without injury or hazard, which you may find in rich abundance without treading on enchanted ground ? Yes, there are enjoyments within your reach, not strictly speaking religious, not flowing directly from the offices of religion, not even peculiar to the pious, which are, nevertheless, innocent — consistent even with religious principle and Christian character — which may, therefore, be pursued without hardening the heart, searing the conscience, or keeping you back from the kingdom of heaven. Such are the pleasures which flow from social intercourse and intellectual improvement ; from refined conversation and judicious reading ; from chaste wit, and the interchange of brilliant thought and elevated sentiment ; from the study of the works of nature, and the productions of art ; from the perusal of books of science and taste ; I add, from all those bodily exercises and social and intellectual pursuits, which have a general tendency to promote health, invigorate the powers of the mind, or improve the temper and disposition of the heart.

Christianity, while it opens new sources of pleasure, does not prohibit our enjoyment of those which are spread before us in the broad field of nature. It does not forbid our partaking temperately of the bounties of Providence. On the contrary, it points us to these bounties, placed before us in rich profusion, and says, "Eat, O friends, and drink, O beloved !" It does not command us to neglect our bodily health, or intellectual improvement. It directly encourages that degree of attention to these objects which is consistent with prescribed duty ; which is calculated to promote our own happiness, or increase our means of doing good to others. It does not require us to eradicate the sympathies of our nature, to stifle our social feelings, and retire with the hermit to his cave, with the monk

to his cell, with the nun to her convent. It directs us rather to cultivate these sympathetic feelings, furnishes means for their sanctification, and even prescribes rules for their exercise. It forbids nothing but excess, licentiousness and *vain* pursuits; what would be pernicious to ourselves, or injurious to others; what is inconsistent with the highest self-love, and the purest benevolence. Its only injunctions and restraints, in the gratification of animal appetite, social sympathy and intellectual aspiration, are those of moderation and temperance, justice and charity, prudence and self-respect.

Will you not, then, confine yourself to pleasures of this description, till you can relish those of a higher and purer character? Will you not avoid those amusements which are of questionable tendency? Will you not withdraw your foot from the theatre, as a place of bewildering enchantment and dangerous excitement?

“Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but those which never can expire.”

Indulge yourself in those pursuits only which are, at least, consistent with reason and religion; which you will not be obliged to abandon, in order to become a Christian; which will not throw new obstacles in the way of your return to God, nor prevent your entering the kingdom of heaven.

“It was once in my power to have shot General Washington,” said a British soldier to an American, as they were discussing the event of the great struggle at the conclusion of peace. “Why did you not shoot him, then?” asked the American; “you ought to have done it for the benefit of your countrymen.” “The death of Washington would not have been a benefit,” replied the Englishman, “for we depended upon him to treat our prisoners well, and we’d sooner shot an officer of our own.”

HOW TO TREAT AN ENEMY.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

"It will be Christmas next Thursday; an't you glad?" said little Eddy Walker to his sister Mary.

"I guess I am. I wonder what father will give us for our Christmas presents?"

"I don't know. I mean to ask him to-night."

"You must not ask him."

"Why not?"

"Because he won't tell you. And then it's half the fun not to know anything about it till the time comes. It is a great deal better than to know beforehand."

"But I can't wait three long days. I want to know now. And I am going to ask father to-night," said the impatient Eddy.

"I would n't ask him."

"I shall. There he comes, now."

A moment after, Mr. Walker opened the door leading from the hall into the next sitting-room, where the above conversation had just taken place between his two children. At the same time his wife entered the room by another door leading from the kitchen.

The brow of Mr. Walker was clouded as he entered the room. His face did not light up with the pleasant smile it usually wore when he greeted his wife and children on his return home after the labors of the day were over.

Eddy immediately ran up to his father, and, seizing his hand, said, "Father, father, I want you should tell me what you are going to give me for a Christmas present!"

His father, with a gesture of impatience, withdrew the hand which had been so impetuously seized by his little son, and said, "I don't think it likely you will have any, so don't begin to tease me about it now."

This unexpected repulse produced a marked effect upon every one in the room. Mrs. Walker cast upon her husband a glance of bewildered surprise and anxious inquiry. His usual manner toward his children was very gentle and considerate. She was sure that something extraordinary must have occurred, to disturb the equanimity of his mind.

Eddy's lips quivered, and his eyelashes certainly were a little moistened. But he was a brave, manly boy, and thought it beneath his dignity to cry; so he walked away, and stood silently, but with downcast eyes, by the nearest window.

Mary quietly stepped to her mother's side, and softly whispered, "What does father mean? Don't he always make us presents at Christmas? I thought he did."

"Yes, my dear, he always has," said Mrs. Walker, soothingly. "I think he will this year, when the time comes. But don't you see that father looks tired and worried? He don't want to hear anything about it now. Besides, it is not fair to ask beforehand what you are to have for a Christmas present."

"So I told Eddy; but he would ask. I don't think he ought to. But father said it wan't likely he would have any present. Was it because he asked about it?"

"It was probably because he was thinking of something else, and did not wish to hear about it. He did not say positively that he would not have any. I think it will all be right, so don't worry about the presents; and don't say any more about them until the time comes."

While this conversation was going on in low tones between Mary and her mother, Mr. Walker was sitting on the sofa with an abstracted air, apparently quite oblivious to all that was passing around him. Eddy still stood looking out of the window most perseveringly, except when he now and then cast a furtive glance at his father, which expressed a mixture of wonder, chagrin and vexation.

Mrs. Walker now called Eddy to her, and, by a skilful manœuvre, contrived to interest both the children in some employment which she provided for them, and soon the Christmas present and their father's unusual mood were quite forgotten.

But the attention of Mrs. Walker was not so easily turned from her husband; and she felt no small anxiety to know what it was that troubled him. She contrived to get the children off to bed as soon after tea as possible, and then hastened back to the sitting-room.

"Dear Edward," she said, "what is the matter to-night? I am sure something troubles you."

"Matter enough, I think! That rascal, Butler, has chosen to drive me from his shop in the most insulting manner."

Mrs. Walker looked at her husband with mingled surprise, astonishment and grief. Never had she seen him so excited before. His usually gentle and self-possessed manner had given place to strong exhibitions of uncontrolled resentment and passion. Mrs. Walker was quite as much grieved by this as she was startled and surprised by the tidings communicated.

"O, Edward!" she replied, "if Mr. Butler has used you ill, don't call him by any hard names."

"Well, it's more than you can ask any man to bear. Only think! the impudent fellow actually raised his foot to kick me out of the shop, and would have done it, if I had not kept out of his way;" and Mr. Walker's countenance glowed with that resentment which every man would naturally feel in view of such treatment.

"Is it possible he treated you so? He must have been very angry. I am sure you could have given him no just occasion for such a state of excitement."

"No, indeed! But the wonder is that I have stayed with him so long. Butler has such a terrible temper! One might as well expect to live peaceably in a hornet's nest, as with him. But I can never forgive him for the way in which he has treated me to-day. That is beyond all endurance. It's more than I will bear from any man."

"Don't say that, dear husband. If you never forgive him, how can you again ever utter the beautiful petition taught us by our divine Lord? How can you pray, as you have so often prayed, 'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors'? If we forgive not men their trespasses, neither will our Father in heaven forgive us our trespasses. He has nowhere told us that

any amount of provocation can justify us in refusing to forgive those who have injured and provoked us."

"You are a strange woman, Mary. I believe you are more grieved that I cannot entirely forgive Butler, than you are annoyed by the outrageous insult I have received from him."

"And is there not a good reason for this, my dear Edward? The conduct of others toward us can never really harm us, if we do not harm ourselves. 'Who shall harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?' You are not responsible for the way in which Mr. Butler has treated you; but you *are* responsible for the feelings you cherish toward him. He has pained you by inflicting a wound upon your feelings of honor and self-respect as a man. His conduct has been most unreasonable and brutal. But if you, under this trying provocation, exercise toward him a spirit of Christian forgiveness, *this* shall be a bright jewel in your everlasting crown, of which he can never rob you. It shall furnish the strong proof of family resemblance that you are a child of God; for our Saviour has said of those who exhibit this spirit, that they are the children of the Highest; for He is kind to the evil and unthankful. Are we not, my dear husband, living together as heirs of the grace of life? Shall we not cultivate such a temper, that even to-night we can, as obedient children of our heavenly Father, kneel together and pray, 'Father, forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors'?"

Mrs. Walker spoke with the earnestness of deep Christian feeling. There was a winning pathos in her words, which might have softened a harder heart than the one that beat by the side of her. The heart of Mr. Walker was softened by them. He had sat at the feet of Jesus, and learned of Him who is meek and lowly of heart. But sometimes he was not the first to catch the sound of his Master's voice, and had reason to feel that his wife had drank more deeply of the spirit of their divine Lord than himself. On the present occasion the provocation had been very great, and natural anger and resentment had been fully aroused. He now spoke in a softened and subdued voice:

"You are right, my dear Mary, as you always are. But

perhaps you will have more opportunity for the exercise of Christian forgiveness, than you now think for, before you have seen the end of this business. I fear that your comfort and happiness will be not a little affected by what has happened to-day. I cannot, of course, continue any longer in Mr. Butler's employ, after receiving such treatment. I doubt not he will be sorry for what he has done, before twenty-four hours are at an end. But, even should he seek my return, every principle of self-respect will forbid it. The result will be that I must leave you and the children, to seek employment elsewhere. I fear we may be separated all the remainder of the winter."

Mrs. Walker looked sad on hearing this. Few things could have been more painful to her than the thought of being separated even for a few months from her husband, from whom she had not been parted a week since their marriage.

"Can't you find work here?" she asked, in a tone which betrayed her feelings.

"No; there is no hope of it. I must leave this place, and you and the children must remain until I get established somewhere."

"The thought of such a separation is very trying," remarked Mrs. Walker.

"I know it is. And Butler is the cause of it all. Can you quite forgive him when you think of it?"

Mrs. Walker remained silent a few minutes, as if seriously communing with her own heart, then looking up, she said, "I think, Edward, I can, if I know my own heart. I love you very tenderly, and feel an insult offered to you more deeply than I should one offered to myself. But when we remember how much has been forgiven to both of us, can we refuse to forgive? We have never been so called upon to exercise this Christian grace before, for in the main it has been our lot to meet with kind and civil treatment from others. Let us seek to bear this trial in a right spirit. A separation will be painful. But even this may be what we both need, to draw us nearer to Him who is ever with his people."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EMMA LANGDON.

BY MARY A. COLLIER.

"It is true, mother," said Emma Langdon, "that money is the principal thing. There can be no doubt of it. It is the one thing desirable in life."

"Why, my child," asked Mrs. Langdon, "what makes you say this?"

"Because it's true. Money is *the* one thing desirable. When we lived at Langdon Place, how many friends we had, that we do not have now; friends, too, that I dearly loved!" — here real tears came into Emma's eyes, but she forced them back. "There was Anne Rose, who has entirely forgotten me, and all the Harleys; and even our own cousins seldom come to see us now."

"You forget, my Emma, that these were our neighbors then; now we are at a distance from them."

"But, mother, this cottage is but a mile and a half from our house,—I mean from what was formerly our house; I have walked it several times within the past year."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, mother. Just for the pleasure of looking upon the trees around the house,—the old trees that you loved so well. I walked about the premises,—you know, mother, I could not go in, because, though the Harleys used to visit us when we lived there, they have dropped our acquaintance now. And yet, mother, if we only had money, we could buy the place again,—the house and grounds, and (if we wanted them) all the friends too."

"Truly," said her mother, with a quiet smile, "you have uttered rather a biting sarcasm upon our friends."

"I have just spoken the truth. You, mother, seem to take it very easy. But there's Mrs. Thompson, who used to say that she considered you as a sister —"

"Well, my daughter, you need not finish that sentence, for Mrs. Thompson is still a very dear friend. To be sure, we meet less often than formerly, when we lived near to each other, and I had more time to enjoy society. Do not suppose, my dear, that I am blaming you for the rather absurd sentiments that you have uttered. In some degree they have grown out of the circumstances in which you have been placed. If any one thing more than another has grieved me, in connection with the change in our mode of life, it has been the ordeal through which, at so early an age, you have been compelled to pass. Nor can I now dispossess you of this spirit. I can only wait till the teachings of God's providence shall give you another view of things."

"I can never take any other view of things, for this is the truth. Papa has lost his property, and we, in consequence, have lost our friends. We are just now what we were before; but how differently are we estimated!"

"Do not say *we*," said her mother, "for I have still friends in whom I have confidence. In the nature of things, I see them more seldom than formerly. These are providential events."

"Well, then, mother, I will say *my* friends. These I have lost. If you had only seen how cousin Lucinda looked, when she found that I took in needle-work!"

Emma had been bred in prosperity. She was now just seventeen. She was not without powers of thought and observation; she was, as we have seen, the subject of strong impulses and affections, and, from the untoward circumstances that had befallen her, she had extracted the very heretical proposition with which we commenced.

Her mother sat in meditation upon "the various turns of altered fate," nor could she wholly resist the conclusion that in the worship of *Mammon*, which is so rife in our day, might be found the spring of Emma's thoughts. But, for the correction of this, she had said that she must wait for the teachings of Providence.

These lessons came in the way least expected.

Mr. Langdon had seen the avails of a life of enterprise and

industry pass from him, in one of those seasons of commercial agitation, which, like the disastrous winds of the desert, sometimes sweep over the community, prostrating for their victims oftentimes those who occupy the loftiest position. Possibly he might have extricated himself by throwing the burden of suffering upon others,—upon that numerous class who drew from his extensive business their daily employment. But this he would not do. He was a just, God-fearing man. He would give up all that he possessed, rather than that the poor should be made poorer through his means, or his name sullied with the shadow of suspicion. In her appreciation of these motives, and in her sympathy with his noble exemplification of character, lay in part the secret of Mrs. Langdon's serene cheerfulness. How little difference, but for Emma's feelings, would it have made to her, whether her abode were in a cottage or a palace, so that character and integrity were retained unblemished; so that the candle of the Lord shone upon her habitation. These she felt were *the all* of life.

But how shall the young and vivacious Emma be taught this? Wisely had the mother said that she would wait for the teachings of a higher power. But even she had been little aware of the import of the words she had spoken. Mercifully is the future hidden from our sight. Little did she dream that by the daughter this lesson was to be learned over the dead form of her father; that in gazing upon his marble features, noble in their last repose, while her heart wrung with an agony of love and grief, she was to awake to another life, besides that of intense consciousness of outward form and circumstance.

Mrs. Thompson, a faithful friend, stood beside the only child, so lately the heiress of many thousands, who now realized that all she had lost before was scarce worthy to be counted. That first grief had irritated the surface of the soul; now it was as though the very soul had been rent asunder. But sweet, subduing words fell from the lips of her mother's friend; words by which Emma was led to think of the blessed rest with God, upon which her pious parent had entered. Then, indeed, she realized

“ How precious was the gift
He to his loved ones gave ;
The stainless memory of the just,
The wealth beyond the grave.”

Weeping, she threw her arms round the neck of her who had proved a tender friend in an adverse day, and she then remembered her mother's words. She had learned that though the fluctuations of fortune may chill the hearts of admiring associates, true Christian-hearted friends were unchanged ; that though there are minds so thoroughly materialized as to see nothing noble or sacred in friendship, beyond the rich tints of the tapestry carpet, or the velvet-covered sofa, yet there are souls of a higher order, knit together by ties that can withstand even the disruptions of fortune.

A TOUCHING CUSTOM.

A COMMON practice in Paris, which impresses a stranger favorably, is that of lifting or taking off the hat when a funeral passes. A writer on this subject relates the following :

“ Some years since, we were among that rushing crowd ever pouring up and down Broadway. When in front of old St. Paul's, all eyes were attracted by the appearance of the crew of the French war vessel, *La Belle Poule*, which then visited the United States under the command of the Prince de Joinville. The crew were in their naval dress uniform, bright and beautiful, and were sauntering along seeing the sights. All at once they stopped, formed a line, faced inward, and uncovered. How exquisite and touching was the scene when we discovered in that thoughtless, busy, hurrying crowd, a man of foreign birth, evidently poor and friendless, under whose arm was carried a tiny coffin, and by his side the stricken mother ! They were in search of a burial for their babe, and were jostled and unheeded in that gay torrent of humanity, until they met these hardy, tempest-tossed mariners, who, on the instant, with bared heads, stood in silent respect, while the sacred ashes of the unknown infant were passing. Such are French manners.”

OLD MOLL AND LITTLE AGNES; OR, THE RICH POOR AND THE POOR RICH.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

CHAPTER X.

THE noble ship Neptune, bound for New York, was leaving the port of Calcutta. The passengers crowded to the side of the vessel to bid a last adieu to friends who had accompanied them out to the channel, and were now returning with the pilot. Handkerchiefs waved, a last farewell was wafted across the water, the sailors echoed a hearty song of "Ho, heave ho!" as the sails began to catch the breeze, and their voyage *home* was fairly commenced.

As the rapidly increasing distance rendered the pilot-boat but a small speck on the horizon, the company on board turned with a sigh to the contemplation of their accommodations and of each other.

In a few hours the deck is deserted. Only one solitary passenger continues leaning over the side of the vessel, with his eyes strained to catch in the distance one more glance of the shore he has left.

Is his heart still in India? We shall see.

For several days the passengers are obliged to keep their berths, occasionally creeping on deck, supported by the captain or one of the officers; but the giddiness and sickness which seize them warn them to return below. The melancholy man, as the sailors call him, is the only exception. He walks firmly back and forth upon deck, or sits in a retired part of the ship, gazing on the boundless prospect spread out on every side, occasionally reading a passage from a small golden-clasped book, which he carries in his breast-pocket.

Notwithstanding his reserve, he is a favorite with the crew. They speculate much upon the cause of his sorrow; but they love him, for they see that it has not hardened his heart. The

little cabin-boy will never forget the kind words which recalled him to his senses after a heavy fall upon deck during the second day out; nor the tenderness with which the stranger bound the cold bandages around his aching brow. He believed that the sorrowful man must have had a wife and children, and that he had buried them in India; and when, after a week, he was able to resume his duties, his merry voice softened and his step grew lighter, as he passed the spot occupied by his new friend.

When the passengers recovered from their sickness, and were able to pass most of their time on deck, the stranger drew the mantle of reserve still closer around himself and his sorrowful heart. But this course, together with the praises of the crew of his interest in everything concerning them, and his kindness to their young comrade, only stimulated their curiosity to draw him out, or increased their determination to cultivate his acquaintance.

Among the passengers were a gentleman and his wife, who were leaving India after a residence of more than twelve years. The gentleman, whose name was Loring, was a tall, noble-looking man, with an eye keen as an eagle, and which would have given an expression of sternness to his countenance, had it not been for the mildness and benevolence which shone forth from his other features. He was of very dark complexion, but that was probably owing to many years' residence in a warm climate. His wife appeared to be his equal, if not his superior, in years; and, with her husband, was much interested in the taciturn stranger.

"Strange," exclaimed Mr. Loring one day, "how that man's face haunts me! Sometimes I meet his eye, and his countenance is as familiar as that of a household friend, and then it is all lost again. Who can he be?"

"Why don't you ask the captain by what name he has shipped?"

"A happy thought. I will do so before I am an hour older!"

"Hanley?" said he, when the captain pointed to the name; "Hanley,—it sounds very familiar. Ah, I have it now; but

no, it can't be possible," he soliloquized, as he walked away. "He was my junior by a dozen years."

"Hanley," he repeated, on entering his cabin, in answer to an inquiring glance of his wife. "Andrew Hanley."

"And do you remember any one by that name?"

"A gentleman by the name of Hanley used frequently to be at my house before I left America, and is associated with some of the most afflictive scenes of my life. I learned afterwards that he was engaged to be married to my daughter, Florence Mowbrey. After a time, however, she ceased to mention him in her letters, and it is many years since I have heard his name."

Upon a closer examination of the features of the gentleman, Mr. Loring was convinced that, though grown prematurely old by care or sorrow, this was the Mr. Hanley whom he had known in America, and that he was recognized. He determined to lose no time in renewing his acquaintance. But this he found much more difficult than he had imagined. Every step that he advanced, the other drew back two, and at length changed his seat, which had been directly opposite, to the further end of the table. Even the direct appeal made to him, "I think, sir, I have had the happiness of meeting you in America," produced no other response than a reluctant assent; and, at length, seeing that from some cause Mr. Hanley wished to maintain his reserve, Mr. Loring refrained from questioning him further.

In the close companionship of a ship's company, all the other passengers had become like one family, occupying their time with reading, sewing, and writing, and daily exercise upon deck when the weather permitted. But the melancholy man kept as much aloof from them as ever. His influence, however, was increasingly powerful among the crew. In pleasant weather, and when their duties did not interfere, he read to them hour after hour from the Bible, or some interesting tract. He was always ready with a word of advice, and the captain remarked that he never had heard so little profanity since he had commanded a vessel. The cabin-boy, with the consent of the captain, he had taken especially in charge, and

had already carried him through the rudiments of reading, beside giving him much oral instruction.

When the Neptune had been out a little more than two months, she encountered a terrible storm, in which the lives of passengers and crew were in immediate danger. Now, for the first time, the calmness, the presence of mind, the forethought of the strange gentleman were known and appreciated. By a cheerful word to the crew he encouraged them to persevere in the performance of their duty. By his calmness he imparted hope to his fellow-passengers, while, at the same time, with his own hands and such aid as he could command, he made hasty preparations in case they should be obliged to leave the ship. In this hour which tried men's souls he pointed the trembling sailors to Him who holds the waters in his fists, or repeated to his frightened companions the promise of God to take care of those who put their trust in him. Wherever the storm was most fearful, there his tall form might be seen by the side of the captain, assisting, encouraging, and prompting all to their duty. For the first time he was seen to smile, but it was a heavenly smile, such as is sometimes seen upon the countenances of those who are about to exchange earth for heaven. All reserve was forgotten. His fellow-passengers approached him freely, and sought from time to time to learn from him if he still hoped they might be saved.

"I am little used to the sea," he replied one day, with a sweet smile, "but my trust is there," pointing upward.

At the end of three days the storm abated, and the sun shone out upon their noble ship, dismasted and a complete wreck. It was sixty miles to the nearest land, and to attain this point all their energies were bent. Fortunately, a few days after their arrival, another vessel landed for a supply of water, and most of the passengers from the Neptune embarked in her. This was an English ship from Canton, bound for Liverpool; and thus they were obliged to return home that way.

During the remainder of the voyage Mr. Hanley seemed disposed to be more communicative, or perhaps his fellow-passengers gave him no opportunity to relapse into the state of gloom in which they had first seen him. They were too

grateful for his kindness in the time of their danger, and entertained too high a respect for him as a man and a Christian, to give up his society. On board the steamer from Liverpool to New York, Mr. Loring gradually won from his old friend the sad story of this event which had cast a gloom over his whole life. Though he said nothing in reply (what could he say?), yet the warm pressure of his hand told of the cordial sympathy he felt for Mr. Hanley's misfortune.

"Wealth has flowed in upon me," continued the gentleman, "but it has come too late. I have immediate relatives, and she for whom I wished wealth is lost to me forever."

"I suppose you are aware," replied Mr. Loring, after a pause, "that Mr. and Mrs. Buckingham are both deceased, and that he defrauded his ward of a great part of her property?"

"I have heard nothing since the fatal letter which deprived me of all hope," said Mr. Hanley, in a hoarse voice, after rising and pacing the cabin with rapid steps; "and has she suffered want? O, why was I ignorant of this!"

"You said," continued Mr. Loring, "that you received a letter from Mr. Buckingham, announcing the approaching marriage of his ward, and also a letter from her confirming the same."

"I considered it so. In short, I was almost beside myself with the suddenness of the intelligence. She hinted that her guardian was strongly opposed to her wishes, which he expressed to me in full, but that her situation was so unpleasant she should change it at once."

"Have you preserved her letter?"

"Ah, no! I immediately, as in honor bound, returned everything which could remind me of her. I could not trust myself while I retained her image; but, alas, I have never been able to forget her!"

"Mr. Hanley," exclaimed his friend, starting up, after a pause of great excitement to both, "will you grant me a favor?"

"Anything in reason, for the sake of your relationship to her."

"Accompany us to the hotel, and do not make yourself known to any one until I have made some inquiries, and conferred with you."

"I will readily promise that."

Mr. Loring was so much interested in his fellow-passenger, that he lost no time in inquiring for the store of Sampson & Co., where he knew Louis Buckingham was a partner.

Six years have passed since we took leave of the young man, and we should hardly recognize, in the upright bearing of the rather portly gentleman who introduced himself as the one inquired for, the tall but slender Louis of former days.

"My name is Loring," said the gentleman, cordially extending his hand. "I arrived in the city yesterday from Calcutta, and I came to make inquiries with regard to my daughter, Florence Mowbrey."

"Allow me to welcome you in her name," exclaimed Mr. Buckingham, warmly. "I will accompany you to her at once."

"Stop, my young friend," answered Mr. Loring, smiling at his companion's warmth; "I have one or two inquiries to make. Is she married?"

"O, no, sir! Marriage with Florence is quite out of the question."

"But why so? She was uncommonly attractive in person, and was possessed of a handsome property. Excuse me for the allusion, but I heard a report that a part of her funds were swallowed up when your father failed."

Mr. Buckingham grew very pale. This was a sore point with him; but, after a moment, in which he endeavored to control himself, he replied, "Every cent of her property was lost; but it has been, and still is, the darling purpose of my life to make her amends. Of this, however, she knows nothing. In reply to your question, which you, as her father, have a right to ask, 'Why has she not been married?' her answer would be, 'Because I have no heart to give.' After the cruel desertion of her by Mr. Hanley, she received eligible proposals of marriage, which I urged her to accept, but her answer was always the same."

"What about Mr. Hanley?" inquired the gentleman, rising and walking the room to conceal his emotion.

Mr. Buckingham then related particulars already known to the reader.

"Mr. Hanley's version of the story is quite different," urged Mr. Loring, when he had concluded. "He received a letter from her guardian, soon after he reached India, saying that Florence was on the eve of marriage with a gentleman of this city; that he had remonstrated with her, but to no effect; and that he had told her that at least she ought to inform Mr. Hanley of the fact, which she had reluctantly consented to do. This letter is the only one he had received from her since he left France. Mr. Hanley returned in the same ship which brought me and my wife, and is at this moment undeceived with regard to her marriage."

Mr. Buckingham covered his face with his handkerchief, as he replied, "I fear, sir, my father,—alas! I cannot think of it. He was pressed for money. He was tempted beyond his power to resist. Soon after, he lost his mind, and, though he lived several years, he never knew enough to make confession of the deceit he had practised. Poor, poor Florence! All those years she was to my parents the most dutiful and attentive of daughters!" and tears, which no personal suffering would have drawn from him, trickled down the young man's cheeks.

"Cheer up, my friend," said Mr. Loring, in a pleasant tone. "The past has gone, and cannot be recalled, but we must hope for the future. Mr. Hanley's affection has survived all these trials, though he dares not cherish it, supposing her married. From your account, she is free to renew her attachment to him. The next thing is, to bring them together."

"Let us go to her at once," replied his companion; and they were soon on their way to the house.

Florence and Agnes still lived in their suburban home, though it had been so enlarged and improved that we should hardly recognize it. A large lot of land was added when Louis became the proprietor; the cottage was moved back,

and raised another story, while ornamental vines clung lovingly around the graceful pillars supporting the roof.

When the carriage containing Mr. Loring and Louis stopped at the gate, Agnes Mowbrey, now a beautiful girl of seventeen, bounded to the door, not anticipating the sight of a stranger. On perceiving that Louis was not alone, she blushed deeply as she drew back, without noticing the effect her sudden appearance had upon him.

"Where is Florence?" asked Louis, in an excited tone; — and in a moment he had ushered Mr. Loring into the parlor, left him to tell his story, and joined Alice in the garden to impart to her his wonderful news.

It was nearly an hour before Mr. Loring's voice was heard, as he descended the steps. Louis sprang to follow him, and the carriage whirled away, Agnes only hearing the order, "To the Astor House," as the coachman drove off. She then returned to the house, and, softly entering the parlor, she found Florence seated upon the sofa, her hands pressed closely upon her heart, while her countenance denoted the excitement of the past hour. She looked up, as Agnes quickly advanced to her side, and asked, timidly, "Has Louis told you, my father has returned?"

"Yes, and somebody else with him," answered Agnes, archly, while a bright flush stole over Florence's face. "I am glad he did not see you when you were so thin; now your cheeks are as plump and rosy, and your eyes as bright as —"

"Yours, for instance," said Florence, interrupting her with a sigh. She arose, and approached a mirror, exclaiming, "O, I am sadly changed! I am sure he will not recognize me."

Agnes ran gayly up stairs and brought down a miniature of her dearest friend, given her on her sixteenth birth-day. It was the same which had been returned from India. "Here you are!" she exclaimed; and, taking Florence's hand, she led her back to the mirror. "See for yourself." The lady gazed as she had never gazed before. She tried to look with his eyes; and a feeling of regret, for the first time, crept into her mind, that she was no longer young.

"I suppose ten years in a hot climate cannot have improved his appearance much," remarked Agnes, divining her friend's thoughts. "Now to me you have the decided advantage, for you are certainly handsomer than you were then. And, O, if he only knew how good you are!" and she put her arm around the waist of her trembling friend. "Shall you love me, dear Florence? I am beginning to have dreadful heart-burnings already."

After an hour, a carriage stopped opposite the house, and Florence trembled so violently, that she could hardly retain her seat; but Agnes ascertained it was not the one that was expected. It proved to be only a servant with a message from his mistress, who could not alight.

"It is not time to look for them yet, so do compose yourself, or you will be sick." She had hardly time to finish her sentence before the sound of wheels was again heard; and this time it was the expected guests. Agnes arose, and walked calmly to the door, saying, "I will see who it is," giving Florence time to recall her thoughts. Presently Mr. Loring alighted, followed by a gentleman, who, to the young girl's excited imagination, seemed at least fifty years of age. They walked quickly up the steps, and, with a bow to Agnes, passed at once into the parlor.

"If I am not much mistaken," thought Agnes, "he will have as much difficulty to retain his composure as she will. Dear, dear Florence! O, how very glad I am she is to have her reward at last! And how astonished she will be to know that Louis purchased this place in her name, and that it is all secured to her! How pleased Louis was that I approved his plan. It is the first and only secret I have ever had from Florence." Thus occupied with her own thoughts, she had passed out to the garden, and did not notice that Mr. Loring had followed her, until she heard a voice by her side.

"And this is Agnes?" he said, taking her hand with the tenderness of a father. "I suppose I must introduce myself, — Mr. Loring, from India. Do you know that I feel already acquainted with you? My companion from town, Mr. Buckingham, spoke warmly of your attachment to my daughter."

The rich bloom deepened on Agnes' cheek, as she replied, with enthusiasm, "She has been more than a mother to me!"

A shade of anguish passed across the countenance of the gentleman, not unnoticed by his companion; but, instantly controlling himself, he led her on to an account of her residence in the family since her adoption by his daughter; and she soon found herself conversing as freely with him as though she had known him for years. He grew every moment more interested, but sometimes a glance or motion from her seemed to recall vividly some painful scene, and he turned suddenly away to conceal his agitation.

The time passed so quickly, that Agnes was astonished when Bridget came to her for orders about supper. "This," said the young girl, addressing Mr. Loring, "is our faithful Bridget, who has continued with us through seasons of prosperity and adversity, and whom we prize as a friend."

Bridget blushed, and courtesied with pleasure; and, when her young mistress informed her that the gentleman was father to Miss Florence, her delight expressed itself in every feature.

Though urged much to do so, Mr. Loring declined stopping to tea, but only tarried to appoint an early hour for bringing his wife to claim relationship with her new relatives. "I suppose you must take me for a grandfather," said Mr. Loring to Agnes, as she stood at the gate to bid him good-by.

Her voice assumed a tone of sadness, as she answered, "I had much rather it would be 'father.' I have never known a father's love."

Mr. Loring hastily gave the order to drive on, sank back into his seat, and gave way to the emotions he could no longer control. Agnes in figure, voice and manner, so resembled his deceased wife, that it seemed as if he had just parted from her. "Strange," said he again and again, "passing strange, that a young girl should have moved me thus! What a treasure she is to Florence! I would give all I possess for such a daughter."

At the tea-table, Agnes was introduced to Mr. Hanley, and was soon relieved of all fears with regard to a diminution of

her friend's affection. Mr. Hanley rendered himself so agreeable a companion, that the evening passed quickly away, and when, at a late hour, he took his leave, she confessed to Louis that she had seldom seen a happier or a handsomer couple than Florence and her restored lover.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

IN England, some years ago, a man presented himself before a body of clergymen to be examined, that he might be licensed to preach the Gospel. His advantages for study had not been very great, and he had fears that he could not sustain himself, and answer the numerous questions which he knew would be proposed. With a trembling heart he stood up before his fathers and brethren, and one of them asked him with whom he had studied divinity.

The young man was somewhat confused at this question, for he knew very well that he had not enjoyed the instruction of any distinguished divine; and he replied, with hesitation, "My mother taught me the Scriptures."

"Ah!" said the minister who asked the question, "mothers can do great things."

The examination then proceeded, and the result was delightful proof that mothers may be good teachers of theology; that the truths implanted by their early instructions, watered by their pious tears, and sanctified in answer to their prayers, will bear precious fruit after many days.

This candidate for the ministry was found to be mighty in the Scriptures, and most gladly was he commissioned to go forth and preach the word to his fellow-men.

W. Christian Advocate.

MY WIFE.

WRITTEN WHILE RECOVERING FROM A SEVERE SICKNESS.

I HEARD her — O, how cautiously ! —
Open my bedroom door ;
I heard her step as noiselessly
(To my couch) cross the floor ;
I felt her hands my temples press,
Her lips just touching mine ;
And, in my anguish and distress,
'T were sinful to repine.
Our pilgrimage is nearly through, —
We 've passed life's mountain brow ;
I *thought* I loved her years ago ;
I *know* I love her now.

Her face was hovering over mine, —
Her warm tears on my cheek ;
Her whispered prayer, of thought divine,
Rose fervently, but meek.
Her bosom rested on my arm,
I felt its troublous throe ;
I knew the cause of its alarm,
I knew its source of woe ;
And then the blood my system through
Came pressing on my brow ;
I *thought* I loved her years ago ;
I *know* I love her now.

Thus watched that tired and patient one,
By night as well as day,
In sadness and almost alone,
Till weeks had passed away ;
Bereft of sleep, deprived of rest, —
Oppressed, borne down with care ;
Till, O, her labors have been blessed,
For God has heard her prayer !
Her cheek resumes its wonted glow,
And placid is her brow ;
I *thought* I loved her years ago ;
I *know* I love her now.

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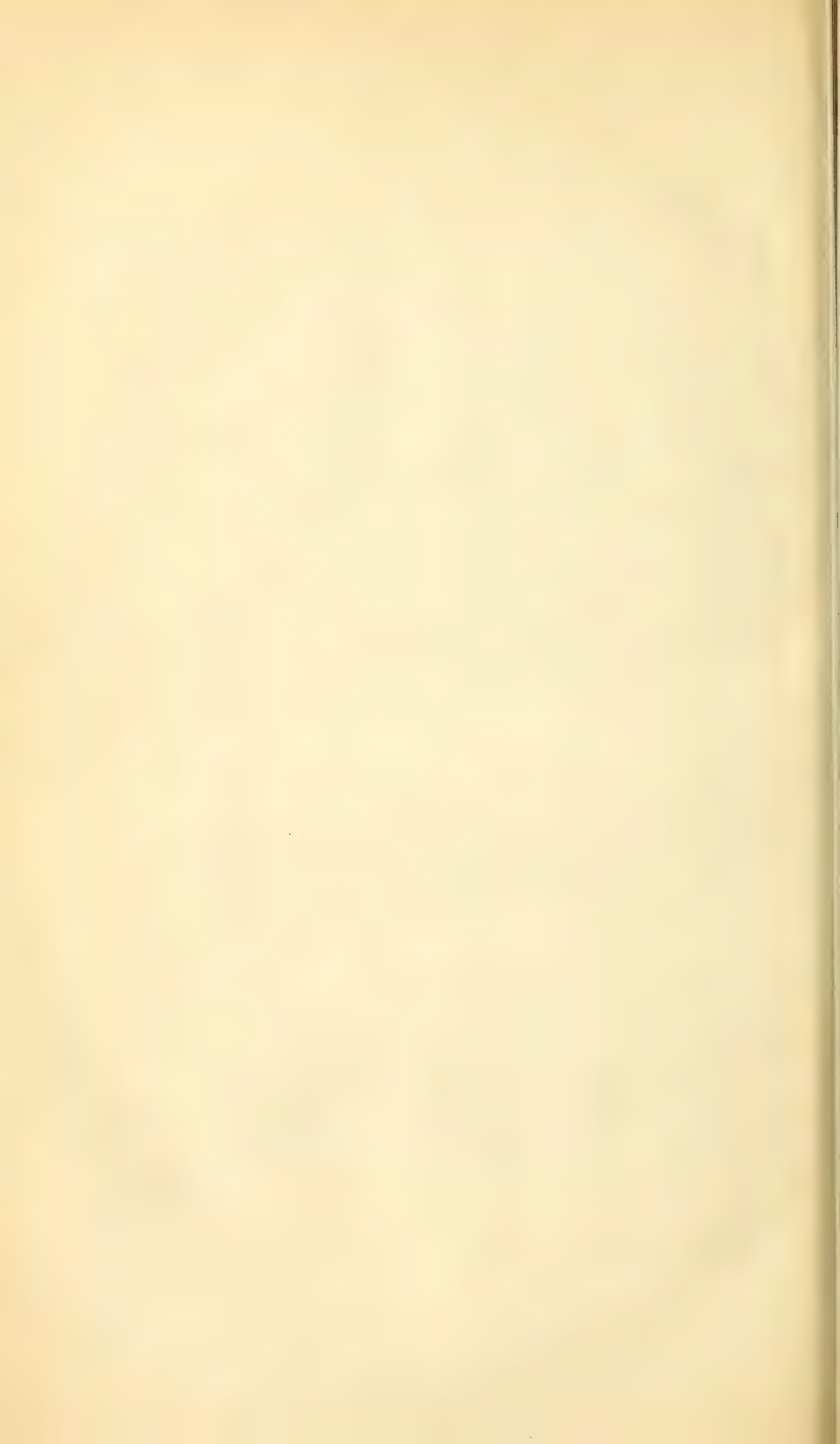
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THE RHODE ISLAND GREENING APPLE.



A DEATH-SCENE.

WORDS BY REV. H. M. BRIDGE.

MUSIC BY B. F. BAKER.

Moderato.

1. Come, my friends, but not with weeping, Near - er, gath - er round;
 2. Yet come not in gloom and sadness, Breathe not here one mourn - ful sigh,

Sweet - ly now my heart is leap - ing, Joy - ous! hear it bound!
 Yon - der! yon - der! realms of glad - ness! See my soul is draw - ing nigh!

A DEATH-SCENE, Concluded.

The musical score is written on three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'Sweet - ly now my heart is leap - ing, Joy - ous! joy - ous! hear it bound!' are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics 'Yon - der! yon - der! realms of glad - ness! See my soul is drawing nigh!'. The third staff concludes the piece with a final cadence. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings.

3

O! my friends, can this be dying?
Then, O death, where is thy sting?
Upward, upward, I am flying!
Hark! the seraphs round me sing.

4

Farewell, friends, we now are parting,
Parting for a space not long;
I am only soonest starting,
Hastening to the world of song

5

Soon returning I will meet you
On this glorious azure road;
Soon with seraph welcomes greet you,
In yon pure and bright abode!

6

Praise the Lord with joy and singing;
Weep not as I upward soar;
Angel choruses are ringing;
I may chant with you no more!

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

BY REV. JONATHAN BRACE.

ACCORDING to tradition, her name was Balkis, and her kingdom, which was eight times as large as the goodly State of Massachusetts, lay between the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. It was remarkable for the beauty of its scenery, the fertility of its soil, and the variety of its natural productions. There grew the palm, the orange, and the apricot, and from thence were exported ivory, coffee, pearls, and spices. Milton says :

“To them who sail
Beyond the cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabeian odors from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest.”

It was from her dominions that “these spicy breezes blew.” This was her native land, and here were her home and throne. It is further thus described by Thomas Moore :

“Glistening shells of every dye
Upon the margin of the Red Sea lie.
Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen ;
Gay sparkling loories, such as gleam between
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree
In the warm isles of India’s sunny sea ;
And those that under Araby’s soft sun
Build their high nest of budding cinnamon ;
In short, all rare and beauteous things that fly
Through the pure element, here calmly lie
Sleeping on light.”

The queen of this lovely realm made a visit to Jerusalem, to have interviews with Solomon, who dwelt there. The Jewish monarch had been endowed by God with extraordinary wisdom ; of his wisdom she had heard, and of it she would avail herself.

It is quite possible that she might have had some other reasons for going thither. She might have desired to see the man himself,—how the noted sage looked; she might have desired to feast her eyes upon his gorgeous throne and magnificent temple; she might have desired to open commercial intercourse with the Hebrews, and participate with them in maritime traffic; but these, if indeed they were among the reasons of her visit, were yet *subordinate* reasons. Her *main* purpose was to listen to his conversation, and learn wisdom, human and divine, from his lips. Inspired Scripture tells us that she came to “hear the wisdom of Solomon;” that, “having heard of his fame concerning the name of the Lord, she came to prove him with hard questions;” that is, to be instructed by him; to interrogate him on difficult and abstruse subjects, and receive the light which he poured upon them. Particularly “concerning *the name of the Lord*” did she desire information, and so sought this, the highest of all wisdom.

She was not disappointed. Her journey of fifteen hundred miles was not in vain. Solomon “answered all her questions, and there was not anything hid from her that he told her not.” Besides answering all her questions, he made his royal pupil acquainted with the principles on which his government was administered, exhibited to her the interior arrangements of his palace, its furniture, the liveried servants, from the humblest domestic to his cup-bearer, or butler; and showed her the splendid temple which he had recently erected, with the costly stair-way, or passage, which furnished him the means of entrance to its courts. The queen was delighted. “It was a true report,” she said, “that I heard in my own land, of thy wisdom. Howbeit I believed not the words until I came, and mine eyes had seen it; and, behold, the half was not told me; thy wisdom and prosperity exceed the fame that I heard. Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants who stand continually before thee, and hear thy wisdom.”

This brief historic sketch is valuable to our readers, in that it brings before them a woman in high life, who *appreciated mental and moral culture*.

Balkis, we have seen, was a *queen*, and as such was at the

loftiest point of civil elevation possible for a female to be raised. Here was a realm extensive, fertile, fragrant and beautiful: and she had a splendid equipage, a magnificent throne, ample pecuniary possessions, and whatever these possessions could procure. With such resources so rare and plenteous, most of her sex would have been satisfied,—more than satisfied. But she was not satisfied. She had a *mind*, and she would furnish it. She was an intellectual being, and as such would improve herself; and having heard “by mariners who were passing along the coast in their journey from Ezion-Geber, and other parts of the Red Sea to India or to Ophir, and who stopped at Sheba for provisions or for other supplies,”—having heard through them, or other channels of conveyance, that there was a man and a monarch fifteen hundred miles distant, who was emphatically and preëminently wise,—nothing would content her short of visiting him, and sitting as a docile learner at his feet. The journey was indeed long, lay across deserts, and lands infested with robbers; would consume nearly or quite four months of time; take her away from the quiet luxuries of home, and be expensive. But the yearnings of her immortal nature for wisdom overcame these obstacles; and, summoning a retinue of her most valiant soldiers, and trust-worthy servants, “a very great train, with camels that bear spices, and very much gold and precious stones,” she set out for Jerusalem, and tarried not, until, having passed what is now Mecca, and Medina, and Horeb, and Sinai, and the Jordan, she stood upon the brow of the Mount of Olives, and looked down upon the imperial city where dwelt the Jewish king, rumors of whose high and lofty wisdom had been borne to her ears, and whom she had prosecuted her long and formidable journey to behold, and listen to.

What an example was here of *fit appreciation of intellectual culture*,—and that by a *queen*! How much to her credit! How much more to her credit than a coronet, or sceptre, or any laurels of conquest or of diplomacy! And how impressively are females taught hereby that the elements of true womanly glory lie not so much in beauty of face or grace of action, as in an intellect stored with the imperishable wealth of knowledge; and how should it stimulate them to advance

themselves, as intellectual beings, by all the means in their power !

Nor was this Queen of Sheba awake to the superior dignity of her *mental* nature only, but also to her *moral* nature. We are justified, we think, in believing that the wisdom which she sought was not *worldly* wisdom *merely*, but that wisdom likewise which "cometh down from above;" that, her confidence shaken in the puerile superstitions of her own benighted land, and sighing for more than its sacred books could furnish, she came to Israel's sage to learn through him of Israel's *God*.

What was the nature or character of the questions proposed to him cannot of course be exactly ascertained; but when the Bible informs us, as it does, that she "heard of the fame of Solomon concerning the name of the Lord;" when the manner in which Christ mentions the event is considered, speaking of it approvingly; and when, her visit concluded, we find her saying, "Blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighteth in thee; because the Lord delighteth in Israel forever, he hath made thee king to do justice and judgment;" when these things are taken into account, the evidence we think preponderates, that, while she came to Solomon to add to her stores of human learning, she came to him likewise for *theological* instruction. And if this was so,—if it was for the solution of questions in morals and religion that her journey to Jerusalem was undertaken,—how much more does this elevate her in our eyes, and make her a model of imitation for her sex! for "the price of wisdom,"—genuine, heavenly wisdom,— "the price of" such "wisdom is above rubies."

A woman may be pleasing and intellectual, have a charming countenance and form, and a refined, well-stored intellect,—nay, may be a queen, with an imperial sceptre in her hand, and a jewelled diadem sparkling on her brow; but, if she has no *piety*, there is a sad *deficiency*, just that deficiency which makes her unprepared to meet the fearful realities of eternity, and which will ever prevent her from being a companion of angels. "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised;" yes, and with a grateful heart and beaming face adore and praise her Saviour in the heavens.

THEATRICAL AMUSEMENTS.

BY THE LATE REV. JOSHUA BATES, D.D.

PART II.

BUT, besides your own improvement and happiness, there is an object intimately connected with the decision of the question before you, which must lie near your heart,—I mean the character and happiness of your *only brother*. Young as he is, and possessing as he does a heart of keen sensibility, and a mind of lofty aspiration, he must be peculiarly susceptible of influence from *imposing example*; and, situated as he is with you, his only sister, of mature age and large experience, he will not fail to confide in your judgment, and follow *your example*. You have it in your power, therefore, to give a direction to his pursuits which may serve to mould his character and fix his destiny.

“Example is a living law.” Its operations are, indeed, silent, but they are, nevertheless, sure; gradual, but constant; unobserved, but mighty and irresistible; and its influence, as mathematicians would say, is in the inverse ratio of its distance. Your beloved brother, the only son of your lamented mother, must be exceedingly near and dear to you, and your influence over him must be proportionate to this sympathetic proximity. If, therefore, your example should sanction theatrical amusements, he will be almost sure to follow in your steps. He will wish, and readily obtain permission of your kind and indulgent father, to accompany you and your cousins; and these amusements he will find so congenial to his ardent mind and susceptible heart, that he cannot fail to be captivated by them; and, under their enchanting and intoxicating influence, to be led to other scenes and other indulgences, which may consummate his ruin. For, however you, guarded by the instinctive caution of your sex, and protected by the native firmness of your mind, may be secure against the contaminating influence

of these scenes, he is too young and too susceptible to escape the snare and dispel the enchantment which they will throw around him. Can he, think you, hear the innuendoes which, in the theatre, are often thrown out against piety and purity; behold the mock-devotion which is sometimes exhibited on the stage; listen to the sarcastic charges of hypocrisy, bigotry and fanaticism, which are there frequently made against men of the purest character and most elevated and exemplary piety, — above all, can he hear the direct expressions of impiety and impurity, and the bold annunciations of infidel and licentious sentiments, which are there sometimes made, associated with scenes of enchantment and reiterated bursts of applause, — can he be a witness of all this, and much more of the same character and tendency, without suffering essential and lasting injury? Will not his susceptible heart be thus captivated, and a permanent and dangerous direction be given to his character? You may, perhaps, still call the theatre a place of innocent amusement and harmless recreation. But it will not prove harmless to an ardent and inexperienced young man of seventeen. Of all amusements, those of the theatre are the most dangerous to such a youth, of such a temperament as your brother possesses; and they will most surely expose him to imminent danger, and probably lead him to dissipation and ruin.

Not only those indulgences which are criminal in themselves, and expressly forbidden in the Scriptures, but even those pleasures which are generally esteemed innocent, are often dangerous to virtue and fatal to happiness; for they are so congenial to the unsanctified heart, that, when eagerly sought, they gradually acquire an undue ascendancy in the mind, and finally exert a despotic power over the will and conscience. Indeed, we may lay it down as a maxim of the first practical importance, that pleasure, whatever be its nature, character, or original tendency, when made an ultimate object of pursuit, and sought for its own sake alone, will either disappoint or destroy its votary. It will disappoint his hopes at once, and drive him back, wearied, mortified and ill-prepared, to more rational and manly pursuits; or it will continue

to flatter and deceive, till his destruction is made sure; till he has become incapable of relishing higher and purer joys; till his energies are exhausted in the vain pursuit, and he is left to sink down in inglorious lassitude and hopeless despair. Indeed, it is scarcely paradoxical to say, a life of pleasure is a life of wretchedness; or, as the Scripture hath it, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." Vain amusements create an appetite for indulgences less innocent and more intoxicating; but they never satisfy the desires of an immortal mind. These misnamed pleasures never fulfil what they promise. They often disgust those whom they entice, and they always leave a sting behind. Still they are pursued, by those who enlist in their service, with increasing devotion, because their votaries are slaves. Driven on by their domineering appetites, whose cravings with them are like whips of scorpions, they proceed in the path of ruin; and often, with their eyes open and in full view of their danger, rush into the abyss of dissipation and wretchedness.

Have you seen the wily serpent charm the thoughtless bird? Have you seen her, under the spell, resigning the power of her wings, and, though apparently sensible of her approaching fate, and occasionally agitated with distress, yet continually advancing nearer and nearer to her subtle destroyer, till she quietly sinks into his devouring jaws? Then you have seen an emblem of the sons and daughters of worldly pleasure. They often see their danger when it is too late for them to escape; and they are not unfrequently overwhelmed with distress when they find no place for repentance; for, having yielded to the allurements of the siren, the charm soon takes effect, and they are drawn along, though reluctantly and sometimes gradually, yet almost surely, to the pit of destruction, like the self-devoted bird to the serpent's mouth! Such may be the fate of your beloved brother, if you lead him to the theatre. *Such may be*, did I say? Such, or something like it, will be likely to be his destiny; for such has been the end of thousands, like him in temperament and character. Will you not, then, abstain from theatrical amusements, if for no other reason, yet for your beloved brother's sake? O, let not your

example lead him into temptation ! Would that it were,—O, may it soon be !—an example of positive piety and Christian virtue, such as would not only restrain from evil, but lead to good ; such as would “allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way to heavenly joys.”

The last of the preceding remarks brings me to what, I confess, I have all along had in view, a reference to your *spiritual condition and your prospects of future and eternal blessedness*. Though you do not lay claim to Christian character, nor pretend to enjoy Christian hopes, yet, surely, you do not intend to live regardless of religion. You are not an unbeliever. Your mother, you hope, is in heaven, and you unquestionably desire finally to meet her there, and dwell with her in glory and felicity. You have a settled belief, you told me, in the truth of Christianity, and an inward and habitual respect for religion and its consistent professors. It cannot, therefore, be your intention to live without reference to your future condition ; without seeking to obtain an interest in the redemption purchased by Christ ; without embracing the offers of pardon tendered in the Gospel, and cultivating that spirit of holiness, and forming that character of piety and virtue, with which the promises of everlasting blessedness are connected. But, if you intend to make this preparation for heaven, and “follow them who through faith and patience have gone to inherit the promises,” when will you commence the work ? How long will you delay ? Life is short. Time is on the wing. Death is at the door. What you do you must do quickly.

Besides, the direct tendency of vain amusements, and especially of those connected with the stage, is to prevent attention to the very *means of grace*, and destroy the very *capacity for holy action and spiritual joy*. It is a law of our nature, as Bishop Butler has well said, “that while active principles are strengthened by exercise, passive impressions are weakened by repetition.” Indeed, high excitement and indolent gratification necessarily exhaust the sensibilities of the heart, and gradually unfit the mind for vigorous exertion and self-denying effort. Did you ever know a lover of the theatre fond of retirement, meditation, and the study of the sacred Scriptures ?

Such gratifications and excitements as the theatre furnishes are too much in accordance with our natural love of indolence, to leave room for an ardent desire of simple truth, or to admit of persevering efforts for high attainments in holiness. Indeed, the Bible, and the habitual reading of the Bible, the Gospel, and the serious and constant attendance on the preaching of the Gospel, are entirely inconsistent with indulgence in the vain amusements of the world. You may call such amusements as the theatre furnishes, innocent amusements, harmless recreations, but, if long pursued, they will engross your attention and steal away your heart; will deprive you of the means of grace, and finally shut you out from heaven.

It is your practice, you told me, to read a portion of Scripture every evening before you retire to rest, and every morning before you leave your chamber. It is a good practice, and should never be relinquished. But what, think you, will become of it, should you decide to accept the invitation of your cousins, and become with them a constant attendant on theatrical amusements? Let me anticipate your very first return from the theatre, where you will have seen vice and folly associated with beauty and elegance; virtue depressed, and religion caricatured, if not made an object of contempt and ridicule. You return, at once exhilarated and fatigued, gratified and vexed, delighted with the occasional display of taste and wit and elevated sentiment, and mortified and disgusted by the intermingled scenes and expressions of folly and vulgarity and blasphemy. I see you at a late hour of the night, under all these distracting influences, entering your chamber of retirement, and, with the Bible in your hand, placing yourself in the attitude of sober reflection. You open the sacred book, and cast your eyes for a moment on its holy pages. But you cannot read. A vacant stare, a wild glance of the eyes, a sudden agitation of the frame, evinces the disturbed state of your mind, and proves that you feel the inconsistency of your previous employment with your present position. The Bible is quickly closed, to be opened no more but as a task,—to be read no more, but with reluctance. Henceforth its precious contents will become less and less interesting, as you become

more and more absorbed in scenes of mirth and folly; till, at last, it is to be feared, you will even loathe the pure and simple doctrines of the Gospel, turn away your ear from hearing the divine law, and withdraw your foot forever from the house of God.

You admitted that it seemed to you improper for professing Christians to visit the theatre; and you even condemned the practice, as inconsistent with the supposition of sincerity in their profession. Let me ask, is it not equally improper for one who hopes to become a Christian, and expresses a desire to be made a partaker of the heavenly inheritance? In the latter case, as well as in the former, it requires a stretch of charity to believe that the profession is in strict accordance with the feelings of the heart. If, however, charity should raise the hope that attendance on theatrical amusements is not in all cases absolutely inconsistent with piety, it cannot be denied that such attendance must greatly retard the Christian in his heavenly course; and much more must it be admitted that the practice will tend to prevent those, who are not truly humble and devout believers, from becoming such,—from commencing that holy course and pursuing that straight and narrow way which leads to heaven. Will you, I ask again, act thus inconsistently with your own professions, and expose yourself to such imminent danger of losing your soul?

Your friends, you say, urge you to attend. What friends? Those who regard your spiritual interests and everlasting happiness, or those who selfishly desire your company, and wish for your example, to sustain the practice and sanction their own conduct? What friends? Your cousins, who know no higher joys, and are looking for no more permanent good, than the short-lived pleasures of the world; who have not, like you, received the instructions of a pious mother; who were never led to the Sabbath-school, nor taught to read the Bible; who, perhaps, never had a serious thought on eternity and the scenes which await them beyond the grave? Will you go to such counsellors for advice? Will you follow the guidance of such misguided, though perhaps sincere, friends? What friends, I ask again, urge you to become an attendant on

theatrical amusements? Your father? He has consented, you say, to the proposal. But does he approve of the practice? I am sorry that he answered your question on the subject in such a manner as to lead you to infer his approbation. His better judgment, I am persuaded, must be in accordance with the known opinion of your deceased mother; for that opinion he always sanctioned by silent acquiescence and his own uniform example.

But have you not friends who will be grieved, if you throw yourself into this vortex of pleasure, and devote yourself to these vain pursuits? The friends of your *departed* friend will all be grieved. And are they not your *best* friends? Nay, how do you know that the eye, the spirit-eye of that dear, departed friend may not look from the spirit-land, and follow you as you go to the place of thoughtless hilarity, and, I was about to add, weep over you as you sit in the house of mirth and folly? But there are no tears in heaven! There is, however, "joy in heaven," caused by penitence and holiness on earth. May your salvation be the occasion of such joy. Forget not that your sainted mother is there; forget not her counsels, her prayers, her love for you. Above all, forget not the love, the disinterested love, the dying love of her Redeemer,—may I not add, of *your* Redeemer? His eye *will* follow you wherever you go. That it may follow you in mercy, and that his arm may reach you, and bring you as a lamb of the flock into his everlasting fold, is the prayer of your friend, and your parent's friend,

J—— B——.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. — The following is the closing paragraph of the will of Patrick Henry: "I have now disposed of all my property for my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had this, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not this, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

A SONG.

BY MRS. CHARLES A. ELY.

MOTHER, my heart is sad to-day,
I cannot sing, I cannot play !
My harp and lute neglected lie,
And tears are gath'ring in my eye.
Mother, no joy my heart can borrow,
No ray of hope to cheer the morrow.

I cannot weave a garland fair
Of beauteous flow'rs to deck my hair ;
I cannot wear my robe of blue,
Though I dearly love its azure hue.
For, mother, there is sadness now
Gath'ring like clouds about my brow.

O, I would lay my head to rest
Upon my gentle mother's breast ;
And pour my sorrow in that ear
Which never fails each sigh to hear !
Then, mother dear, pray do not chide,
But kiss the tear I cannot hide.

MY mother !—manhood's anxious brow
And sterner cares have long been mine ;
Yet turn I to thee fondly now,
As when upon thy bosom's shrine
My infant griefs were gently hushed to rest,
And thy low whispered prayers my slumbers blessed.

G. W. Bethune.

SWEET VISITORS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

My mother's voice ! how often creeps
 Its cadence on my lonely hours,
 Like healing on the wings of sleep,
 Or dew on the unconscious flowers !
 I might forget her melting prayer
 While pleasure's pulses madly fly ;
 But in the still, unbroken air
 Her gentle tones come stealing by ;
 And years of sin and manhood flee,
 And leave me at my mother's knee.

The book of Nature, and its print
 Of beauty on the whispering sea,
 Give still to me some lineament
 Of what I have been taught to be.
 My heart is harder ; and, perhaps,
 My manliness hath drunk up tears ;
 And there's a mildew in the lapse
 Of a few miserable years ;
 But Nature's book is open yet,
 With all a mother's lessons writ.

I have been out at eventide,
 Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
 When earth was garnished like a bride,
 And night had on her silver wing ;
 When bursting buds and grass,
 And waters leaping to the light,
 And all that make the pulses pass
 With wild fleetness, thronged the night ;
 When all was beauty, then have I,
 With friends, on whom my love is flung
 Like myrrh on wings of Araby,
 Gazed on where evening lamp is hung.

And, when the beauteous spirit there
 Flung over all its golden chain,
 My mother's voice came on the air,
 Like the light dripping of the rain ;

And, resting on some silver star,
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've poured a deep and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be,
To rise in heaven, like stars at night,
And tread a living path of light.

THE DYING MOTHER

BY ALICE CAREY.

WE were weeping round her pillow,
For we knew that she must die ;
It was night within our bosom, —
It was night upon the sky.

There were seven of us children,
I the oldest one of all ;
So I tried to whisper comfort,
But the blinding tears would fall.

On my knees my little brother
Leaned his aching brow and wept ;
And my sister's long black tresses
O'er my heaving bosom swept.

The shadow of an awful fear
Came o'er me as I trod,
To lay the burden of our grief
Before the throne of God.

“O, be kind to one another !”
Was my mother's pleading prayer,
As her hand lay like a snow-flake
On the baby's golden hair.

Then a glory bound her forehead,
Like the glory of a crown,
And in the silent sea of death
The star of life went down.

Her latest breath was borne away
Upon that loving prayer,
And the hand grew heavier, paler,
In the baby's golden hair.

PATIENT CONTINUANCE IN WELL-DOING.

BY REV. ELIAS NASON.

"Things are not done by fits and starts,
But slow and steady wins the race."

It is only by "patient continuance in well-doing," that anything truly great or good can ever be effected.

The stupendous results in Nature's operations are produced by the slow and continued action of minute forces on particles of matter too small to be visible. The majestic and far-spreading oak, whose brawny arms have withstood the storms of centuries, has attained its magnitude, strength and beauty, by an insensible, yet steady accumulation of matter from its parent earth; and the coral reef that heaves its crest above the chafing ocean, to be crowned with an eternal robe of verdure, is formed by the addition of the invisible particle to the invisible particle, in the dark bosom of the ocean.

By this same patient and never-ceasing employment of means and agencies apparently insignificant in themselves, must the pillars of our character be established; our knowledge acquired; our title to the lasting gratitude of mankind be secured.

Irregular and disconnected efforts may, indeed, like the bursting of a meteor, dazzle the world for a moment; but it is not in this way the great and good men of the past have carved out the monuments of their fame.

Newton, Pascal, Milton, Howard, Washington, and other illustrious ornaments of the human race, have invariably effected their triumphs through "patient continuance" in the right use of no greater means than come within the grasp of others.

"'T is not in our STARS," as the bard of Avon truly says, "but in OURSELVES, that we are underlings;" and this, too, for the most part, by neglecting to employ with inflexible con-

stancy and resolution, those seemingly trivial means which, when combined, either in the natural or moral world, have brought about such truly wonderful results.

It is not because the dews of heaven are so ungenial, that our harvest is so lamentably poor; it is because we neglect to sow and cultivate, and ply the means that lie before us.

The crown comes with the cross, and only with the cross, which, our Teacher says, must be borne daily; that is, constantly, unremittingly, bravely to the end!

Not "fast and furious," as young America would have it, but "slow and steady" wins the race, for worldly greatness as for immortality; and happy is that man who, in that race, shall let the proverb, *Festina lente*, be his guide, and continue to press on steadily and patiently toward the goal of victory.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

THE mind that broods o'er guilty woes
Is like the scorpion girt by fire :
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close,
Till inly searched by thousand throes,
And maddening in her ire,
One glad and sole relief she knows,
The sting she nourished for her foes ;
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang and cures all pain,
And darts into her desperate brain :
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpions girt by fire.
So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death !

Byron.

HOW TO TREAT AN ENEMY.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

AFTER a moment's silence, Mr. Walker said, "I suppose Eddy was grieved by the way I spoke to him to-night about his Christmas present. The fact was, my mind was so filled at the time with anxious questionings, as to how the dear children were to be provided with the necessities of life, that I felt little inclined to enter into a conversation relating solely to one of its luxuries. The perturbation of my mind led me, I fear, to turn him off too abruptly."

"I suppose Eddy hardly knew what to make of it; for, happily, it is a thing very unusual for you to manifest indifference regarding anything which affects their happiness."

"We must be very careful about our expenses, until I secure employment again; but I suppose the children will be bitterly disappointed if they do not receive their usual Christmas presents. I think we must try to make them out some way."

Mrs. Walker, after a few minutes' reflection, replied, "I think not, Edward. I think the presents had better be omitted this year."

"I am surprised that you should come to this decision. You are always so careful to provide every innocent gratification for the children."

"I have two reasons for it. First, present circumstances require us to avoid every unnecessary expense, however trifling. When the adoption of such a rule becomes necessary, I do not like to make exceptions to it without the best of reasons. In the next place, though I do not believe in planning disappointments for children, because they must learn to bear them, as some have done; yet when such disappointments come in the ordinary course of events, I doubt the wisdom of trying to shield our children from them. They must learn,

sooner or later, to bear disappointments bravely, or their whole lives will be embittered by them. It is very desirable that the first principles of this great lesson should be learned in childhood."

"But, it seems to me, I cannot bear the grief and disappointment they will be sure to manifest, if they do not receive their usual presents, especially as my conscience already reproaches me for dismissing Eddy so abruptly to-night."

"I don't think you will have to bear the manifestation of any such feelings on their part."

"How do you expect to prevent a result so natural?"

"Leave it all to me, will you? I will manage it."

"How little can any realize, until he becomes a parent, the constant care such an one feels for the welfare of his children, and even for their present enjoyment in the smallest matters! Here we are, canvassing the subject of Christmas presents for our children, with as much interest as if the sudden weight of the gravest cares and anxieties had not fallen upon us."

"Let us learn from this, dear Edward, a lesson of hope and consolation, of trust and confidence. If we, being evil, know how to give good gifts to our children, how to care and feel for them, even when we ourselves are pressed down with a load of anxious care, much more shall our Father care for us, at all times, and under all circumstances. In the love and care we cherish for our children, we see only a faint emblem of His love to us. My love for them would lead me to ward off the disappointment which now awaits them, and my maternal yearnings plead hard for such a course; but my better judgment assures me that a greater good for them will result from permitting them to meet it. So the love of our Father is not a blind instinct, like the love of too many earthly parents, but it is united with infinite wisdom. He sees that disappointments and trials are better for us at times than uninterrupted prosperity, and therefore he sends these in infinite wisdom, love and mercy. Let us see a Father's hand in them all. Though the instrument may be cruel, the hand which employs it is infinitely wise and kind."

"It always does me good, and makes me a better man, to

listen to you, Mary. I will try to cherish no resentment against Butler. But I never desire to see his face again."

Mrs. Walker smiled half sadly.

"My dear husband, I think your last remark shows that you do still cherish resentment. The Bible commands us to love and bless our enemies; to do them good whenever we have an opportunity. Such a state of mind is quite unlike that which cannot even endure their presence. I know it is hard for sinful, resentful human nature to obey this injunction. It is indeed man-like to resent an injury, but God-like to forgive it. Let us ask Heaven to bestow this spirit upon us; for it is not of earth, but of heaven. Do not let us rest until we feel that we can cordially forgive Mr. Butler, and are prepared to render him any service in our power, should an opportunity ever occur."

Mr. Walker made no reply to this, but sat as if communing with his own heart on the subject, until the hour for retirement arrived. What the precise nature of these self-communings was, was never known, but after that night he never expressed either anger or resentment against Mr. Butler.

The next day Eddy came to his mother, and, looking up earnestly into her face, said, "Mother, will not Mary and I have presents at Christmas?"

"I think not, my dear boy."

The look of anxiety changed into one of disappointment as Eddy asked, "Why not, mother? Is it because I asked father about it?"

"No, my son. If your father does not make you any present at Christmas, it will be for a very different reason."

"What reason, mother?"

"Do you want I should tell you?"

"Yes, mother."

"Very much?"

"Yes, ma'am, very much indeed."

"But I do not know as you are old enough to understand it fully."

"O yes, I am," said Eddy, stretching himself up to his full height. "I am not a *little* boy now."

His mother smiled, as she wondered whether there ever was a boy who considered himself a little boy.

"If you are not a little boy," she said, "I suppose you think you are old enough to reason and reflect, and act the part of a little man."

"Yes, mother."

"I am glad you think so, for I want you to act in a very manly way at the present time."

"What do you wish me to do, mother?" said Eddy, his whole face glowing with animation. "I can be a little man. See if I can't."

So easy is it to arouse the heroic and manly element in a boy, if the hand which touches the strings is only a skilful one. Every chord of the harp of thousand strings is in childhood obedient to the skilful touch. In riper years many of these chords become indurated, crusted over with selfishness and worldliness; but not so in childhood. But it requires a skilful hand to play wisely and successfully upon these chords. This happy talent was possessed by Mrs. Walker in an eminent degree. She saw that she had touched the right chord, and she proceeded with her work. Gently putting her arm around Eddy, she said,

"What did you come here to talk with me about?"

"O, about the Christmas presents!" said Eddy, now recollecting himself, and a shade of disappointment passed over his features.

"I am going to tell you why it is not convenient for your father to make you a present at Christmas this year. I want you should listen to me like a little man."

"Well, mother, I will."

"You know that everything we have costs money. For instance, all that you, and I, and Mary have to eat, drink and wear, costs money; and all the books, toys and presents you and Mary have, cost money. Your father has to earn all this money by working at his trade. You have many times been to Mr. Butler's shop, and seen him seated on his bench at work."

"Yes, mother. I should think he would get very tired working there all day. I am sure I should."

"I suppose he does get tired sometimes. But if he did not work, he could not get those things for us which we need, and we should suffer much for the want of them. He is willing to work hard every day, that we may have food to eat and clothes to wear, and that his dear children may have books and toys. But now your father can't have any more work in Mr. Butler's shop, but will have to look out for another place. He cannot earn any more money till he finds a place to work; so he cannot buy us as many things as he formerly did. Can't you understand that?"

"Yes, mother," said Eddy, who had been listening to all his mother said, with the greatest attention.

"Then you can see that we must go without some things. What shall we go without?"

"I don't know, mother," said Eddy, thoughtfully, for he was taking his first lesson in domestic economy, and, like some older people, was wholly at a loss to know where to commence in a system of retrenchment.

"We can't go without eating. That won't do. If we should try it for one day, we should suffer. You know you think it a hard case to wait half an hour for dinner or tea, when you are hungry. Then, we can't go without wood and coal; for it is a sad thing to be cold. Only think how desolate the sitting-room would look, if you should come down some morning and find no fire in the grate!"

"But there are some things we can do without. For instance, I can do without the new cloak I meant to have. I can wear the old one this winter, without suffering, though it won't look quite as well as a new one. Then, you can do without a new pair of shoes for a while. And you and Mary can do without — can't you think what?"

Eddy looked puzzled at first, for his mind had not clearly seen the connection between what his mother had been saying and the Christmas presents. But, after thinking a moment, it occurred to him, and he said, thoughtfully, "We could do without our Christmas presents, I suppose. They cost money, don't they?"

"Certainly they do."

"But we shall feel badly not to have any," added Eddy, regretfully.

"I suppose it would be a disappointment. But it would not be like going without anything to eat, or without a fire in the grate."

"O, no! It would not be like that."

"Your father, Eddy, feels badly because he cannot get you everything he wishes to."

"Does he? I am sorry."

"I am sorry, too. He is willing to work very hard for us all, and I am sorry to have him troubled because we must do without some things."

Eddy looked serious for a moment, and then said, "Father must n't feel badly."

"But he does feel badly. He is troubled that he can't spare money to buy you and Mary Christmas presents."

"Is he? I am sorry."

"And if you appear disappointed and grieved about it, he will feel a great deal worse."

"I won't appear so," said Eddy, resolutely. "I won't let father know that I care anything about it."

"That's right — that's brave, my little man!" said Mrs. Walker, approvingly.

"Did n't I tell you I could be a little man?" asked Eddy, triumphantly.

"Will you tell Mary all I have told you, and persuade her to bear the disappointment bravely, that your father may not see that she is troubled about it?"

"O, yes, mother, I will."

Mrs. Walker's plan worked to a charm. Both the children took the greatest pains to appear happy and contented, that their father might not be pained by seeing they were grieved for the loss of their Christmas presents; and in the making of this noble effort they really were happy. Their mother had the satisfaction of feeling that they had learned a lesson of more value than the richest Christmas present ever bestowed, — the lesson of generously and bravely bearing their own sorrows, that those they loved might not be pained by them.

After the holidays were over, Mr. Walker left home in quest of employment. On board a steamboat plying between New York and Albany, he encountered an old friend and school-mate, by the name of George Hudson, who readily recognized him, and stepping up, and laying his hand familiarly on his shoulder, exclaimed, "Why, Edward Walker! You are the last person I expected to see to-day. I have received the impression that you had burrowed away in some quiet corner, and that there was little probability of encountering you on any of our great thoroughfares."

"You would not have met me here if I had not been driven out of the place in which I had burrowed," replied Walker, with a smile.

"Well, at all events, I am glad to see you after so many years," replied Hudson.

"What are you doing now?" inquired Edward Walker. "Where are you located?"

"In Western New York. I am doing a very good business there."

"I am glad the world goes well with any one."

This was said, unconsciously, in a tone of sadness which caused Hudson to look at his old friend inquiringly.

"I hope it goes well with you," he said.

"I can't say it does just at this time."

"I am sorry to hear it. What is the matter?"

"Out of employment."

"I believe you have a family."

"Yes, a wife and two children."

"That's bad! I don't mean the wife and children are bad," continued Hudson, smiling. "That is not my theory, bachelor though I am. But it is bad to be out of employment, with a family to provide for. Have you been working at your trade?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In A——. I have lived there ever since I was married. But circumstances have thrown me out of employment there, and driven me to seek it elsewhere."

"Are you seeking employment at your trade?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you try some other business? I am confident you would do well in the mercantile line."

Walker shook his head gravely.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss, is the old adage, and I believe it is a true one. It is bad enough to roll from one place to another. But this changing from one business to another is still worse."

"It may be so in most cases. But there are exceptions to every rule. I knew you intimately in former years, and I believe you have some rare talents for a merchant. Don't suppose I think every man can make a successful merchant. I don't believe one man in twenty can. But I think you belong to this minority of our race. I have done well in this business, and I think your talents are quite as good as mine."

"It requires capital, you know, as well as talents."

"Capital is a good thing; but some manage to do without it."

Hudson now separated himself from Walker, taking a seat at a little distance, with a book in his hand. But Walker, who was watching him, felt sure that his mind was not really occupied by his book, but that it served only as a pretext to secure him from interruption, while his thoughts were actually engrossed by something very different,—some business scheme or calculation, as he supposed.

After half an hour spent in this way, Hudson suddenly arose, and, approaching Walker, said, abruptly, "I have a plan to propose to you, Walker. I want a partner in my business, just such an one as I think you would make. I think Providence has thrown you in my way so unexpectedly to-day. You are just the man I have been seeking."

"But I have no capital."

"Never mind. I will tell you just what I will do. If you will come into my store, I will pay you a salary for one year. It shall at least be equal to what you could earn anywhere as a journeyman tailor. If, at the close of the year, we are mutu-

ally satisfied, I will then give you a share in my business. Is not this a fair proposal?"

"Yes, very fair; even generous on your part. But my family! A year will be a long time to be separated from them, and it will not answer to incur the expense of removing them while my continuance with you remains an uncertainty."

"I will append another proposal to the one just made. You can't remove your family this winter. But if in the spring we are mutually satisfied, I will defray the expense of removing them in addition to your salary. Do you agree?"

"With all my heart."

"It may prove a good move for us both. In the end you may see that it was a happy circumstance which threw you out of employment just at this time."

"Kicked me out," thought Walker, as he recalled the abusive treatment he had received from Mr. Butler.

"Will you go directly on with me now?" inquired his friend. "Anything you need can be sent for."

Walker saw that his friend was anxious he should do so, and he felt bound in honor to comply with his wishes, as he had generously offered him employment at a time when he so much needed it. He therefore proceeded up the river to Albany, from which place he despatched a letter to his wife, informing her of his brightening prospects. His kind friend forced upon him a fifty-dollar bill, to inclose in this letter, that his family might not want for anything. Edward Walker hesitated; but his friend said, "It is only paying you a little in advance; that is all."

When spring came, both were well pleased with the arrangement which had been made, and Walker was joined by his family. At the close of the year he was admitted as partner, for by that time his friend was well convinced that he was not mistaken in his judgment regarding his business talents.

From this time everything prospered with Edward Walker. He rapidly obtained competence, and even wealth. The lapse of ten years found him an honored and wealthy merchant.

But, while he had thus prospered, the case had been far otherwise with Mr. Butler, his old employer. All had gone wrong with him, and he had rapidly descended the scale. Ten years from the time when he so rudely dismissed Walker from his employ, found him, after various changes and removals, settled down in a town about fifty miles from the place of Mr. Walker's residence. Here he supported his family by working as journeyman at his trade, until a long fit of sickness deprived them of this means of living, and involved them in much distress.

One evening, when Mr. Butler was convalescent, but still unable to work, he said to his eldest son, Henry, "How much has Mr. C—— paid you for your last two months' work?"

Henry named the sum, and his father replied, "This will be some help to us."

After a moment's hesitation, Henry said, "Father, I want you should try, if possible, to get along without this. I want it for another purpose."

"What purpose, my son?"

"I wish to leave this place, and seek employment elsewhere, which will be more profitable than any I can obtain here, and will enable me to be of more service to you. I shall need this money to defray the necessary expense of seeking a place."

"But what do you imagine you can do?"

"Perhaps I can find a situation somewhere as clerk. I think I should like to become a merchant. I fancy I have some talents in that line."

"Many have indulged such a fancy, whose subsequent career has proved that it was only a fancy. You will find it much more difficult to obtain a situation than you imagine. I fear you will only waste what little money you have, and your time too."

"I hope not, father. At all events, let me try what I can do. I think it will be a good while before you will find yourself strong enough to work steadily at your trade; therefore do not refuse to let me try what I can do."

Henry plead his cause with so much earnestness that his father at last ceased to make any opposition to it.

A few weeks after this, as Mr. Walker was sitting in his private office, he was informed that there was a young man in the store who was very urgent to see him. Mr. Walker directed that he should be shown to his office. A moment after, the stranger, who was a young man of pleasing appearance, entered, and modestly inquired if he was in want of another clerk.

"I do not know that I am at the present time," Mr. Walker replied, very coolly and indifferently.

The young stranger looked disappointed, but replied, "I was told, sir, to-day, that you had some thoughts of employing another clerk."

"It is true I have had some thoughts of it. But I don't care for another just at the present time; and there are at all times a plenty of applicants for such a situation."

"I can give you, sir, testimonials to honesty and good character," plead the stranger, modestly, but with earnestness of manner.

"No doubt of it. But I will not trouble you to produce them, for I shall not employ another clerk at the present time," said Mr. Walker, decidedly.

So deep a shade of sadness and disappointment stole over the features of the youthful stranger, that the attention of Mr. Walker was arrested by it, and he observed him more closely. As he did so, he thought there was something about him which seemed familiar. A chord of by-gone memories was touched, though he could not by any means make out that he had ever seen that face before. He had dismissed his application with a cool indifference and decision, which left no room for hope. The truth was that he had for the last few days been bored with similar applications, and felt little inclination to investigate the claims of an entire stranger, whose fitness for the place could not probably be ascertained without giving more attention to the subject than he had leisure to bestow. But there was something so sad in the disappointed look with which the youth turned from him, that it could not escape

his notice, and he detained him by asking, "Do you reside here?"

"No, sir, I reside in ——."

"May I ask your name?"

"My name, sir, is Butler;" and, encouraged by the change in Mr. Walker's manner, he ventured to add, "Will you permit me to show you my testimonials, sir?"

"Well, if you choose," replied Mr. Walker, who, by some sudden revolution of feeling, the cause of which was not clearly apprehended by himself, felt a desire to know more of the young stranger.

While the latter was searching for his letters of recommendation, Mr. Walker sat musing, "Butler, Butler,—ah, I have it now! That is the familiar look which so arrested my attention. He has reminded me of my old employer. I see it now. And he bears the same name. Can't be a son, can he? There is very little resemblance after all. This young stranger has a vastly more agreeable cast of countenance. Yet there is a certain undefinable resemblance."

The young man having now drawn out his letters of introduction, proffered them to Mr. Walker. They were the usual testimonials to good character, respectable family, &c. After perusing them with an attention hardly to be expected after his first cool repulse, Mr. Walker looked up, and said, "You have a father, then, residing in ——?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has he resided there long?"

"Only a year or two."

"Where did he formerly reside?"

"He has removed several times within the last few years, sir. But he formerly resided for several years in A——."

"The very same," thought Mr. Walker.

"How long since he left A——?"

"About five years, sir. He was a merchant-tailor there for fifteen years."

"Is he a merchant-tailor where he now resides?"

The color deepened a little on the young man's cheeks, as he

replied, "No, sir; he works at his trade when he is able, but he has no shop."

"I see how it is," mused Mr. Walker. "Poor man!" Then the words came to his mind, "Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and is brought low," and Mr. Walker questioned his own heart. "Do I rejoice at the calamities which have befallen the man who once insulted me as no other man ever did?" He felt that he did not. "Poor fellow! if he has been unfortunate, I pity him. I must find out more about him." Again addressing the young man, he said, "You remarked that your father worked at his trade when he was able. Is not his health good?"

"No, sir. He has been sick a long time, and he is still unable to work."

The young man now hesitated, and colored deeply. He possessed delicate and sensitive feelings, and it was no ordinary trial for him to urge upon a stranger the private misfortunes of his family as a reason why his application for employment should be considered. But the necessity of the case seemed very urgent. He had already been seeking for a situation until his slender resources were quite exhausted, and this appeared to be his last chance. It seemed like asking charity to urge this plea, which he had never before urged. But Mr. Walker had made inquiries about his family,—he was driven almost to desperation, and resolved to do it.

"I am very anxious, sir," he said, "to obtain employment on account of the painful situation of our family, resulting from the prolonged illness of my father. If you will give me a situation in your store, I will try to serve you faithfully."

"Give employment to the son of the man who as good as kicked me out of his door!" thought Mr. Walker. "I don't know about it." The thought kindled up in his mind a feeling almost like resentment, which feeling caused a portentous frown to gather on his brow. It was not unnoticed by the young man, whose heart sunk within him.

Mr. Walker could not, indeed, see the shadow which the dark thought had cast upon his brow, but his mind took

cognizance of the thought; and his conscience, enlightened and governed by Christian principle, reproved him for it.

"I declare, I thought I had long ago quite forgiven Butler. But the proposal of this young man has started up a black imp of resentment from some dark corner of my heart."

After sitting thoughtfully for several minutes, Mr. Walker turned to the eager applicant, and said, "I don't know that I can give you any encouragement, but if you are disposed to call again in the afternoon, I will think more of it, and give you my final answer."

With this faint gleam of hope thrown across his path, the young man departed, promising to call as requested.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY SISTER.

BY MISS S. M. ADAMS.

I HAD a little sister dear,
With eyes of dark, deep blue;
Her face was fair, — 't was very fair, —
Her hair of golden hue.

But sickness came, with blighting breath,
And chilled that lovely flower;
Those deep blue eyes are closed in death, —
She drooped at evening hour.

In Auburn's sombre, cool retreat,
We laid her low at even;
And hope again our babe to meet,
Our darling babe, in heaven.

That sister is an angel bright,
A harp is in her hand;
Now she is clothed in robes of light, —
Dwells in the spirit-land.

THE MISSION OF CHRIST AS A TEACHER.

BY REV. A. SMITH.

"Of a truth this is that Prophet."

THE world awaits its Teacher. The wisdom of Greece and Rome, the inspiration of Moses and the prophets, have made the spiritual darkness visible, and shown the necessity of clearer light from heaven. A deep impression rests on the mind of Jew and Gentile that God is about to reveal himself more clearly to the world.

The Jews, instructed by their sacred books, were anxiously expecting the advent of their promised Messiah. And when they saw the miracles of Christ, more than once did they exclaim, This is that Prophet. But his lowly state, so unlike the pomp and majesty of their expected Prince, led the mass of the people, especially the higher classes, to reject the man of sorrows.

Even heathen sages were then expecting the appearance of some remarkable personage. Socrates had long before expressed his conviction that a divine Teacher would at some time appear to enlighten the world respecting God and heavenly things; yea, with prophetic discernment, had predicted that "he would be poor and humble; that the world would not hear his instructions and reproofs; and that, in three or four years, he would be persecuted, imprisoned, scourged, and finally put to death." And Virgil, who lived just before the Christian era, sung of the immediate return of the golden age, the beginning of a new order of years, and the peaceful and glorious reign of one who should partake of the life of the gods.

These high anticipations were more than realized, though in a different manner from what worldly men expected or desired. The meek and lowly Jesus was *that Prophet*, the Teacher and Light of the world. He really surpassed all that

the liveliest oriental imagination ever conceived, in relation to the exalted character and miraculous works of their expected Messiah.

Christ has been the medium of all the spiritual light which has come to us from the Father of lights; or, rather, the source itself of all those radiant gems of truth which have illumined our benighted world.

The very heavens, which declare the glory of God, are his work. By him were all things made; so made, as to show forth the perfections of the invisible and infinite Jehovah.

Still more directly does the light of revelation emanate from Christ. He was the Teacher of patriarchs and prophets, the Angel of the presence, the Revealer of God, under the old dispensation. From him the glorious Shekinah, that overshadowed the tabernacle and dwelt in the holy of holies, proceeded. It was his spirit that dictated the laws of Moses, and inspired the songs of David; it was his glory that appeared to Isaiah, in his dazzling visions of the Lord of hosts. This alone enabled the bards of Israel to rise so high above heathen poets, in their conceptions of the character and government of God.

But it was not enough that the Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, should declare his will through human agents. He, full of grace and truth, must needs himself come down to earth, assume our nature, and dwell among us. He could have inspired prophets and apostles to unfold all the mysteries of the heavenly kingdom, and confirm their testimony by miraculous works. But the world would not have been satisfied. They would have desired to see the Author of Christianity himself, to witness sensible demonstrations of his divine character and authority. He needed to come himself, and speak as one having authority; using the direct and solemn style of personal address, Verily, verily *I* say unto you; and mingling with his instructions the most convincing demonstrations of his exalted character; hushing the tempest by a word, healing the sick by a touch, rousing the dead from their slumbers, and making devils tremble at his approach. A greater than Moses, the divinely commissioned founder of the Hebrew Theocracy, was needed, out of the Mosaic economy, to fashion

the Christian church. One mightier than the demi-gods of pagan mythology must appear, to supplant false systems of heathen worship, venerable for their antiquity, interwoven with the whole texture of society, and deeply rooted in the affections of the people; and, in their stead, to set up the institutions of a new and spiritual religion in the Gentile world. The greatest of all the miracles of Christianity is its rise and progress in the face of such obstacles and prejudices. Nothing but the sinless life and divine character of its Founder could have given it such success. The works and words of the great Teacher are the power and glory of the gospel. Well might a fourfold record of them be preserved and given to the world in the volume of inspiration. The simple story of Jesus arrests the most careless mind, and touches the most hardened heart, while the learned and sceptical pause to consider this strange phenomenon, a faultless Teacher in the midst of universal error and corruption. He alone of all teachers gave a perfect illustration of his holy precepts; united doctrines and practice in actual life. And this was of infinite importance in gaining the confidence of men to Christianity as a divine and infallible system of religion.

The teaching of Jesus itself is the most wonderful of all his works. Well were those who listened to his words astonished at his doctrine. What "majestic sweetness" breathes in his language, as he sits on the Mount of Beatitudes, and pronounces, to listening thousands, benedictions on the meek and pure in heart, or unfolds the nature and spirituality of the law! What sublime goodness is displayed in his invitations to humble and contrite sinners! "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and *I will give you rest.*" How full of tenderness and simplicity, as he talks with the woman of Samaria by the well, or with his humble friends at Bethany! How ready to stoop to the lowest capacity, and seize upon the most common incidents,—the fall of a sparrow, the gathering of the brood under the protecting wing, or the sowing of the adjoining fields,—to illustrate and set forth spiritual things!

Yet how does he tower in awful sublimity, as he encounters the learning, and pride, and hypocrisy of the Jews! What

deep solemnity and thrilling earnestness, in his discourse with Nicodemus. "Verily, verily I say unto you, ye must be born again!" What profound sagacity in his communications with Sadducees and lawyers, evading their cunning stratagems, and entangling them in their own subtleties! Finally, what awful terrors clothe his brow, and lightnings flash from his eye, as he thunders denunciation and woe on the Scribes and Pharisees! Hypocrites stand aghast, as in the revealing presence of their judge; buyers and sellers in the temple flee at his rebuke, and officers sent to arrest him are disarmed by his words, and return, saying, "Never man spake like this man." Instructed by his precepts, and inspired by his example, Galilean fishermen became the fearless heralds of the Gospel, to great and small, asserting, in the presence of chief priests and rulers, "We ought to obey God, rather than men." Those who witnessed their boldness might well "take knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus," imbibed, as every preacher should, the manner and spirit of their divine Master.

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.

IN a late article in Fraser's Magazine this brief but beautiful passage occurs:

"Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look; with a father's smile of approbation, or sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with handfuls of flowers, in green and daisy meadows; with birds' nests admired, but not touched; with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmets; with humming bees, and glass bee-hives; with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words to nature; to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good, to God himself!"

OLD MOLL AND LITTLE AGNES; OR, THE RICH POOR AND THE POOR RICH.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

CHAPTER XI.

It may be interesting to the reader to relate what passed between the father and daughter after their long separation.

When Mr. Loring had expressed his pleasure at once more seeing the child of his deceased wife, he began to talk of his voyage, of their wreck and consequent detention, at the same time endeavoring to interest her in the strange gentleman who had excited so much attention on board the ship.

"And did you not succeed in drawing from him an account of his afflictions?" asked Florence, eagerly.

"Yes, I did; but it is the old story of disappointed affection. The lady he loved and was engaged to marry dismissed him without a word of explanation."

"How very singular!" said Florence, catching her breath with excitement. "Did you ascertain his name?"

"His name is Hanley—Andrew Hanley. I saw it on the ship-book."

Notwithstanding Mr. Loring had expected that Florence would be agitated at the sudden mention of the name of her former friend, he was not prepared for the death-like pallor which overspread her countenance at this announcement. She clasped her hands upon her breast, and, with her eyes closed, sank back in her chair faint and trembling. Her father sprang to her side, and, after partaking of some cold water which he passed her from the side-board, she motioned him to proceed. He did so, after which he told her that he was acquainted with the facts as far as she was concerned, and he only waited her permission to bring Mr. Hanley to her side.

On receiving the account of the deception which had been practised upon him, and the real purport of the letter to which

she added a hasty postscript, Mr. Hanley's indignation was only controlled by the thought of the suffering he must have caused the gentle girl by the return of her letters.

"How can I ever appear before her? How base she must have thought me! O, what years of misery the cruel deception of her guardian has caused us!"

With the hope that their sorrow was all in the past, and the prospect of a bright future which Mr. Loring held out before him, Mr. Hanley eagerly accepted the assurance of Florence's forgiveness, and was as impatient as his companion could wish to be on his way.

We draw a veil over the meeting of these two hearts. Mr. Loring had prepared his friend to expect a great change in the appearance of his daughter. "Years of care and sorrow have done their work," said he, as they drove to the door of the cottage.

Mr. Hanley waited impatiently for him to conclude, and then said, "The changes you speak of will only render her more dear, if she will again receive me."

A few words of explanation sufficed to convince the now happy lovers that they had been the victims of a cruel deception, and then they gave themselves up to the contemplation of the happiness still in store for them.

When Mr. Loring returned to his wife, who had been impatiently waiting to hear the success of his undertaking, he made no mention of his meeting with Agnes. She rejoiced most sincerely at the happy termination of his visit, and agreed with him that it was well worth a voyage to America, even if they returned in the next vessel.

"Yes," said he, throwing himself into a large chair, with the air of a man well satisfied with himself, "it is rather new business for me, to be sure, to make peace between offended lovers. I have done a good day's work; but I must not leave it until they are fairly wedded. She has nothing, but I have more than enough."

At an early hour the next morning, Mr. and Mrs. Loring drove to the cottage out of town, but found Mr. Hanley had

preceded them. Florence was very much pleased with her new relation, who clasped her to her heart like a daughter.

Agnes also came in for her full share of attention; and, after the kind notice taken of her by the lady, whispered a request that she too might make use of the dear name of mother.

At this request, Mr. Loring rose abruptly, and walked to the window. He had endeavored to persuade himself, as he thought of their interview during his wakeful hours at night, that it was all the effect of imagination, and that another meeting would dispel the illusion. But no, it only increased the sad memories of the departed. A thought flashed through his mind, as he sat gazing at her from the opposite side of the room. She was sitting by his wife, from whose head she had removed her bonnet, and, with the hand of the lady affectionately clasped in hers, was fast winning her way to the heart of her new friend. Mr. Loring had seldom seen his wife so much interested in a stranger. His bosom heaved, as he thought, "Can it be possible that I am right, and that she—" when, overcome with the thought, he snatched his hat from the hall table, and rushed from the house.

It was the intention of Mrs. Loring to make a call during the morning, and then return to the Astor House, until her husband should decide where to locate himself for the summer; but Florence would not part with her so readily, and when Agnes added her entreaties that their new mother should remain with her children, she consented to their wishes, if her husband approved the plan. The young girl ran eagerly to the garden to find him, and though at first he said he could not think of adding to their care, yet the name of father, uttered by Agnes, put all his objections to flight, and she drew him back to the house, delighted that she had so easily accomplished her purpose.

After some hesitation, Florence consented to Mr. Hanley's wish for a speedy marriage. At this announcement, her father was much pleased, and forthwith took Agnes into his confidence, as he was determined to provide the bridal trossseau. The young lady herself, however, expressed her wish to have

the ceremony performed in the most quiet manner, and said that, with regard to her outfit, very little preparation would be necessary. Agnes gave her father an arch look, as if to say, "We know better." Mr. Loring, who was by no means a quiet man, delighted in the bustle which surrounded him, and his wife smilingly entered into all his plans for the advancement of the happy union. But his younger daughter, as he delighted to call the ardent girl, was the one to whom he communicated his dearest wishes, both because she was better acquainted with Florence's tastes, and because his wife was an entire stranger in the city. There was a great deal of whispered consultation, and many starts when they thought themselves overheard. One morning they left home, and did not return for two days. When closely questioned, they only replied by mysterious nods and a shake of their heads. It was plain enough that Mr. Loring was in his element, and that Agnes enjoyed it highly. Louis regretted exceedingly that this was his busiest season, so that he could share little in the joyful preparation.

"O," replied Mr. Loring, playfully, "Agnes will act for herself and you too! I suppose you can trust her."

The young man cast upon her a glance so full of confidence and affection, that her father was convinced of what he had before suspected, and that his services would be required at no distant day for another wedding. He arose and walked to the window, rubbing his hands in delight; and from this time he did not cease, by sundry sly hints and jokes, to call the bright blushes to Agnes' cheeks.

One morning, only a week before the wedding was to take place, Agnes accompanied her new friends to a jeweller's to select some bijoutere which Mr. Loring declared indispensable on the occasion. Here he purchased a beautiful service of plate for a bridal gift, from his wife, who had in the mean time selected a handsome watch and chain for her young daughter. After expressing, in her usually enthusiastic manner, her pleasure and thanks at the beautiful gift, Agnes stood looking over the counter at some brooches, which lay in a case under the glass.

"Select whatever you like, my dear; you must accept something from me, and wear it on a certain occasion."

"I was not thinking of myself," she replied, in a low voice. "Florence is not generally fond of trinkets, but I was wishing it were in my power to give her a brooch which should always remind her of my gratitude and affection."

"No danger of her forgetting it," thought the gentleman, as he placed a well-filled purse in her hand, and walked rapidly to the other part of the store.

He was recalled almost immediately by a cry from the young girl to come and see what a curious mark was on the inside of the pin. There was a heart pierced by an arrow, and, under, the letters, "F. M. from E. L." He glanced at the trinket, then hastily, almost rudely, snatched it from her hand, and, advancing to the man who was waiting upon other customers, demanded in a hoarse voice, where he obtained that, and how long it had been in his possession.

The man knew nothing about it; but referred him to the owner of the store, who was at that moment in his counting-room.

Forgetting entirely the presence of his wife and Agnes, he walked rapidly toward the back room, and entering demanded a few moments' conversation with Mr. Gray; during which, he discovered that the brooch, with a number of other trinkets more or less valuable, had been presented him only a week before, by a man who claimed that they had belonged to his mother and sister, who were now deceased; that he had been unfortunate in business, and was obliged to part with them.

"The man," continued the jeweller, "had a sinister expression, and I distrusted his story. There was a coral necklace, and sleeve-ties, with gold clasps, of considerable value, beside quite a number of rings, and it hardly seemed probable to me that he came honestly by them. But as I had no proof of the fact, I reluctantly allowed him to leave them here for sale, as I wholly declined purchasing them of him."

Mr. Loring briefly related the circumstance of the abstraction of his child, and described with great accuracy the various articles she had about her person. He designated the mark

upon the necklace, which Mr. Gray found answered to the trinkets in every particular.

"These are the jewels you describe, without doubt," observed the gentleman, passing the box to Mr. Loring.

"But how can I get hold of the man, sir?" he asked, pushing the box from him. "The jewels are worthless, except as a clue to the discovery of my child."

"He has already been in twice," replied the other, "to see if they had been sold. Perhaps it would be necessary to arrest him."

"I will at once procure a constable to do so. Let him remain in your store until he comes, be it longer or shorter. We must not let him escape. In the mean time, I shall be a frequent visitor, for I am impatient to know if my daughter still lives."

A tear glistened in the eye of the warm-hearted merchant, as he witnessed the deep emotion of the father, and, with many wishes for his success, they parted for the time. As he passed through the store, he seemed surprised to see his wife and daughter; but, only stopping to tell them he had found a clue to his long-lost child, he bid them return home without him, and, giving Agnes the brooch, darted from the store.

After paying its price to the shop-man, she postponed her other calls, and drove directly home.

Florence was not a little agitated, as Agnes put into her hand the little gift she had selected, and related the event to which it had led. She recognized at once the favorite brooch of her mother, and said no other gift could have given her equal pleasure. They waited with no little impatience for Mr. Loring to return.

The family, however, were obliged to retire without seeing him; and at breakfast he refused to answer any questions until he had something to say. Agnes had often thought him abrupt, but on this morning he appeared in such a state of excitement as to be almost rude. It was with difficulty his wife persuaded him to eat any breakfast; and when, as he was going out, Agnes approached and said, "Please, father, don't stay long, I fear you will be sick," he drew his hand from hers and left the house. In one moment, however, he

returned, caught the astonished girl in his arm, whispered "Forgive me, child," and then hurried off again.

Mrs. Loring urged Louis to follow him. She said he did not close his eyes through the night, and that though naturally impulsive and ardent in whatever he undertook, yet she had never seen him so wholly absorbed as at present.

Without stopping a moment, Louis seized his hat, and succeeded in gaining the same omnibus in which Mr. Loring was seated. The gentleman hardly noticed him; but, when he reached the city, commenced a brisk walk in the direction of the Tombs, Louis still keeping him in sight. He passed directly in at the door, where Louis was obliged to wait, as he knew not what further step to take. He was just on the point of leaving, thinking that he would go to his business and then return, when he saw the gentleman in earnest conversation with a police-officer near the door of a cell. As soon as he perceived Louis, he came forward and drew him one side, where, in a brief, incoherent manner, he told the young man that the thief was arrested, and, under promise of pardon, had confessed that the child was brought up in the family of Mr. Buckingham, where she still remained. He had been urging the officer to release the prisoner long enough to identify the young girl; in reply to which, it was suggested to bring her here.

"I can't go," he said, holding his head with both hands; "my brain whirls, and I dare not trust myself."

"I will have her here very speedily," exclaimed Louis, almost as much agitated as his friend. Then, only waiting to give Mr. Loring in care of an officer, begging him to procure him a cordial, he called a carriage, and was soon whirling at a rapid pace to his country home. Fast as the vehicle went, it did not fly so swiftly as the thoughts darted through his mind. He was glad, and he was sorry, all in a breath. Agnes, if this was true, would be an heiress,—how should he dare to ask the prize? Hope, regret and astonishment, by turns occupied his thoughts until he felt the carriage stop.

Agnes was in the entry when he reached the door, and, alarmed at seeing him so agitated, sprang forward and took

his hand. O, how strong was his impulse to press her to his heart, and tell her, let what would come, he should, he must, claim her for his own; but, repressing such a desire as dishonorable at such a moment, he hastily made known his errand from Mr. Loring, that they were to lose no time in accompanying him to the city.

"New York is really a busy world," observed Mrs. Loring, when they were seated in the carriage. "You and I, Mr. Hanley, would hardly have accomplished as much in a year in India." Louis was then called upon to give an exact account of what took place after he left them. He was embarrassed, as, if Agnes should not prove to be the one, she might be disappointed. He therefore said that he believed Mr. Loring had secured the thief, and wished them to see him.

When they arrived at the Tombs, the impatient father was on the watch, and, as they hastily alighted, singled Agnes from the rest, and, drawing her arm through his, pulled her rapidly along toward the cell of the prisoner.

Sandy, for it was he, called out, the moment he saw her through the gratings, "That's the identical gal;" when Mr. Loring, turning to take her in his arms, fell senseless to the floor. A crowd immediately began to gather, but the officers waved them off, and, taking the fainting man in their arms, they bore him into a more retired room, where he soon revived.

Louis, in a low voice, explained to the excited group that Agnes was the child who had been stolen from her parents, and was now recognized by the man who had always called himself her Uncle Sandy.

The astonished girl submitted passively to the caresses bestowed upon her by all present, Louis alone excepted, being completely stunned by the wonderful revelation. The moment, however, that her father revived, she threw herself at his feet, and, with streaming eyes, thanked God that he had given her so beloved a parent.

Mr. Loring feebly raised her to her feet, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips and brow; Louis went out to procure some medicine for him to take, preparatory to his being carried home,

while Mr. Hanley remained to obtain the promised discharge of the prisoner.

This being done, he conducted him to a place appointed by Mr. Buckingham, where he might make the confession of his crime, and the circumstances attending the abstraction of Agnes, which he had promised, and which her friends were so eager to hear.

To this story the young man and his companion listened with deep emotion, and at its close could not help admiring the chain of providential events which carried the afflicted and forsaken child to the very door of the house where her sister resided, before her heart was hardened by ignorance or guilt.

I shall give the substance of his story in brief, as it fell from Sandy's own lips.

"My name," said he, "is Alexander Ross. My first remembrance is of a pleasant cottage, where I lived with my father and mother. I had one sister Mary, the child of my father's first wife. While he lived, we were happy, for he was a good man, and exerted a great influence over my mother, who even at that time began to thirst for wealth. The sight of a fine house or a gay carriage caused her heart to burn with envy, and she inwardly resolved that she would one day be mistress of a splendid mansion, and ride at her ease. I was sent to the best schools, and was constantly reminded that I should at some future time be a gentleman. As I had good natural endowments, I became a thorough scholar in whatever I undertook, and, when my father died, I was prepared to enter a counting-room as book-keeper. This was when I was sixteen; but my mother had other projects, and she kept putting me off from year to year. Now that she was released from the restraining influence of her husband, she determined to sell her cottage home to the highest bidder, and to come to New York. Here she thought she could devise some plan by which she could become rich. At first we rented two comfortable rooms, and lived respectably. Mother sewed, washed, or did anything which would procure money; while I was sometimes employed in a store, sometimes sold papers, gradually losing

all love for employment, as she grew more a slave to it. I cannot tell you all the steps by which we descended in the social scale, until we lived in an old shattered building, upon little more than one meal a day. The only thing human that seemed left to my mother was her fondness for me; my half sister had long ago been made to understand that she must support herself, and, as she remained in the country, we had not seen her for many years. At this time I suspected that mother was laying up money, for she had long occupied her stand in front of Mr. — store; and, though she represented herself as very poor, yet I often watched her, when she thought I was asleep, and saw her get up from her straw bed on the floor, and count pieces of silver, and even gold, which she put into an old leather trunk. One day she told me that she was going to visit our old home, and wished me to occupy her stand as fruit-vender until her return. This I was very willing to do, thinking that I would improve the opportunity to see what her trunk contained; but to my disappointment she carefully concealed it before her departure. She was absent four days, and on her return she brought a little girl apparently about three years of age, which she told me was the child of my sister Mary. She said she had taken compassion on the little thing, and meant to give her a home for the present. But this story I doubted from the first, taking care, however, to keep my suspicions to myself. Agnes, as mother called the child, lay in a kind of stupor for several days; whenever my mother or I approached, she would cover her eyes and tremble with affright. As mother immediately resumed her post, it became my duty to stay with the child, and many times she lay so quiet and still I thought she was dead. I used often to wonder why she lived, and wished that she would die; but I don't remember as the thought ever entered my mind that I would kill her. One day I saw advertisements posted in the streets, offering a great reward for a child who had been stolen from her parents, in a place called Beech Grove, on the Hudson. I mentioned this to mother, who gave me an awful scowl, and then walked to the bed where the child lay, as if she would strike her dead. But Agnes lay in a quiet sleep, and

she turned back to me. 'What do you suspect?' she asked, in a hoarse voice.

"That she is the stolen child," I answered, doggedly.

"And what do you mean to do?"

"To give her up and get the reward, unless you make it worth my while to keep silent."

"And have your mother hung?" she added, bitterly.

"I want money," was my only reply.

"She sat and mused for a long time; after a while, she said, 'If we could devise some plan to get rid of her, get the reward, and secure ourselves from danger, I would be as glad to do it as you, for I can't have the trouble of the sickly brat. We could divide the money, which would set us above want.'

"Where are the jewels you got with her?" I asked, looking her full in the face.

"Jewels!" she exclaimed; "I never owned she was the one. I was only saying what might be." Angry words followed, and we parted as we had never done before,—I threatening to give her up to justice, and she by turns cursing me, and deploring her fate in having so ungrateful a son. I was on my way to the office, where I was determined to give the information, when I was arrested by a police-officer for some trifling crime, was tried, and condemned to three months' imprisonment. After I procured my discharge, I went immediately to the place where my mother lived, and found Agnes still there. The advertisements had been withdrawn, and, on going to Beech Grove, I found that the family had gone to India. This piece of intelligence I was careful to keep to myself, as I intended to use the power which her crime gave me over her, and extort money for my secrecy. This I did until she died, though she gave sparingly and grudgingly, often saying I should bring her to actual starvation. In the mean time the child lived and grew in spite of hunger, cold and neglect. While mother was out, which was from early in the morning until night, Agnes was locked into her room, and lay in winter most of the time in bed. She was so quiet and obedient, and, as she grew older, so desirous of being helpful, that she won her way to what little affection remained in mother's heart,

and so they lived together until the old woman's death. I had long waited with impatience for this event, and though I seldom went home, yet I contrived to hear every few days of what was going on there. One night something prompted me to make her a visit. After knocking some time to no purpose, I found, to my astonishment, that the door was unbolted. I went carefully up the stairs, secured the valuable trunk, and left her. I afterwards learned that she died that very night. The trunk contained, beside considerable money, the jewels which had been carefully preserved. Fear of detection prevented my exposing these for sale, and I determined to dispose of them at some future time. I did not intend to lose sight of the child, and was glad to learn, after a few months, that she was adopted by a lady in your father's family. When my money was spent, I formed the plan of giving up the child, and trying to make something in that way. She was then at Beech Grove, and I think you are the young man who appeared just as I had got her in my grasp. After that, I enlisted as a sailor, and was many years absent from port. Thinking, after so long a time, there could be no danger of discovery, I carried the jewels to Mr. Gray, wishing him to purchase them. But he refused, and hinted plainly that he feared they were stolen. I made as good a story as I could, and at length he consented that I should leave them there for sale. The result you are already acquainted with, and if you will give me the reward you promised for my frank confession, I intend to leave this country never to return."

DEATH. — Death pays respect neither to youth nor usefulness, but mows down together the tender herb, the fragrant flower, and the noxious weed.

J. A. James.



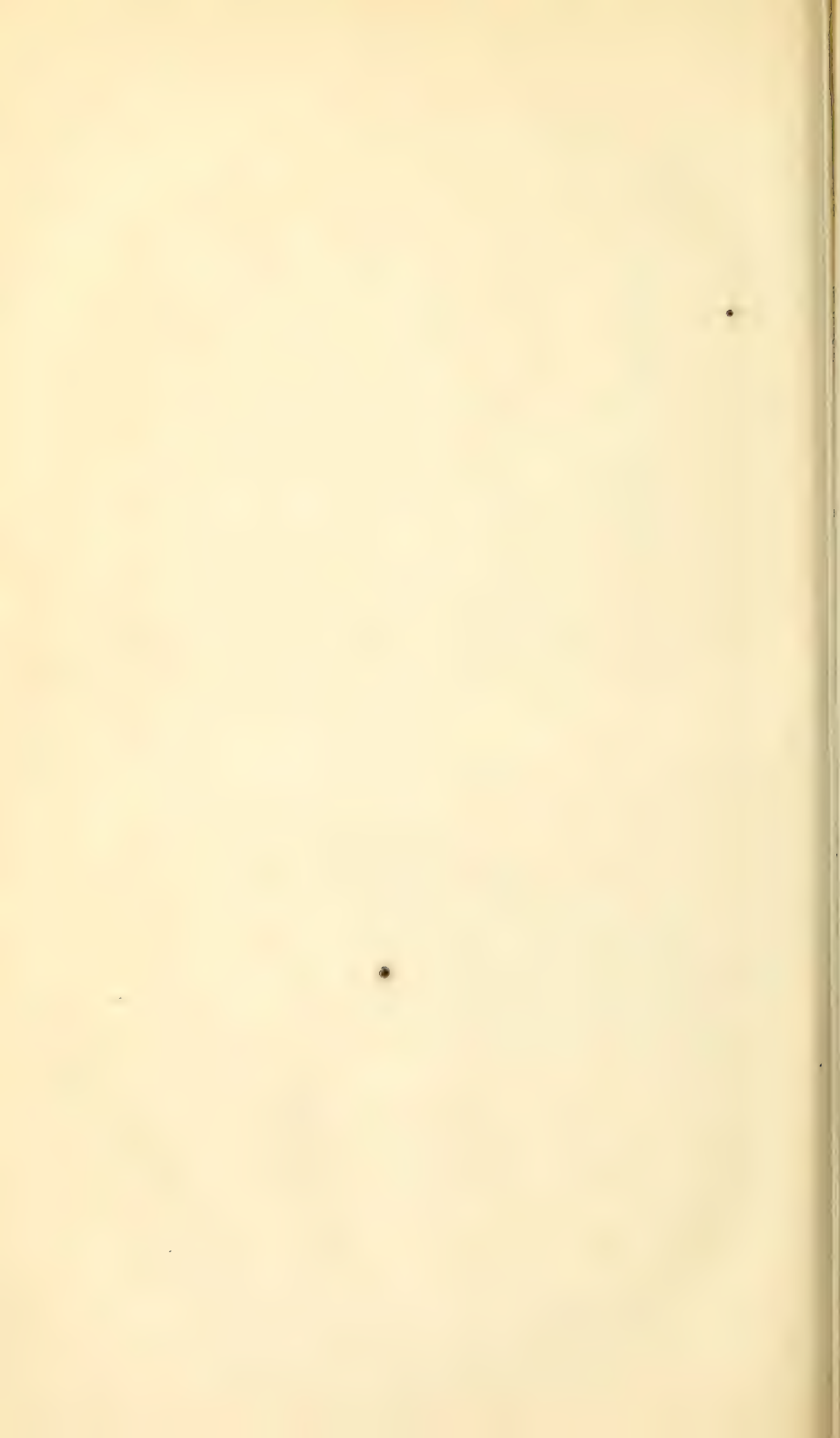


DANIEL IN THE LIONS DEN.

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THE NORTHERN SPY APPLE



MY TENDER BUD.

WORDS BY META LANDER.

MUSIC BY J. C. JOHNSON.

Moderato.

1. Thou wert, my child, a tender bud, And yet how passing fair,..... While ever softly from thee breathed Sweet
2. But Death stole nigh and broke this bud, Just springing in - to bloom,.... And while I o'er it weeping hung, Con -

3. But ah sweet flow'r! he sought in vain To pluck thee from my heart,.... Too deep - ly had thy fibres struck, Of

o-dors rich and rare, O ne'er did lovely gift impart A pur-er joy to mother's heart, Such joy to mother's heart.
veyed it to the tomb, And there in deep, profoundest night, Concealed it from my yearning sight, Concealed it from my sight.

my own soul a part; And still in Mem'ry's sacred shrine, Dear angel-daughter, thou art mine, Dear daughter thou art mine.



DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

[See Engraving, and Daniel 6 : 1—23.]

THE story of this prophet in the den of lions, read or rehearsed the thousandth time, still excites the curiosity and wonder of children and youth, and imparts instruction to persons of full age. Its interest, superior to that of any romance, grows with our growth, but abates not with our declining years.

Of Daniel's separation from his parents and his sweet home, at the tender age of twelve years, of his loyalty and fidelity to his earthly sovereign, and of his devotion to the cause of his divine Master, it is not my present intention to speak, except as they are involved in a faithful illustration of the scene represented by the plate at the head of this article. We cannot dwell upon the high esteem in which he was held at court for his ability and wisdom, especially for his interpretation of Nebuchadnezzar's dream, and for his translation and exposition of the mysterious writing on the wall of the palace.

We come at once to the great trial of his faith and to his confidence in his fathers' God.

When Darius the Mede conquered Babylon, he found Daniel arrayed in scarlet and gold, and in authority next but one to the king. Fully persuaded of his superior talents and trustworthiness, he advanced him to a higher rank in his kingdom, and made him the first of three presidents, each of whom he placed over a large body of princes to administer the laws, to preserve the peace, and to collect the public revenue. Finding "an excellent spirit was in him," he proposed to make him prime minister of state. This excited the envy and jealousy of all his rivals, who sought his destruction.

But they find no occasion against him, while his prudence and fidelity constantly increase his popularity, and exclude from them the hope of sustaining a false accusation by perjured witnesses. At length they conspire "against him concerning the law of his God;" for he worshipped Jehovah, and made no secret of his devotion, while they were idolaters worshipping a

great variety of images, and rendering divine honors to their weak prince, whose vanity they well knew would be flattered, and hence who might be easily persuaded to enact a law forbidding the worship of any other being save himself, for thirty days, on penalty of a death by wild beasts.

After several meetings in secret conclave, they wait upon the king, and in his audience, it is probable, they rehearse his worthy deeds and illustrious virtues, after the manner of Oriental courtiers, wishing him long life and great prosperity. When they have suitably inflated his vanity, they present their petition, to which he yields a ready compliance; for he has no suspicion of their fiendish motives, and apprehends not the great evils they will bring on himself and his empire. The decree is formed, and the writing signed and sealed with the king's signet, and with the signet of his lords, that the purpose may not change. With joy the conspirators proclaim it in the streets of that city. Some of them go forth to publish it in the provinces and in the ears of the despised Jewish captives; but others, like birds of prey, watch for Daniel.

Now came the hour of trial to this prophet of the Lord. The previous mandates of his sovereign had not clashed with his duty to his heavenly Father. But he was now brought to the dilemma, either of obeying the king and transgressing the divine law, or of keeping that law and disobeying the king's commandment. Which should he do? True, he could worship God with his window shut, and so secretly as not to be detected; but, if he did, it would compromise his personal rights and his religion, encourage idolatry and these vile conspirators, and forfeit his self-respect and the divine favor. His faith in God and his trust in the promises banished every doubt and fixed his resolution to be faithful to God, and to proceed in the line of duty as if no such decree existed. He knew that the power which delivered his three Jewish companions, called in Hebrew, Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah, or in the language of the Persian court, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, could shut the mouths of lions, or deliver him from their voracious jaws. He would show these idolators that his religion was not an accident, but an element of character formed according to the divine model;

not a shadow, but substance; not a dead and putrescent formality, but life, and power, and salvation. "He went, as he did aforetime, into his house, and, his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God"—all in fulfilment of the vow made for him and his people by Solomon, at the dedication of the temple, that if the Jews ever became captives, and should pray from the land of their captivity with their eyes toward Jerusalem, then God would hear and maintain their cause.

With joy the conspirators hear him, and witness in his devotion the success of their infernal plot. The next day dawns, and they avail themselves of the earliest hour for an audience with the king. In their eagerness to accuse Daniel, they disclose their own villany and discover to their sovereign the snare into which he himself has fallen. They represented to him that *all* the presidents, governors, princes, counsellors and captains, desired the enactment of the royal statute; whereas he now perceives that Daniel, his chief officer, was not represented in their council, and that the whole was a device of the rest to compass his ruin. He walked his palace in agony, "sore displeased with himself," the dupe of their wicked passions. He set his heart on Daniel to deliver him. Plan after plan was suggested, and rejected. The law must be executed, or his authority destroyed, and with it the confidence of his subjects and their loyalty. On this point he labored unsuccessfully "till the going down of the sun," when the conspirators again assembled at the palace, and become clamorous for the execution of the law.

The king, like Pilate in a later period, lacks the decision and fortitude to do what he knows to be right. He orders Daniel into his presence, and consigns him to the tender mercies of the lions; solacing himself and his prime minister with the assurance, "O, Daniel, thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee," the sentence is pronounced.

They hasten him to the place of execution. It is a cavern, or excavation, with a large flat stone over its mouth, used as a den in which lions are kept to inflict the highest penalty of law. There stand the victim, the sovereign, the conspirators, and the

Jewish captives. The stone is removed ; Daniel is cast in ; the stone is replaced and sealed, and all retire ; but with emotions how different ! The rage of the conspirators is satisfied ; the believing captives besiege the throne of grace with prayer ; but the king cannot sleep, and will allow no music in his palace.

At early dawn he hastens to the den, puts down his ear to the edge of the stone, hearkens, hears no lion's roar, and naught save the voice of earnest prayer. He exclaims with lamentation, "O, Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?" Precisely at this crisis our plate presents him ; his face shines like that of Moses when he descended from Sinai, being radiant with the glory of the God with whom he communes. He stands erect and in conscious innocence and dignity. The lions sleep around him, or look upon him as their companion and friend. His prayer is answered, and the hour of his redemption has arrived. From the den ascends this answer to the king's inquiry : "O, king, live forever ! My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me ; forasmuch as before him innocence was found in me ; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt."

Never was lamentation turned into rejoicing more suddenly than in Darius, by this announcement. Instantly he orders the stone to be removed, and the prophet delivered. He sees him drawn up, like Joseph from the pit, without injury. He joyfully receives him as alive from the dead, and ministers a righteous retribution upon the conspirators. They, in turn, are cast into this den, and with them their wives and children, who probably were accessory to their crime, and, therefore, justly participants in their punishment. The angel departs : the lions' mouths are unloosed ; they break all their bones in pieces, or ever they come at the bottom of the den. Daniel's faith becomes, by the royal edict, the national religion, and his heavenly Father the God of Persia, the living God and steadfast forever.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY HENRY ARMSTRONG.

Blows the north wind icy cold,
Snows are falling wide and white,
Not a track is on the wold,
Not a star is out to-night.

Pity for the homeless poor,
Crouching by some hedge to die,
Turned from every human door, —
None but God will hear their cry.

Pity, for we know them not,
And their wants cannot relieve ;—
Grateful, in our better lot,
For the blessings we receive.

Children, gather round the fire, •
Grandsire, take the wonted place,
Pile the crackling fagots higher, —
Cheerful light makes cheerful face.

Cheerful words and cheerful mien
Tell of hearts that do not grieve ;
Grief is out of place, I ween,
In the light of Christmas Eve.

Eighteen hundred years ago,
'Mid the cattle and the corn,
In a manger poor and low,
Jesus Christ, a child, was born.

Like a child in innocence
Through a guilty world he trod,
Did his work, and parted hence
With the glories of a God.

Let unholy passion cease,
And meek love redress all ill,
On this festival of peace, —
Blessed symbol of good-will.

He that is of heart unkind,
 Let him be unkind no more ;
 And on him of darkened mind
 Let the light of wisdom pour.

Purged from selfishness and sin,
 Like to Christ's his soul shall be ;
 So shall Life and Truth be kin,
 Justice kiss with Charity !

"BROTHER, TAKE MY ARM."

BY THOMAS MAC KELLAR.

WHEN grief is heavy on thee,
 Or dismal fears alarm,
 Then, brother, lean upon me, —
 My brother, take my arm.
 There 's many a load of trouble
 That taketh two to bear,
 Where one would bend quite double
 Beneath the heavy care.

If malice, in its rancor,
 Has sought thy mortal harm,
 My shoulder be thine anchor, —
 My brother, take my arm.
 Though all, in time of trial,
 May turn their eyes away,
 Nay, brother, no denial,
 My arm shall be thy stay.

If grief were mine to-morrow,
 A grief that naught could charm,
 I 'd cry, in all my sorrow,
 " O, brother, give thine arm !"
 Ay, let me feel another
 Will weep with me in woe ;
 A brother, yea, a brother,
 May all who sorrow know !

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

BY REV. AMBROSE SMITH.

To parents is entrusted the most important charge ever committed to man. An immortal being is placed under their care. A soul of priceless value is put into their hands, to be moulded into a vessel of honor or of shame. Passive almost as the softened clay or melted wax, it awaits the seal of parental influence. In utter dependence, the infant looks up to its natural guardians for those ideas and emotions which are to form its character and shape its destiny forever. Every word and act of the parent leaves an impression on the young and tender heart. Every look is daguerreotyped on the tablet of memory; every tone echoes and reëchoes along the chambers of the soul, in endless reverberations. Fearful responsibility! to touch chords which are to vibrate forever in unison or discord! Who can think of a parent's responsibility without trembling? Who can enter upon such a work, without anxiety? Yet, this is the daily employment of every parent. Thoughtless or considerate, such is their work. They are transforming their own characters and habits to their offspring; impressing their own image upon their immortal spirits. When parents have passed from the scenes of earth,—yea, when the drama of time shall have closed, these impressions will remain.

In view of such facts, how exceedingly important become the precept and promise of holy writ, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

Training is something different from teaching. It does, indeed, imply or include instruction. Knowledge must ever attend discipline. The child must be taught the nature of his obligations as the ground of duty, the reasons for compliance with particular precepts.

But such instruction, however excellent and complete, is not

training. The parent may be a model of fidelity in teaching his children, and yet entirely fail of *bringing them up* in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The improvement of his lessons by salutary discipline may be wholly neglected. Children must not only be made to know the right way, but *made to walk* in it. A master may give his apprentice the most perfect rules and extensive information in respect to his art, and yet do little or nothing to fit him for the duties of life. Eli taught and entreated his sons, but did not restrain them,—*make them follow* his instructions.

On the other hand, training is something different from commanding and punishing. It does, indeed, imply or demand the exercise of parental authority. Family government, with its rules and regulations, laws and penalties, must be established and maintained, in the empire of home. Yet commands may be issued with a monarch's dignity, and penalties be inflicted with a Roman's stern fidelity, while there is no training. The master may command his apprentice to work after the most approved style of his art, and severely punish him for every failure in his performance, and yet do little to fit him for the pursuit of his business. He must set the young man to work, and patiently superintend his unpractised efforts. At every step he must explain the process, and aid in the execution of the difficult work. So parents should not merely command their children to do this or that, but insist upon actual compliance with their directions. Practice must be required, or all will be in vain. The way should be made plain, and then the child should be led along *in it*. Obedience should be immediately and fully demanded. The parent should not often wait for the spirit of rebellion to manifest itself, and pursue the offender with the rod; but he should at once insist upon actual compliance with his instructions. The child should be *made* to do his duty, and not simply told to do it, or punished for omitting it. The virtue is not in knowing or in suffering, but in *doing*.

Thus training contains a peculiar element of the highest importance, but one often wanting in families that seem well taught and governed. Many children have the best instruc-

tion, but are not trained up in the actual performance of the duties of life. They feel the force of parental authority, but receive no healthful discipline. The strong hand of the father wields the sceptre of government, but fails to lead his little son in the right way, with firm yet kind compulsion. The sweet voice of the mother describes the path of wisdom in the clearest manner, but fails in gently forcing her wayward child to pursue it. But this is the element of parental government which is most needful, yet, alas! most wanting. We have much instruction of the young, we have some parental authority left among us, but how little training! How few children are led on, with a steady, gentle hand, *in the way they should go!* And yet this is necessary to claim of God the fulfilment of his promise.

“*Train up*”—from infancy to manhood. Children must not be neglected until bad habits are formed, and then suddenly subjected to discipline,—“broken,” it is sometimes said, and truly, for in such a case, the buoyant spirit of the child is crushed often by the sudden pressure. His obedience is slavish and mechanical, very different from that cheerful and affectionate obedience rendered by those who have never learned to have their own way. And yet, seldom are they so completely “broken” as not to return to their former habits when the pressure is removed, and with a violence which carries them, by a natural rebound, to the extreme of folly and vice. How often is this illustrated in the history of families!

On the other hand, parental discipline should not be too early relaxed, and children turned out into the world at an age when they must need the authority of parents to check their restless passions, and guide their wayward feet. With a firm and steady hand the parent should conduct his child safely across those slippery places which lie at his entrance upon active life and independence.

Thus having trained up a child *in the way* he should go, *from infancy to manhood*, the parent may feel sure that *he will not depart from it*. Having walked so long in the right path, he *must* continue in it. There is no law more powerful and unbending than the law of habit. A person accustomed

to do right, during the first eighteen or twenty years of his life, must ordinarily go on in the same course to the end of his days. Principles, which have governed his conduct during so long a period, and at such an age, must and will be abiding. The character becomes fixed. The immortal soul receives an impulse and direction which can never be lost. Through time, nay, eternity, it must move on in its sublime career, to realize the destiny for which it has been trained by parental influence.

Are there mighty forces operating to turn the well trained child aside from the right way? The word of God is pledged for his security. He will so order the circumstances of life, and impart the influences of his Spirit, that his promise shall not fail. No instance of its failure can be found.

A CHILD AT PLAY.

A rosy child went forth to play,
 In the first flush of hope and pride,
 Where sands in silver beauty lay,
 Made smooth by the retreating tide;
 And, kneeling on the trackless waste,
 Whence ebb'd the waters many a mile,
 He raised, in hot and trembling haste,
 Arch, wall and tower—a goodly pile.

But, when the shades of evening fell,
 Veiling the blue and peaceful deep,
 The tolling of the vesper-bell
 Called that boy-builder home to sleep;
 He passed a long and restless night,
 Dreaming of structures tall and fair,—
 He came with the returning light,
 And, lo! the faithless sands were bare.

Less wise than that unthinking child
 Are all that breathe of mortal birth,
 Who grasp, with strivings warm and wild,
 The false and fading toys of earth.
 Gold, learning, glory,—what are they
 Without the faith that looks on high?
 The sand-forts of a child at play,
 Which are not when the wave goes by.

Chambers' Journal.

THE RETRIBUTION.

BY DR. JOSEPH H. HANAFORD.

MRS. M—— was a raving maniac, degraded and brutish in the extreme. Indeed, these terms convey but a faint idea of her utter debasement. Go with me in *imagination* to the place of her confinement. As we approach, curses, obscenity and imprecations, fall upon our ears, such as may be expected only from the most abandoned debauchee, after the last flush of shame has faded from the cheek. Straw is scattered in every part of the room; an iron bedstead stands in one corner; everything wears the aspect of uncleanness and confusion. A half-clad form approaches, by turns laughing, raving and frowning. Each change of expression seems more terrible than its predecessor, while her filthy person, her tattered garments, and her thick, bushy, tangled mass of hair, give us some faint idea of her true character. You involuntarily start back as from a vile reptile. Connected conversation is impossible. A harshly-uttered monosyllable in reply to some interrogatory is all that you can hear. As you hurry away from so loathsome a scene, you regret your thoughtlessness in exposing yourself to such influences, fearing lest her terrible expression and loathsomeness may haunt your memory, and live in your dreams.

Reader, that poor, vile wretch was once as fair, cheerful, gay and artless, as yourself. She once mingled in good society, loving and beloved. Then her prospects were bright, her heart joyous, and her countenance wreathed in smiles. Her companionship was sought by the refined, and her hand by worthy suitors. She, fair and even beautiful, was wedded in the bloom of life, and assumed matrimonial relations under the most flattering auspices. The happy husband, true to the stern demand of his occupation, left the domestic circle for a time, with fond hopes of a happy reünion at the close of a hazardous and eventful voyage.

But the spoiler came, and blasted a thousand cherished hopes, sundering the silken cord of conjugal affection. The victim asserted her innocence, her purity, and her fidelity, calling upon her Maker and her Judge to take from her the reasoning powers which he had kindly granted her, if she was not faultless in these respects. He, who knoweth the secrets of all hearts, "took her at her word." She became moody and dejected, and fearfully sank to the lowest depths of degradation and brutality. Indeed, in all my observation, both professional and private, I have never seen one in whom the last vestige of humanity seemed so nearly obliterated, as in this fallen creature, when I first saw her. I never saw a countenance so expressive of brutishness, so illustrative of the degrading tendency of licentiousness. I never saw so terrible a sign of divine displeasure impressed on any human face.

She lived for several years, remembered only for her first false step, her consequent degradation, and the fearful visitation of divine justice which followed. She died at last in an asylum for the insane, to which she was conveyed, not so much in the hope of her cure, as of her closer confinement and better control. Not a tear was shed as she departed; the fact was only mentioned as an unimportant item of news or gossip. A withered, useless trunk had fallen, blasted by the bolt of divine vengeance, and unlamented. In the commission of sin we know not to what disastrous and direful results one act may lead. Every sin leaves its hateful impress on the soul, uneffaceable except by the power of the Omnipotent. As in the present instance, it turns a lovely and fair countenance into one hideous and deformed. God will "not let the wicked go unpunished." And although the mark fixed upon Cain, and this vengeance-smitten female, may have been *particularly* conspicuous, no one need hope to pursue a licentious career, and yet escape the penalty. He "who seeth in secret" will fix His piercing gaze upon the offender, haunt him with direful forebodings in secret places, and write "SIN" upon his countenance in fearful characters. The wily, serpent-like destroyer may never enter the quiet, peaceful sanctuary of a happy home, seeking the unsuspecting for his victim, nor leave there terrible evidences of divine displeasure.

THE DEAD.

BY REV. E. NASON.

IN looking over the writings of M. De La Mennais, sometime ago, I was forcibly struck with the pensive solemnity and the simple diction of one of his prose hymns, which I translate for your readers.

De La Mennais was born at St. Malo, France, in 1782, and educated for the priesthood, which office he assumed in 1817. His essay "Sur l'Indifference," and other works, all of which are imbued with the spirit of liberty and deep sympathy for the wrongs of the people, have placed him in the front rank of theological and ethical writers of his school in France.

I.

They have passed away from the earth. They have descended the RIVER OF TIME. Their voices were sounding on its shores, and suddenly they were heard no more. Whither have they gone? Who shall tell us? "*Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!*"

II.

While passing on, a thousand empty shadows met them. The world unveiled to them its grandeur, riches and voluptuousness.

Gazing intently here on these, they suddenly beheld Eternity! Whither have they gone? Who shall tell us? "*Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!*"

III.

Like a sunbeam from on high, a CROSS appeared, to guide them on their voyage. But all did not regard it. Whither have they gone? Who shall tell us? "*Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!*"

IV.

There were who said, "What are these floods that bear us onward? Is there anything beyond this voyage? We do not

know ; men cannot tell us." And, as they spoke, the stream bore them away. Whither have they gone ? Who can tell us ? "*Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord !*"

V.

There were who seemed to listen to some secret voice within ; and then, with eyes bent on the west, they sang of an invisible morning, and of an unending day. Whither have they gone ? Who can tell us ? "*Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord !*"

VI.

Borne swiftly onward, old and young together, they disappeared even as a vessel driven before the storm. Sooner might we count the sands upon the shore of ocean, than the multitude of those who rapidly passed by. Whither have they gone ? Who can tell us ? "*Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord !*"

VII.

Those who beheld them say that bitter grief was in their hearts ; their bosoms heaved with anguish ; and, wearied amid the toils of life, they raised their eyes to heaven and wept. Whither have they gone ? Who can tell us ? "*Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord !*"

From those unknown regions where the river terminates, two voices rise continually. One of them is : "*Out of the abyss have I cried unto thee, O Lord ; hear thou my complaints, and lend an ear to my supplication. If thou art strict to mark our iniquities, who shall stand before thee ? But with thee there is mercy and plenteous redemption !*"

And the other : "*Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth ! The earth and the heavens are full of thy glory !*"

VIII.

And we also,—we too shall soon go to that land whence come those lamentations, or those songs of triumph. Whither shall we go ? Who shall tell us ? "*Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord !*"

HOW TO TREAT AN ENEMY.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

(Concluded.)

AT the dinner-table, Mr. Walker said to his wife, "Who do you think called upon me at the store, this morning?"

"I don't know, I am sure. Who was it?"

"The son of Mr. Butler, my old employer."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; he called to obtain a situation as clerk."

"Did he know you?"

"Not he. I asked him a number of questions about his family, but in such a way he never suspected that I had ever heard of one of them before."

"What did you find out about his family?"

"O, I learned that his father has run quite out; is as poor as a church-mouse. He has been working as a journeyman for some time. Of late he has been laid aside by a long illness, and I should not wonder if his family are actually suffering. Indeed, young Butler urged the situation of his family as a reason why I should employ him."

"Did you give him any encouragement?"

"I gave him a positive denial, on his first application, before I knew who he was. I told him I should not employ another clerk at present."

"Then you don't need another?"

"I can't exactly say that. I must employ another soon, but I have already been bored with applications."

"If you must have another clerk soon, why don't you give him a trial?"

"I don't know as I am under any particular obligation to employ a son of Mr. Butler," replied Mr. Walker, dryly.

"I am not so sure of that."

"How do you make it out? I conclude that his past treatment of me has not imposed any such obligation."

"Not according to the code of laws which govern worldly men. But the Christian professes to follow a very different code, containing a direction which, it seems to me, bears with much force on such a case as this. Do you not remember it? 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.'"

"I thought I had quite forgiven my old employer; but I must confess to some kindling up of the old resentment, when his son first proposed that I should employ him as a means of relieving the wants of the family. I don't know where the black imp came from, but I gave him a summary dismissal."

"Did you dismiss Butler also? If you did, I fear your old resentment had something to do with it."

"Then you think it my duty to employ him?"

"I think you would manifest a truly Christian spirit by doing so; and this would be the surest way to expel from your heart every lurking vestige of an unforgiving spirit."

"Perhaps you are right."

"Have you given the young man any encouragement?"

"It could hardly be called encouragement. I told him it was not likely I should want him; but I gave him liberty to call again this afternoon, promising in the interval to think of the matter. I did not mean to commit myself until I had had time to reflect on the subject."

"I am glad you left the business in this shape. Did you see anything in his appearance which indicated that he would not answer your purpose?"

"Nothing. I was pleased with his appearance. I feel sure that he has not his father's temper, for his manners are gentle and agreeable. He probably resembles his mother, who, I believe, has an excellent disposition. He also appears sprightly and active; has something of his father's energy, I suspect. Indeed, his father would be a very good sort of a man were it not for his terrible temper. He was always an honorable man, with much energy of character. I can hardly comprehend by what means he has become so reduced. I believe I shall make a trial of young Butler."

It was not with high hopes that Henry Butler made his way to Mr. Walker's store that afternoon, and it was a joyful revul

sion of feeling which he experienced when that gentleman promptly informed him that he had concluded to employ him, offering him a salary beyond what he had dared to hope for.

After the terms were all agreed upon, Mr. Walker said, "I wish my clerks to make a good appearance, and, as I observe that your wardrobe needs renewing, I will advance a portion of your wages sufficient to provide you with a new suit of clothes."

Young Butler received the sum proffered with thanks and blushes, and left the store, promising to be there early the next morning.

Mr. Walker's expectations in regard to his new clerk were more than realized. He found him faithful, active, and possessed of a ready tact, which in a great degree served in the place of experience in the discharge of the new duties devolving upon him. He soon began to regard him as a very valuable acquisition, and to feel that the act of giving him employment, which had been prompted alone by Christian principle, was likely also to prove one of sound worldly policy; for he knew that a clerk so prompt and faithful was not always readily obtained.

One thing, however, puzzled Mr. Walker. He had furnished Henry with money to purchase an entire suit. In due time a new coat made its appearance; but the old vest and pants, though a good deal rusty and time-worn, were still made to do. Mr. Walker could not understand this. What could Henry have done with the money? It did not seem in accordance with his character and habits to suppose that he had spent it in the various scenes of amusement which allure so many of his age. Mr. Walker was a frank, straightforward man; and, as he could not solve the mystery, he determined to ask an explanation of it from Henry himself. Embracing a favorable opportunity, he inquired, "Where is the rest of your suit, Butler? I have only seen the coat. The money held out, did it not?"

Henry blushed, and looked so guilty that Mr. Walker was startled, really fearing that he had made some use of the money which would prove him unworthy of confidence. He said

nothing, however, but fixing an inquiring, searching glance upon Henry, waited to hear his explanation of the matter. The young man stood before him, with downcast eyes and heightened color, looking quite as much like a convicted criminal as anything. It was some little time before he could rally courage to speak. But at last he said, "I fear, sir, you have too much reason to be dissatisfied with me. I know you had a right to expect that I should spend the money for the purpose for which you so kindly advanced it. I fear I have done wrong to spend it in any other way, without first consulting you. But, indeed, sir, I have been sorely tempted, and I hope you will overlook what I have done."

Here Henry paused, for it was evidently costing him a hard struggle to inform Mr. Walker what he had actually done with the money. The silence was becoming painful, when it was broken by Mr. Walker, who said, "You have not yet told me what you did with the money."

"I know I have not. I fear it is a false pride which makes me so reluctant to speak of these things. You have a right to know what I did with it. I sent it to my father. I thought, if I had a new coat, perhaps I might make the rest of my suit answer a while longer. My father has been sick so long that I feared that his family might need it to procure even the—the—necessaries of life."

Henry Butler had said all this with his eyes cast upon the ground. But when his plea for forgiveness met with no reply, he raised his eyes to his employer's face, trembling lest he should encounter a rebuking frown. But a very different expression met his inquiring glance. It was evident that Mr. Walker's silence proceeded only from inability to speak. There was a humidity about his eyes, and he was plainly struggling to suppress strong emotions, and recover himself enough to speak calmly. His voice was a little husky as he at length said, "I hope, my young friend, you will not do me the injustice to suppose that I can be displeased with you for this."

He then took from his desk two fifty-dollar bills, and, placing them in Henry's hand, said, "Inclose these to your father. Tell him not to hesitate to accept of them. He may consider

it as a loan, if he chooses, and repay it when he recovers his health, and is perfectly able to do so, which may be at no distant day; for the wheel of fortune is continually turning."

Henry took the bills with deep emotion. "We can never repay the kindness," he said. "For *that* we must always be your debtor. But I hope, at some future day, I may be able to cancel the pecuniary obligation, if my father is not. May God bless you, sir, for your kindness to us in our time of distress."

"Don't speak of it. I am only obeying the injunction to remember those who are in adversity, as being also in the body, and subject to like sorrows. We are none of us independent of our fellow-men. No one can say how soon he may be in need of their kind services."

Mr. Walker went home with a light heart that night. He had done a noble deed, and was receiving a reward in his own bosom, such as Heaven alone can bestow.

Mr. Butler gradually recovered, and at length was able to do some work. But his former health was not restored, and his labors were often interrupted, or pursued when he felt that they were beyond his strength, and were making sad inroads upon his constitution. Mr. Walker often made kind inquiries of his young clerk relating to the welfare of his father's family, and kept himself informed as to how matters really stood.

At length the shop of a merchant tailor, near the store of Mr. Walker, was for sale, and the idea occurred to him of completing his work of benevolence and Christian forgiveness by setting his old employer up in business. It now seemed quite evident that his health would never again allow him to labor steadily with his own hands. But as master of a shop he might do well; and this was an excellent stand for the business.

The more Mr. Walker thought of the plan, the more inclined he felt to execute it. His wife most heartily concurred in it; and at last he proposed it to Henry. He told him that he doubted not his father would do well there, and, if unwilling to

be under pecuniary obligations to a stranger, might reasonably hope to discharge every such obligation in a few years.

This offer was most gladly and gratefully accepted by father and son. Both were unbounded in their expressions of gratitude to their generous benefactor, who had been the sole instrument of preserving them from falling into abject poverty, and was now placing them in a way to secure a competence.

Mr. Walker purchased the shop, and also rented a neat tenement for the residence of the family. With the assistance of Henry, every arrangement was soon made for their reception and comfortable settlement in their new home.

All this time the father never for a moment suspected that the Mr. Walker who had proved so generous a benefactor in the hour of need, and the Edward Walker whom, in a fit of passion, he had so ill-treated, were one and the same person. He was not likely to recognize, in the prosperous and wealthy merchant, the humble journeyman tailor.

After all the preparations for the arrival of the Butler family had been completed, Mr. Walker observed to his wife, "I think I shall start for New York to-morrow."

"What, so soon? I thought you were not going this day or two."

"I will frankly tell you what hastens my departure. Mr. Butler and family come to-morrow. The moment he sees me he will recognize me; for my physiognomy has not changed so much as my circumstances. This recognition must be in some degree painful; for when he becomes aware who it is that has been his benefactor, I fancy it will be somewhat like heaping coals of fire on his head. I prefer that the interview should not take place until he gets nicely settled in his new home. I have business in New York and Philadelphia, which will require me to be absent about ten days. By that time they will begin to feel at home. Henry can, in my absence, make every arrangement which has not already been made."

Mrs. Walker did not oppose this plan, for it commended itself to her judgment. When, however, Mr. Walker stated to Henry his intention of leaving for New York early the next morning, the latter seemed much disappointed.

"That is too bad!" he said. "Father will not see you when he arrives. He is so impatient to meet you, and express his gratitude."

"Pshaw! there is time enough for that."

"Can't you delay going one day?"

"No; some particular reasons have decided me to go to-day."

The day after Mr. Walker's return, he was at his store only a small part of the time. At night Henry said to him, "Father has been here to-day several times to see you, but you were out each time."

"Well, it may be just as well, for I shall call round to your house this evening, and our first meeting will then be secure from business interruptions."

Henry's face glowed with pleasure. "We shall be sure to see you this evening," he said.

"Yes; you may depend on that. But I have one request to make relating to this first visit. I wish to see your father alone before being introduced to the rest of the family."

Henry thought this request a little singular; but he promised that everything should be arranged as Mr. Walker desired.

Evening found the family of Mr. Butler seated in their snug parlor, impatiently awaiting the arrival of their benefactor. At last the door-bell rang.

"That's he!" exclaimed Henry. "I know his ring."

According to previous arrangement, while Henry went to the door to receive their guest, all the family except Mr. Butler left the parlor.

As Mr. Walker was ushered into the room by Henry, the light fell strongly on his features, and he was recognized at once by Mr. Butler, who had then advanced almost to the door in his eagerness to meet his benefactor. He instantly drew back the hand which was already extended to grasp that of Mr. Walker, and stood as if transfixed.

Mr. Walker held out his hand, saying, "Are you not going to shake hands with me, Mr. Butler?"

Instead of taking the offered hand, Mr. Butler still stood

immovable and speechless. At last he gained command of his voice, and exclaimed, "Tell me, Edward Walker, if you knew on whom you were bestowing all this kindness?"

"Yes, my friend," replied Mr. Walker, calmly. "I knew all about it. And now I beg that you will dismiss all painful recollections, and receive me as you were intending to do five minutes since."

Mr. Butler grasped almost convulsively the hand which was still extended to him; then, no longer able to maintain self-control, he turned away. Throwing himself upon the sofa, and covering his face with his hands, the strong man wept like a child.

Meanwhile, Henry stood looking first at his father and then at Mr. Walker, in perfect amazement at the scene so unexpectedly presented. At last, partially recovering himself, he turned to the latter, and said, "Excuse me, sir, for being an intruder here. I intended to withdraw as soon as I had ushered you into the room. But wonder and surprise have caused me to forget my promise to leave you alone with my father."

He was about turning to leave the room, when Mr. Walker, in a low tone, said to him, "Your father's agitation is in part caused by recognizing in me an old acquaintance whom he little thought of meeting. You shall know more about it at another time, but leave us alone now."

By this time, Mr. Butler had partially recovered his self-possession, and turning to Mr. Walker, who was now seated on the sofa by his side, he said, "You have, indeed, sir, had your revenge. A Christian revenge truly. You have heaped coals of fire on my head. I have often regretted my barbarous treatment of you, to which I was led by my ungovernable temper. But little did I think that I should ever be called to view it from such a stand-point as I occupy to-night."

"Don't speak of it," replied Mr. Walker. "I ask it as a special favor,—let the past be buried in oblivion. We are all liable to err. It becomes none of us to cherish an unforgiving spirit."

Mr. Walker soon contrived to restore the mind of Mr. But-

ler to something like equanimity, and then inquired for his family.

"I had forgotten all about them," replied Mr. Butler, starting up. "They must by this time think that they are not to be allowed the privilege of seeing you."

He immediately left the room to call his family. Mrs. Butler knew nothing of the scene which had just transpired in the parlor; for Henry had delicately forbore to mention his father's agitation on meeting Mr. Walker. Mr. Butler informed his wife that Mr. Walker proved to be no other than the Edward Walker who used to work in his shop at A—. As Mrs. Butler knew little or nothing of the circumstances which had led to his leaving her husband, she was oppressed by no painful reminiscences. She accompanied Mr. Butler back to the parlor. Indeed, all parties soon seemed once more at their ease. Mr. Walker took his leave, after spending a very pleasant evening with the deeply grateful family.

Mr. Butler prospered in the business which the generosity of Mr. Walker had enabled him to prosecute. To the end of life he was a better man for the lesson taught him by the Christian forgiveness of the man he had so rudely treated.

Henry Butler never left his employer, to whom he was most devotedly attached. After serving him faithfully as a clerk, he became a partner; and there always existed between them the warmest friendship and the most entire confidence.

NOBLE BOY.—A boy came to me, says a Michigan colporteur, for temperance tracts. Of this noble-spirited boy I afterwards learned the following fact:

A relative of his in a grocery had poured out a dram of liquor in a tumbler to drink. The boy stepped forward and put a temperance tract over the mouth of his tumbler. The man took it up, and the first words he cast his eyes upon, were, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." He dashed the glass on the floor, exclaiming, "That is the last of my drinking liquor, God being my helper." He has kept his resolution.

WHAT THE BIRD SAID.

BY HENRY ARMSTRONG.

BIRD upon the alder-tree,
Singing, dancing merrily,
What thy thought is, tell to me.

There 's a secret in thy heart
That inspires thy tuneful art ;
Come, the mystery impart.

"Fields are green and skies are blue,
And the flowers are bright with dew,
So the world is fair to view.

"I am thinking of the nest
Where beneath my mother's breast
I was nurtured and caressed.

"On a drooping branch we swung
As the breezes swayed and sung,
With leaf-shadows o'er us flung ;

"That the flaming eye of day,
With its searching, cunning ray,
Might not spy us where we lay.

"There our parents brought us seeds,
Flying far o'er hills and meads,
Seeking among stones and reeds.

"When we heard the coming shower
Shake the arches of our bower,
With its blast of thunder power,

"Over us they spread their wings,
Comforting their tenderlings
With the song that courage brings.

“When the time had come to fly,
And the maple seemed too high,
Still they flattered us to try.

“On and on, one summer day,
Led they us, as if in play,
Gathering vigor by the way.

“When I think of everything,
Happy thoughts within me spring, —
I must dance and I must sing.

“So, I thank the gentle pair
For our cottage in the air,
For their watchfulness and care.

Thus the bird disclosed his mind ; —
Looking back, myself, I find
Human parents are as kind.

THE FRANK AND HONEST BOY.

“Do you want my berries, ma’am?” said a poor little boy to a lady one day. The little fellow was very shabbily clothed, and his feet were bare and travel-stained. In both hands he held up a tin pail full of ripe raspberries, which were prettily peeping out from amid the green leaves that lay lightly over them. The lady told him she should like some; and, taking the pail from him, she stepped into the house. He did not follow, but remained behind, whistling to some canaries hanging in their cage on the porch.

“Why do you not come in, and see if I measure your berries right?” said the lady. “How do you know but what I may cheat you?”

The boy looked archly up at her, and smiled. “I am not afraid,” said he, “for you would *get the worst of it*, ma’am.”

“Get the worst of it!” said she; “what do you mean?”

“Why, ma’am, I should only lose my berries, and you would be stealing; don’t you think you would get the worst of it?”

OTHER FOLKS' CHILDREN.

BY M. C. B.

"HAVE you let your house yet?" said a lady to the owner of a double house, half of which he was occupying himself, and the other half of which was standing empty, awaiting a tenant.

"No, I have not."

"Will you give me the refusal of it, then, for two or three hours, just till I can examine it and decide whether I want it or not?"

"Well — I don't know — I have thought, since I spoke with your husband about it, that, as we both have small children, it might not be so pleasant —"

"Ah! if there is any objection on that account, I hope you will frankly say so. It is for the sake of peace that we are willing to move from our present home; and, unless you can give us hope of finding it, we certainly do not wish to come into your house."

"Well — children — I like children, and children like me; but still they are rather an annoyance to me."

"They are not to me. Why do you imagine that you like children, if you are annoyed by them?"

"I do like them; but they are often mischievous little things. Our own, you know, we must put up with; but *other folks' children!* — why, that's quite a different affair. Then, of course, they damage a house."

"But you must consider that in the rent, and indemnify yourself."

"No, it is n't so much a matter of dollars and cents with me. My wife, too, has a good deal of feeling about having other people's children in the house; and I should prefer it to stand empty forever to making her uncomfortable."

"You are right in that; she ought not to be made unhappy."

But I am surprised to find so much of this feeling in young people who have children of their own. In old people it does not seem so strange; it is not a very uncommon thing for the aged to dislike little children. But I always expect young parents to sympathize with them; and, in fact, your children were part of the attraction that I felt toward your house."

"Well, I have a garden, and children are apt to do a great deal of mischief there; — at least, I never saw any that did not."

"*I have.* However, it is plain that my condition would not be improved by a removal to your house —"

"I wish you to understand that we do not object to your children in particular; they are well-behaved, as far as we know, and would be less objectionable than most others of our acquaintance. But we have decided to wait until we can find a tenant who has none, let the house stand empty as long as it may."

"Other folks' children," poor creatures! The lady turned away with a sad feeling at her heart. Her good little, obedient, careful, kind children, were "other folks'" to all but their own parents, objects of dislike and suspicion if they came too near, marks for harsh words and ugly scowls if they looked into a neighbor's garden too eagerly, and for terrible visitations if they picked one of the many roses looking so temptingly out through the fence.

And she felt all the more sad, because this man with whom the above conversation was held was a near neighbor, a kind and pleasant man, an upright and honorable citizen, a fellow church-member, a co-laborer in the Sabbath-school; in short, as she had supposed, every way a *reliable* man.

"Other folks' children!" Do you suppose, parent, that *your* children are "other folks'"?

"*No!*" perhaps you indignantly exclaim; "*my* children are my own, well-trained and well-behaved."

So were these, and were known to be such. "Then your story must be a fiction."

No; it is a solemn fact. "Your experience is peculiar, I

must believe; it cannot be that people generally feel so toward children."

If you really wish to ascertain the truth, kind-hearted reader, try to find board for your family, including two or three children, or apply to any of the numerous householders around you for a roof to shelter them. After such an effort on your part, we should like to hear from you again.

Orphan children generally have a hard lot in this world. Why is it? The simple reason appears to be that they are "other folks' children" to *everybody*.

The condition of step-children often, and sometimes justly, excites pity. Poor things! they are "other folks' children" to their *mother*, and their father is too much absorbed in business to be aware of it.

And *we*, the living fathers and mothers of our own children, are to blame for these great evils. We allow in our own hearts, and consequently cherish in the hearts of our children, this cold, selfish indifference — (perhaps that is too mild a term) — toward the children of our fellow-mortals; and this hateful, wicked spirit spreads, grows, and bears its bitter fruit from generation to generation.

A being from a far different sphere once came and dwelt upon the earth. He lived here many years, and mingled freely among men, but he had, humanly speaking, no children of his own. Yet was he so kind and gentle that parents felt attracted toward him, and brought to him their children, that his blessing might rest upon them. His followers, men of like passions with ourselves, rebuked these eager parents, and would have sent them away without an opportunity to offer their "other folks' children" to this illustrious stranger.

But He reproved their selfishness and inhumanity, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me;" yea, more, "*he took them in his arms* and blessed them," and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Thus our Lord and Master gave the practice and the principle for us; and can we neglect either the one or the other, and be blameless?

INSTINCT OF THE SWALLOW.

BY L. H. HARE.

WE read of some remarkable cases of animal instinct, so near akin to reasoning, that,

“God himself, the soul of brutes,”

must have endowed them with faculties wonderfully like reason. Noticeable cases of the instinct of birds are more rare than that of other animals; but one of the most remarkable that I have ever read of, or heard narrated, occurred in Dixon to-day. It was noticed by a citizen who is a close observer of such things, and will vouch for the truthfulness of the incident.

It is known that swallows, when flying, will suddenly dart downward and almost touch their wings to the ground; and, if over a sheet of water, will sometimes even touch the tip of their wings to its coy bosom, and then hie themselves away, as if frightened at their own temerity; and, as if courting danger, return and with graceful swoop precipitate themselves again and again to the very surface of the water, laving perhaps the tip of a wing, and then darting upward, and in a moment more performing the same feat again.

Two swallows were seen to-day performing their gyrations over the Rock river, when one of them darting too low, or perhaps met by an unexpected wave, found itself in the water, and unable to rise. Its mate flew around it in great consternation, and made several ineffectual attempts to raise it from the water, but all in vain. It would seize the unfortunate bird with its bill, and partially raise it from its watery bed, but could not get it high enough to enable it successfully to use its own wings. After making several unsuccessful attempts to extricate his friend from her perilous situation, he suddenly left her and flew away.

Some boys on the bank of the river commenced stoning the

unfortunate bird ; but our friend, desiring to see what more the instinct of the bird would prompt it to do, caused the boys to desist from their cruel sport, and waited the finale of the catastrophe. He had not to wait long, for soon our hero bird returned with five or six others ; when two of them seized the unfortunate swallow who was floating upon the water, and, with their united strength, raised him some five or six feet ; the others, meanwhile, encircling them, and flying about with every demonstration of anxiety, and endeavoring to cheer and encourage them in their generous efforts. The dripping swallow now being raised from the water, and able to use his wings more efficiently, could sustain himself, and they all now with evident satisfaction and joy arose in the air, and lovingly flew away.

On hearing the above incident related, I thought, truly "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without the knowledge of our heavenly Father."

COWPER'S MOTHER.

THE influence of Cowper's mother upon his character may be learned from the following expression of filial affection which he wrote to Lady Hesketh, on the receipt of his mother's picture : "I had rather possess my mother's picture than the richest jewel in the British crown ; for I loved her with an affection that her death, fifty years since, has not in the least abated." And he penned the following lines on that occasion :

" My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss, —
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers, ' Yes. ' "

OLD MOLL AND LITTLE AGNES; OR, THE RICH POOR AND
THE POOR RICH.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

CHAPTER XII.

DURING the remainder of the day the now happy father was content to lie passively on the sofa, occasionally falling asleep with his daughter's hand clasped closely in his. The words "papa" and "mamma" came so sweetly from her lips, and he took such delight in replying to the endearing title, that he could not bear to have her out of his sight.

The idea that all the years he had been mourning her loss she had been in the care of his daughter, and that, if he had returned from India, he too might have enjoyed her society, at times almost overwhelmed him with grief. But the thought of the good providence of God, who had directed her weary feet to the door of her friends, and had inclined Florence to take the pauper child to her bosom, filled him with gratitude and praise.

"What would have been my affliction," he exclaimed, one day to his wife, when Agnes was for a moment absent from the room, "if I had found her dissolute and vicious, or even illiterate and rude! My heart would perhaps have gone forth toward her as a child, but I could have had no comfort in her society. Now she is all that my heart craves in a daughter. It seems too joyful to be true, that she is my own, dear, lost Adelaide."

Mrs. Loring had never before experienced the bliss of having an affectionate, dutiful child, and her heart responded warmly to every kind feeling of her husband toward their beautiful and virtuous daughter.

Agnes lost no time in informing her friends at Beech Grove of her newly-found relatives, at the same time informing them of the time of Florence's wedding, and saying that the bride

was anxious to have her dearest friends with her on the joyful occasion.

The same mail carried a confidential letter also to Mr. Van Lennep, which was answered in person the very next day. Mr. Loring was still confined to the house in consequence of his undue excitement, which had brought on a rush of blood to the head ; but when Mr. Van Lennep arrived they had a long and private interview, to which Agnes alone was admitted.

The wedding-day at length arrived. The bridal pair intended to start for the falls of Niagara directly after the ceremony, where Louis and Agnes were to have accompanied them ; but, as her father was still feeble, the young girl would not consent to leave him.

The wedding was appointed at an early hour ; Mr. Hanley and Florence, Louis and Agnes, rode together to the church, where a small but select company had gathered to witness the solemn ceremony, after which they returned home to partake of some refreshment before they started on their journey.

When Mr. Loring approached his daughter to give her his blessing, he put into her hand a deed of a beautiful place he had purchased for her. The lands joined those of her friends at Beech Grove, and it was a situation which Florence had always admired. Thus Agnes' mystery was revealed. This purchase had been accomplished mostly through the agency of Mr. Van Lennep, who had entered into the project with all his heart.

Just as they were leaving, Louis called Mr. Hanley aside, and in a few words told him what had always been his intention with regard to the property of Florence, at the same time presenting the deed of the cottage and checks to a considerable amount.

Mr. Hanley deliberately stepped to the door, and called "Florence," then put the papers into her hand, briefly explaining their import.

"Dear, kind Louis," she exclaimed, seizing his hand ; "this is just like you, and does you honor. For your sake I rejoice

in it with all my heart. Are these mine,—my own?" she asked, holding them before him.

"Certainly they are," he replied, smiling.

"Then," said she, "I, Florence—Hanley," she added, hesitating slightly, "being of sound and disposing mind, do make over all right and title of the same to my beloved cousin, Louis Buckingham; and do you, Andrew Hanley, bear testimony to the same."

"Gladly," he responded, with emphasis.

She attempted to put the papers in her cousin's hand, but he refused, saying, "You have no idea, Florence, how much you pain me by not accepting this place, which is legally your own."

"I did accept it joyfully and thankfully, dear Louis; but I have seen proper to give it away again. I am a bride," she said, playfully, drawing herself up with dignity, "and brides must be obeyed."

"It shall be my first business, on my return," added her husband, "to see this matter properly adjusted and recorded."

"Stay one moment, Louis," said Florence, as he was leaving the room, and she motioned Mr. Hanley to the door. "I would like to make your wife a wedding present; perhaps you would prefer I should give it to Agnes."

Louis gave her one searching glance, then abruptly left the room, and joined the party in the entry.

"I am very sorry," said Agnes, without observing him, "that Lily was away travelling, and could not be at the wedding. If she had come, Louis could have gone with her. He looks pale of late, and the journey would have done him good."

"Louis prefers staying at home," whispered a low voice close at her side.

She turned quickly, to meet a pair of eyes fixed earnestly upon her, and her own drooped beneath their gaze.

"Why don't the fellow propose?" exclaimed Mr. Loring, impatiently, calling his wife into the parlor and vehemently shutting the door, when the bridal pair, accompanied to the boat by the groomsmen and bridesmaids, had driven away.

"He loves her, if I am any judge, but he don't walk right up to the mark, and say, 'Will you have me, or not?' That is the way to do up the business,—and he is a smart fellow, too. What can be the reason he holds back so?"

"Perhaps he thinks you would not consent to give her up so soon," responded Mrs. Loring, more calmly.

"He is right enough about that. I never expect to give her up, but—" Here he relapsed into a profound reverie, from which he did not arouse until the sound of the returning voices drew his wife from the room to welcome them.

"Walk in here," called out Mr. Loring from the parlor. He was lying upon the sofa, and Agnes took a seat by his side.

"Ahem!" sounded the invalid, making an effort to commence a conversation. "Well, you saw them safely off, hey? Agnes, our turn will come next."

"Why, father, you are not going to take me away from home?" and she bent a distressed glance upon Louis.

"Why, whose house do you take this for, child?" asked her father, quickly.

Agnes blushed deeply, but turned to Louis, expecting he would say it was made over to Florence.

"The house is the property of Miss Agnes Loring," replied the young man, endeavoring to speak calmly.

"How so?" inquired Mr. Loring and his daughter, in a breath.

"As a present from her sister. Mr. Hanley intends to have the title changed on his return."

"Dear, kind Florence!" exclaimed the young girl, bursting into tears, "she knew how I loved this sweet home."

"It will be a very pretty place for you when you are married; but for the present—"

"O, father!" she cried, interrupting him, "you won't go away and leave Louis here alone."

"Why could n't I for the present be a boarder in the family?" inquired Louis. "It would be a most agreeable arrangement for me."

"I never liked the idea of taking boarders," responded Mr.

Loring, utterly regardless of the wistful look of his daughter. "I expect Agnes will be wanting to be married soon, and then —"

"O, father, don't! I shall never be married. I shall always live with you."

"Pshaw! you'd make a nice old maid. Would n't she, Louis? I have a young man in my eye who would make a noble husband for you."

Mr. Buckingham arose and walked to the window, when the arrival of company prevented for the time any continuance of the conversation. But the young man was desirous of renewing it the first opportunity. He determined, however, it should not be in the presence of Agnes. Had she not been discovered to be the daughter and heiress of Mr. Loring, he would have besought Florence to give her beloved protégée to his care. Now, the fear of being accused of worldliness, together with a doubt whether Mr. Loring would give up his newly-found treasure to the son of a man who had proved recreant to his trust, deterred him from asking her hand. Dear as the child had always been to him, never until now had he realized what an influence her lovely Christian deportment had had upon him. During the night following his conversation with her father, the years since he first knew her passed in review before him; her conscientiousness and fear of sin, as soon as she had been taught to distinguish right from wrong; her sweet, forgiving temper toward his wayward sister; her truthfulness, her gratitude to him for his boyish and often capacious kindnesses toward her; then her devotion to his invalid father; her thoughtful care and tenderness toward his mother; her dutiful affection toward Florence, and the life-long interest she had manifested for him. And could he stand calmly by and see her married to another,—she, whom for many years he had considered as a part of himself, who had been the sunlight of his home, and connected with every plan for his future life? No, he would know his fate. And if Mr. Loring had other views for his daughter, as he had hinted, he would tear himself away, and bear the loss of his dearest hopes as best he might.

For three days Louis watched in vain for an opportunity to speak in private with Mr. Loring; but as he was still feeble, and mostly confined to the house, and as Mr. and Mrs. Van Lennep were passing a few days with them, he always found the parlor occupied on his return from town. He observed, too, that Agnes had put on a certain dignity, which he had never seen in her before, and a degree of reserve wholly unknown in their former intercourse had stolen in between them.

One morning, at breakfast, and on the day when their friends were intending to return to Beech Grove, Agnes urged them soon to renew their visit, saying, with a heightened color and a stolen glance at Louis, "It is such a pleasure to me to have a home of my own, where I can receive and entertain my friends as long as I wish!"

Poor Louis! He was in just the state of mind to suppose she meant an allusion to him, and, as he had not received a particular invitation to stay, he answered, with some bitterness, "Well, Agnes, I shall not claim your hospitality much longer, for I leave the country in three weeks."

The young girl gazed at him for a moment, as if she found it difficult to comprehend his meaning, then, with her handkerchief at her eyes, rose abruptly and left the room. He instantly arose to follow her, when her mother rose also, and he reluctantly resumed his seat.

"Whew!" exclaimed Mr. Loring. "It is a new thing for Agnes to be in tears."

"I have observed that the great excitement, of late, has rendered her nervous," remarked Mrs. Van Lennep, kindly.

Louis sat silent and self-condemned, until Mr. Loring inquired, "Is it really so, Louis, that you intend to leave us?"

"I do, sir," was the brief reply.

"You give us short notice, sir," added Mr. Loring, imitating the reserved tone of the other. "Wife," he continued, as she and Agnes reëntered the room, "we must idle away no more time. Here we have orders to quit, just as we thought ourselves comfortably established for the summer. I have a great mind, Mr. Buckingham, to insist that you take us along. I

appeal to our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Van Lennep, if it is not a hard case. After being abroad so many years, we return, choose our friends and settle down, and, just as we have become so attached to them that we can't get along comfortably at all without their society, they pull up stakes and are off, leaving us to shift for ourselves."

This was said in a petulant tone, like that of a displeased child, and the whole company burst into a hearty laugh, in which the young man could not resist the desire to join. Mr. Loring, as if highly indignant, walked from the room, slamming the door after him. After hesitating one moment, Louis followed him to the parlor.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Loring, locking the door, putting the key in his pocket, and advancing with a fierce look to his companion, "I hope you have come to your senses, and mean to ask my pardon."

"If I have offended, it has been unintentional, sir," replied Louis, growing very pale, but putting on an appearance of calmness. "Can I have a few moments' conversation with you?"

"Certainly, certainly. I thought you did n't realize what you were about."

"Mr. Sampson, our senior partner, proposed that one of the firm should go to Paris for the purchase of goods during the summer or fall. For certain reasons, which I will explain, I thought it better for me to go, and I volunteered to do so."

Mr. Loring, who had expected a different topic, tried to restrain his impatience, and then repeated, "The reasons, sir, the reasons!"

Louis turned, walked to the other end of the room, then, coming back, seized his companion's hand, and said, impetuously, "Ever since I can remember, I have loved your daughter, but"—

"No buts, Mr. Buckingham; you shall have her, sir. If it had not been for the squeamishness of my wife, I should have given her to you weeks ago. But she insisted it was your right to propose the question. Now that you have come up to the point like a man, I should like to be informed by what rule

of propriety you have kept me in such a state of anxiety for the past month ;” and Mr. Loring rubbed his hands in glee, while the young man detailed the fears and doubts which had deterred him from claiming her father’s consent to his wishes. Then, expressing his gratitude, he begged to have an opportunity to see if Agnes’ choice corresponded with his own.

The father hastily unlocked the door, and soon drew the blushing girl into the room.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Lennep only waited to congratulate their young friends on their engagement, which, indeed, they had long anticipated, and then took their departure, having received a promise of a speedy return of their visit.

Upon reaching Saratoga, Mrs. Hanley wrote her friend an account of their trip, and a lively description of the society at the United States Hotel, where they were stopping. She said Mr. and Mrs. Story were there, with Lily Buckingham, who, in beauty of person and fascination of manner, was all that her childhood gave promise of being. “She is, indeed,” wrote Florence, “a thoroughly finished woman of the world. In company she is calm and self-possessed, receiving the most flattering attentions with the dignity and composure of a queen, evidently claiming them as her right. It is difficult to approach her, for she is always surrounded by a crowd of admirers, among whom, I am sorry to say, are many whose countenances bear the marks of dissipated habits. Report says she has attracted the attention of Hon. Mr. Hosford, a member of Congress, a man of high standing in society, and of great wealth. I cannot say how this is, as I have seldom seen them together, though I have observed that he frequently enters the parlors, but, seeing how she is surrounded, retires as quietly as he entered. Evidently he does not intend to enter into competition with the light-minded fops who occupy so large a share of her attention.

“At table, Lily invariably enters late, thus drawing upon herself innumerable pairs of eyes, as, taking the arm of her adopted father, she walks gracefully the whole length of the hall.”

A week later, Florence wrote again. “We have made the

acquaintance of Mr. Hosford, though for the introduction we are indebted to his interest in our fair friend. Rumor speedily brought the report of Mr. Hanley's wealth to Saratoga, and many, who would probably otherwise have passed us with a glance of contempt, have shown us great attention. From the first, Lily seemed pleased to meet us; and one morning, as my husband and myself were at the springs, she joined us. I never saw her appear so well. She conversed with Mr. Hanley like a rational being, and I felt self-condemned that I had pronounced her so trifling. Mr. Hosford, after watching us for a few moments, sauntered toward us, and was introduced by Lily. He is very agreeable in person, with great fluency in the use of language; and I could see that, though he directed his conversation to Mr. Hanley, his eye constantly turned toward the lady opposite him. He seemed to be perfectly captivated by her charms. After this he frequently joined our party, and expressed his great pleasure that we had concluded, on account of Mr. Hanley's fondness for the water, to extend our stay at the springs. This has brought Lily much into our society, and enables us to see them together. I heard him say once, with a heavy sigh, 'Beautiful, fascinating creature!' He was standing where he could watch her without being observed. I turned my eye in the same direction, and did not wonder that he sighed. She was standing alone, the centre of a group of gay fops, who were striving to emulate each other in the adulation they were offering at her shrine.

"Several times he has invited me to walk with him to the pavilion, and has turned the conversation to the various ladies of the company. As I did not refer to Lily, he directly asked me if her mind and heart were cultivated in any proportion to her manner. I answered, reluctantly, that for many years I had seen little of her; that I had understood from her mother that she was very accomplished,—could play and sing with brilliancy, spoke French and Italian as if they were her native tongue.

"'Of course,' he answered; 'of course. Those accomplishments are deemed indispensable at the present day.'

“He spoke with some sarcasm in his tone, and I said, ‘You are severe, sir.’

“‘Perhaps so,’ he responded; ‘but it annoys me to see a young lady, gifted with beauty and grace enough to make home a paradise, degrade herself by allowing those senseless fops to bestow their flatteries upon her.’

“‘Lily is a beauty,’ said I, ‘and it cannot be expected that she should be ignorant of it. I have feared that her adopted parents, in their pride at the sensation she creates, do not exercise the most salutary influence over her.’

“‘I have seen it all,’ he responded, sadly, ‘and I have sometimes thought, if she had a friend, one whom she respected and loved, she might be led to see the folly of her present course.’

“‘No doubt of it,’ I answered, warmly. ‘The surest way to govern Lily would be through her affections.’

“It really amuses my husband to see how closely Mr. Hosford adheres to our party since he gave me his partial confidence. Last evening his sister arrived, and was immediately introduced to us. Though not strictly handsome, she is a pleasing, warm-hearted girl, with a simplicity and naturalness which carry all before her. Not many minutes after she entered the parlor, she touched her brother, exclaiming, ‘O, Lucius, look! Who is that beautiful lady crossing the room? Is n’t she lovely?’

“He looked much pleased, as he replied, ‘That is Miss Story. I will introduce you to her;’ and, taking her arm in his, led her to the sofa at the further end of the apartment. They soon returned, and Lily with them; and, before the evening was through, the young ladies had advanced to a great degree of intimacy. Mr. Hosford was charmed with the attention paid to his sister, and thanked Lily in a low tone for making this the happiest evening of his life. I rather think, before they parted, he said something still more pointed, for she glanced in his face, while a natural blush gave deeper tint to her rose-colored cheeks. Early this morning, as Mr. Hanley and I were returning from our early walk, he approached, and said to me, ‘You were right; Miss Story has convinced me

that she has a heart, and she only needs right influences to mould her into a noble character.'

" 'I see you are intending to do your part toward her reformation,' I replied, smiling.

" 'I do not wish to conceal from you that she has interested me more than any lady I have seen; but reformation is a strong word. She only needs to see through the hollowness, and extravagance of these fashionable fops and dandies, in order to despise them as heartily as I do. I believe she is formed for domestic happiness.'

"I kept my eyes upon the ground, for I could not give my assent, knowing Lily as well as I do, and I did not wish him to consider me prejudiced. After walking by my side for a few moments in silence, he bid us good-morning, and hastened on.

"Later, a great sensation has been created here by the arrival of a young southerner,—a dashing fellow, with imperial and whiskers in the highest state of perfection. He has a colored valet, and an elegant barouche with two coal-black horses, which he sports back and forth in front of the hotel, to the admiration of all the young ladies, and the envy of half the young men. In consequence of his wealth, or his rank, or his horses, he takes the liberty to set aside all prescribed rules of etiquette, and even decency, and to act according to his own will and pleasure.

"This conduct, though frowned upon by the substantial part of our little world, is applauded, and, to some extent, imitated by others.

"But to return to our friend Lily. She is engaged, actually engaged to Honorable Lucius Hosford; and she seems very happy. His sister told me they were to be married in the fall, and she was to pass the winter with them at Washington. Fortunate Lily! she has won a noble heart. I hope she will make him happy. I can see that Mr. and Mrs. Story are very proud of the alliance."

After rejoicing with Agnes over her prospect of happiness, and stating something of their own plans, Florence adds, "The evening after the arrival of Mr. Stapleton, which is the name

of the dashing southerner, Mr. Hosford and Lily were slowly promenading the piazza, when he appeared, followed by his servant. When opposite the betrothed couple he stopped, and with an oath, said, 'By ——, what a handsome creature!—perfectly divine!' Mr. Hosford boiled with indignation, and stepped forward as if intending to knock the fellow down, but Lily drew him back, and the impertinent fellow was allowed to pass on. She told me of it herself, and said she did not see why Mr. Hosford need to have been in such a passion because a man chose to admire her. 'He must expect to be told I am handsome,' she added, petulantly, 'though he never has acknowledged it himself.'

"'Lily,' said I, quite indignantly, 'Mr. Hosford paid you the highest compliment a gentleman can pay a lady, when he asked you to be his wife. No doubt he disapproves the senseless flattery to which you have so long been accustomed. He considers you endowed with common sense, and addresses you as a rational being.'

"'Well,' she exclaimed, as she turned away, 'if he expects me to give up all society, and to live only for him, he is very much mistaken.'

"'O, Lily!' I thought, as with a pout she walked haughtily away from the room, 'how can you throw away your own happiness?' With all her follies, I had not before deemed her so utterly heartless.

"We have just returned from Cincinnati, spending a few days at the falls, both going out and on our return. We have wished much that you and Louis could have been with us. Though absent from this place only three weeks, there are great changes. Almost an entire new set of faces fill the halls and parlors. Of those with whom we became most intimate, Mr. Hosford and his sister alone remain. From her I learned the particulars of the disgraceful affair which is the constant theme of conversation here at the present time. After we left, Mr. Stapleton managed to procure an introduction to Lily, who accepted an invitation from him to ride. On her return, Mr. Hosford, and even her parents, remonstrated, but she insisted there was no harm in her riding in open daylight with a

distinguished southerner. The very next day she rode horseback with him by her side; and this time everybody began to talk of and to look at Mr. Hosford as a rejected suitor. This he was too proud to bear; and the same evening demanded an interview with her in the presence of her parents, when he told her it was his wish she should at once and forever make her choice between him and Mr. Stapleton; that he never would consent that his betrothed bride should conduct in such a way as to be a by-word to every one in the house, and that she must promise to give up encouraging Mr. Stapleton's insulting attentions, or he should consider their engagement dissolved.

"Lily cried, and her parents plead with her to have nothing more to do with a man of whose character she was entirely ignorant; but she would make no promises; indeed, she would not speak.

"Early the next morning, Mr. Hosford and his sister arose earlier than usual, and went to the pavilion. On returning, they met Lily walking with her southern lover. She drew down her veil hastily, hoping they would not recognize her. But Mr. Hosford coolly bowed, saying, 'Good-morning, Miss Story, — good-morning, Mr. Stapleton,' as if they were the merest strangers. He returned to the hotel, and wrote Lily a formal note, announcing her free, which he enclosed to her father, with his reason for the same, and saying that he had entirely misunderstood her character, and that he was happy to have discovered it in season to prevent his becoming too much attached to her for his own comfort.

"Miss Hosford wished to leave immediately, but he would not consent to do so, and insisted she should occupy the same seat at table as she had done. In company, he treated Lily with politeness, and once, when she was alone, walked with her to the hall table; but every one could see, from his manner, that the charm was broken. This was for the poor girl the most mortifying course he could have pursued; and, about a week later, early one morning it was discovered that Mr. Stapleton, his valet, horses, and — Lily, all were gone. He left all his bills unpaid, and a note of three hundred dollars, which he had borrowed, undischarged.

“Mr. and Mrs. Story left immediately, but Mr. Hosford still remains, and says he never had so much cause for gratitude as since his wonderful escape. ‘I have learned wisdom,’ said he to me. ‘Next time I shall look with suspicion upon a pretty face, or, rather, I shall not allow my reason to be carried away by my eyes.’”

When Mrs. Hanley returned to New York she found preparations going briskly forward for the marriage of Agnes. The wedding was to take place the first of October, when the bridal pair, accompanied by her parents, were to sail for Havre. Agnes would not consent that Florence should leave her until that time; and, as their new place, which they had named, needed a thorough repair, they concluded to remain in New York for the winter. Mr. Hanley took an early opportunity to have Agnes’ title to the house made out in legal form, and, to please Louis, as a present from her sister. The tourists expected, after remaining a few weeks in Paris for the performance of Louis’ business, to make a rapid tour of Europe, and return home by the way of England in the spring.

Early in October the daily papers announced “A Marriage in High Life. — On the third instant, by the Right Rev. Bishop —, Mr. Louis Buckingham, of the firm of Sampson & Co., to Miss Adelaide Loring, daughter of Edward Loring, Esq. The bridal party expect to sail for Havre in the *Gazelle* on the sixth of the present month.”

In concluding, I would say that in after years, when Mr. Louis Buckingham had attained a station in society, both as regarded wealth and rank, above that which his father had enjoyed, neither he nor his lovely wife ever forgot that riches were from the Lord; that “the Lord maketh poor, he bringeth low and lifteth up;” the sacred words of Scripture often recurred to them, “Let not the rich man glory in his riches. But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth.”

The love of money had been the curse alike of Mr. Buckingham and of Old Moll. Though one was surrounded with every comfort that wealth could bestow, and stood high in the

esteem of his fellow-men, and the other was destitute even of the necessities of life, yet their haste to be rich proved equally the ruin of both. In the one case it rendered the guardian unworthy of his trust, tempted him to appropriate the funds of his ward to supply the means for the extravagance of his family, and finally to an awful attempt at suicide.

In the other, the desire to become possessed of the rich jewels which decorated the person of little Adelaide, led her to steal from the afflicted parents what they prized far more than gold; and, in order to save herself from the effects of her crime, to a life-long system of cruelty and deception. The little foundling, guided and watched through all the years of her loneliness and sorrow by an Eye which never slumbers, became rich in faith, though deprived of her earthly possessions.

To Mrs. Buckingham and her son the loss of wealth proved the greatest blessing, even the hope of a heavenly inheritance; while to Florence it added Christian patience and resignation to her other graces.

Mr. and Mrs. Loring lived under the same roof as their daughter, for she never would consent to be separated from her; and in the large city where they resided he found ample opportunity for the exercise of his activity in searching out and relieving cases of suffering among the poor; and in his employment Agnes was ever his efficient associate.

THE nearest fixed star has been discovered very recently to be Alpha, in the constellation of the Centaur. The sun is ninety-five millions of miles from the earth, and this star, which we feel a certain degree of friendship for, because it is our nearest neighbor, is two hundred and six thousand times the distance of the sun from the earth. Light, which travels one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles a second, would require more than three years to reach us from that star.

THE OTHER HOME.

LIFE is full of doubt and sorrow ;
All that 's beautiful must die ;
Joyous smiles to-day, — to-morrow
Bitter tears, — a heartfelt sigh.
All we ever love and cherish,
But reminds it cannot stay,
And our brightest hopes will perish
In the morning of their day.

Never more ! it wakes an echo,
Half of joy and half of pain ;
Visions rise in quick succession,
Never will be mine again !
There was one best loved and truest,
Ever near in days of yore,
Went to rest down in the church-yard, —
I shall meet her never more !

In the land beyond the river
Farewell echoes never come ;
Life is but a journey thither,
To that other, brighter home.
Though our feet too often falter,
Treading in the weary way,
Let a pure faith guide us ever,
Till we reach the realms of day.

MR. LOCKE'S OPINION. — A short time before his death, Mr. Locke, being asked what was the surest way for a young man to obtain a true knowledge of the Christian religion, replied : " Let him study the Holy Scriptures, especially the New Testament ; therein are contained the words of eternal life."

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

MAT. 5: 43—48.

This passage with its parallel in Luke (6: 27—36) reveals *the rule of Christian benevolence and deportment toward enemies.*

“Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy.” The fore part of this declaration is quoted from Leviticus (19: 18,) but the latter part is not found in the Old Testament. The Scribes derived it from heathen philosophy, and the Pharisees exemplified it. Some of the Greek sages maintained that it was equally disgraceful to be surpassed in returning favors and in revenging injuries. Even Cicero in his *de officiis* exhorts his readers to injure no one unless previously injured by them, a sentiment very prevalent and influential in the Pagan world, and not altogether unknown in Christendom. Such mixtures of divine truth with the corrupt maxims of the world are quite too common.

The process by which the Jewish Rabbins formed this alliance of truth with error is admonitory. They regarded no man as their *neighbor* who was not of their religion and government, a fellow citizen, a compatriot, a Jew. They have their followers in our age and country, men who are so denominational and partizan, so contracted in their views, so selfish, arrogant and intolerant as to think all differing from them and out of the narrow sphere in which they move, must of course be errorists and sinners. Thus the Jews call others unclean; Mohammedans stigmatize Christians as dogs; some Roman Catholics look with pity upon Protestants; and there are not a few among the latter who return the glance. Parties in politics, schools in philosophy, and sects in religion too often produce strife and ill-will.

In opposition to this sentiment, the Saviour says “Love your enemies.” How unlike the spirit of the world which cries “hate them

and let the magazines of your vengeance burst on them." But the gospel remonstrates, love them; return their curses with blessings; do them good; pray for them." One is natural, carnal, and revengeful; the other, gracious, spiritual and long suffering.

This love is not complacent, involving an approbation of them and of their conduct toward whom it is exercised, for their hatred is here supposed to be without any just provocation. It is benevolence, not confined to neighbors, relatives and fellow citizens, to our party, church or sect, but comprehensive of friends and foes, men of all parties, nations and sects, of mankind.

Of this affection, Christ specifies three exhibitions, blessing, beneficence, and prayer.

"Bless them that curse you;" as far as possible speak well of them who speak ill of you. Return their rudeness with civility, their malediction with benediction and their discourtesy with kindness.

But since words are cheap, and profession not always reliable, a better evidence of benevolence is specified; "Do good to them that hate you and injure you. Seek opportunities to confer favors on them, and thus to heap coals of fire on their head, not to burn them, but to fuse their hardness and to turn their hatred into love."

But there is a still more reliable evidence of benevolence; for men sometimes act a borrowed part and personate characters quite different from their own. Yet when they enter their closets and commune with their God, where he only can see and hear them, we expect of them the utmost sincerity. Hence it is added, "Pray for them which spitefully use you and persecute you." God can change their hearts and the current of their affections. Implore his blessing on them. There is here a remarkable progress in thought. Love them, return their cursing with blessing, their evil with good, their persecution with supplication.

The arguments and motives enforcing this duty are numerous and powerful.—likeness to God, a reward both in this life and also in that which is to come, the esteem of men, the approbation of God and a participation in his perfection and glory.

Love your enemies "that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven." As children inherit their parents constitution of body and of mind so God's regenerate people are partakers of his nature, (2 Pet. 1: 4). They possess his spirit and grace, and resemble him in nature, purpose, affection, and character. As the likeness, small at first, increases, the relation becomes more dear and the evi-

dence of it more satisfactory. Great are the advantages of a standard so pure and elevated, of an exemplification of benevolence so constant and wonderful.

“He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.” Beneath a cloudless sky, lift up your eye to heaven. Behold the king of day, dispensing his radiance on the righteous and the wicked, on Christians and Pagans, on the friends and the enemies of God, upon all without distinction. So the rain falls on the ground of the good and the evil, of the grateful and the ungrateful. Alas! What sad consequences would follow, if God dispensed his blessings with human inconstancy and caprice. How it would appear to see the sun’s rays bend out of their course to reach only the children and friends of God, and them too in degrees bearing no relation to their virtue and personal holiness, leaving the chief of saints in the glimmer of twilight, and the most imperfect in the radiance of high noon, but all the rest of mankind in thick darkness. If the rain fell only on the friends of God, what multitudes would be visited with drought, famine and starvation, these calamities are prevented by the goodness of God, free and expansive as the air. Look on these operations of his hand and receive instruction. Esteem not yourself a Christian merely because you love your friends, kindred and countrymen, not merely because you return favors and lend hoping for large returns; for this is common among the selfish, among Publicans and the heathen. “Even the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master’s crib.” Brutes are not altogether destitute of natural affection nor of gratitude.

But you rise above them, to the true dignity of a rational and immortal being, to the rank of a Christian, when you love your enemies; when you do them good, and lend to them, hoping for nothing again, then your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest, for he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil. This is not natural; it is above nature; it is grace, humanity regenerated and sanctified, Christianity exemplified, the spirit of Christ in his members, true piety, the opposite of Pharisaism, exclusiveness; yea, of carnality and sin. It is man in God—man renovated, spiritual and holy, created anew by Christ Jesus unto good works, a child and heir of God.

The thought still rises; “Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect.” Sublimest aspiration of a Christian! Object of ambition worthy an heir of immortality! “Perfect as God is perfect!” Oh

how much that implies!—freedom from actual transgression and from all bias and inclination to sin!—a spiritual discernment approaching intuition! a benevolence and mercy like God's!—a similar delight in goodness and abhorrence of evil!—a satisfaction and blessedness, a holiness and glory like his! Not a word is here spoken of the pleasantness of wisdom's ways in this life,—nothing of the believer's consolations in affliction, of the discoveries of his faith, of the joy of his hope, of his peace as a river,—nothing of his triumph at death, of his resurrection to glory and honor, of his acquittal in the judgment nor of his introduction to heaven,—themes one, and all, here passed in silence, merged and lost in the infinitude of the divine Being unto whom the humblest child of God is assimilated and with whom he is made *one*. Glorious Union! Chief mystery of redemption! No wonder the angels desire to look into it, and after six thousand years discover in it fresh springs of joy, new themes of praise! It is a motive to this duty strong as omnipotence, for God himself is in it.

To be like him—"perfect as he is perfect," merciful as he is merciful, holy as he is holy, and blessed as he is blessed—who can tell what that is? We can enumerate things which it excludes, and some which it contains, but it embraces themes higher than we can reach, deeper than we can penetrate, wider than our thoughts can extend. The ransomed of God, the glorified before his throne, better understand it. Tell us, ye blessed, what it is! From heaven, comes the reply, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things God hath prepared for them that love him."

PASSING EVENTS.

FOREIGN.

Our last number chronicled events to the 10th of May; the present issue, to the corresponding day of the succeeding month.

The articles of *the treaty, between the Allies and Russia*, have transpired, but are substantially like the abstract of them already given in our pages. Peace has caused a decline in bread-stuffs, awakened fresh zeal in the industrial arts of life, and produced joy in both hemispheres. It has stayed that inundation of blood by which nearly one million of human beings have been conveyed to another world.

Russia. — The Emperor, in his speech to the nobility of Moscow, alluded to the report of his intention to emancipate the serfs of his empire, and expressed his desire to co-operate with them in measures adapted to produce such a result. His majesty is about to commence another campaign against the Circassians. Navigation was opened at St. Petersburg, May 18th, without any considerable change in the course of trade. The Emperor of Russia, whose coronation was deferred on account of the war, has given notice of his intention to be crowned and to receive the prescribed anointment, some time in August next, and that his consort, the Empress Maria Alexandrowna, will participate in the ceremony.

England. — On the 22d of May, her administration considered the Central American question brought before that body by documents submitted thereto by the Executive of our government, and agreed upon an answer, but refused to recall Mr. Crampton, their minister to the United States. The constituted authorities of the latter have sent him home for alleged and unwarrantable interference with our national policy. This may create some momentary excitement in England, but cannot, we think, lead to any serious disturbance of the peace subsisting between the two nations. Baron Brunow, the Russian Minister, arrived in England, and on the 3d of May had an audience with the Queen, and then returned to his residence.

France. — Baron Hubner has presented his credentials as Minister from Austria. No resident Minister has yet been appointed from Russia, Count Orloff at present performing the duties. The Princes Maximilian, of Austria, and Oscar, of Sweden, have attended a military review. The baptism of the young Prince Imperial will take place about the middle of June.

Spain. — The Democrats had brought forward a vote of censure on the government, respecting the recent troubles at Valencia, but it was negatived by a large majority.

Denmark. — Several of the governments of Europe have expressed their readiness to accept the proposal of this country to abolish the sound dues for 35,000,000 rix dollars, on condition that other nations accede thereto — a concession which young America is not disposed to make.

Belgium. — This country has lately been excited by a supposed

endeavor on the part of France to impose a restraint on the freedom of the press, but the effort was manfully resisted and defeated, and mutual friendship between the two countries restored.

Turkey. — Omar Pasha was married recently to the daughter of Hafiz Pasha, only 15 years of age. The north of Syria is in a very disturbed state, 30,000 men being armed; and should they combine in a rebellion, it would be difficult for the government forces to contend successfully against them. The Sultan is reported as requesting several divisions of the Allies to remain around Constantinople, from apprehension on account of the insurrectionary movements in the interior of his empire.

The insurrection in *Hayti* has been suppressed, and order restored.

British Guiana. — News from this land informs us of the apprehension and conviction of the "Angel Gabriel," not the chief of the angelic host in heaven, but a man named Orr, and called by himself and his followers by this celestial title.

China. — The Imperial troops were defeated in an action, reported in May, and hence the insurgent at Kiangsi were encouraged.

DOMESTIC.

The Sumner Outrage. — Since the date of our last monthly record, has occurred the dastardly attack upon Hon. Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, by Mr. Brooks, Representative from South Carolina, for alleged personalities in the able speech of the former in the Senate, on American Slavery. We have read that speech with attention, and hesitate not to pronounce it a bold and powerful argument, though we would have modified a few of its expressions in the excited state of the public mind and of Congress on the subject; yet, neither these, nor any thing else, can justify so cowardly and brutal an assault. We rejoice that it receives, as it deserves, the condemnation of the wisest and best in all parts of the country.

Tract Societies. — The annual meeting of the American Tract Society in May, in the city of New York, was distinguished for an exciting debate on the alleged neglect of the Directors to publish tracts and books directly opposed to American slavery. But the final action sustained the Board of Directors and secured their re-election, and secured the appointment of a committee at their instance to examine and report hereafter on their administration and the principles governing it.

The kindred Society, located in this city, met a few weeks later, where the same subject came up in another form. The latter is, in fact, the parent society, having its own Board of Directors, yet, sustaining such a relation to the former as to entitle it to one member on its Board, an office for many years filled by Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D. D., of Boston, against whom objections were offered, solely, we believe, on the ground of his book, entitled "The South Side View of Slavery," and on that account his place was filled in the Board of the Boston Society by Rev. Mr. Stone, in the belief that his non-election here would render him ineligible for re-election there, a problem which time will solve, as it will also show what is gained or lost by such action. In the anniversaries of the other benevolent societies, nothing occurred out of the usual routine to be chronicled.

Ecclesiastical.—Since our last number was issued, there have been held the meeting of the General Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church in the city of Utica, N. Y., in which the usual business of that body was very harmoniously transacted, and the spirit of fraternal love was manifested;—also of the General Assembly (new school) in the city of New York, which witnessed a very exciting debate on the action of that body upon the subject of slavery; but the question was eventually disposed of, by refusing to declare the relation of master and slave a *malum per se*, and this prevented the secession of the Southern synods;—also, the General Assembly, (old school) which met in New York City, transacted its usual business with a good degree of unanimity and passed resolutions that deny the right of that body to interfere with the relation of master and slave, considered abstractedly, but strongly maintained the amenability of church members who are masters to their churches, for the kind and Christian treatment of their slaves;—also, the Methodist General Conference, assembling quadrennially, met this year at Indianapolis, and represented that branch of the Christian family to be in a prosperous condition, and discussed the subjects of slavery, of the presiding eldership and of the extension of the term of ministerial service in particular churches—and the Baptist Missionary Union met in New York, and from the report thereof, we learn that its missions are in a prosperous state.

Oregon and Washington Territories are still disturbed by the Indians.

Padre Vijil, the Nicaraguan Minister under Walker, presented his credentials to our government at Washington on the 14th ultimo, and was duly recognized by the President and his Cabinet.

Kansas continues in a state of great excitement on the question between the Free-State and the Slave-State parties, which occasionally come to fierce contests. A few lives have been lost, and the United States troops put in requisition to maintain peace at the point of the bayonet. Strong sympathy is felt for the settlers and expressed in large amounts of material aid.

On the 16th of May, a steamer arrived in New York, bringing *the California mail* and \$1,700,000 in gold. Another attempt has been defeated in the Legislature to elect a U. S. Senator. A serious accident had occurred on the Panama Railroad, by which not less than fifty lives were lost.

The Cincinnati Democratic Convention has nominated Hon. James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, for President, giving him on the sixteenth ballot 168 votes out of 296, and on the seventeenth, the latter number, or a unanimous vote; and Hon. John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, for Vice-President.

The tide is turning — Immigration. — The following table shows the number of immigrants landed at this port, for the first five months of the years '54, '55 and '56: —

| | 1854. | 1855. | 1856. |
|--------------------------|---------|--------|--------|
| January,..... | 15,514 | 7,485 | 2,344 |
| February,..... | 4,446 | 6,123 | 2,224 |
| March,..... | 3,758 | 2,069 | 4,584 |
| April,..... | 31,148 | 10,195 | 8,205 |
| May,..... | 54,078 | 24,177 | 17,798 |
| Total for 5 months,..... | 108,944 | 50,049 | 35,245 |

The greater part of these immigrants were Germans, Irish and English, as follows:—

| | Germans. | Irish. | English. |
|------------|----------|--------|----------|
| 1854,..... | 57,706 | 32,554 | 8,816 |
| 1855,..... | 18,132 | 17,267 | 8,504 |
| 1856,..... | 10,178 | 11,367 | 7,757 |

The majority of the English immigrants are said to be converts to Mormonism, on their way to the Salt Lake City.

The Committees of Congress on the *Sumner outrage*, have reported. That in the Senate condemned the deed, but recognizing no power of that body to punish it, sent a communication to that effect to the other branch of the National Legislature, requesting it to do so.

The Committee of the House of Representatives submitted two reports of which that of the majority recommended the immediate expulsion of Brooks the perpetrator, and the censure of two other members who, foreknowing it, certainly took no measures to prevent it, if they did not encourage and abet the crime. Both reports were laid on the table, and await the action of the House.

FASHIONS.

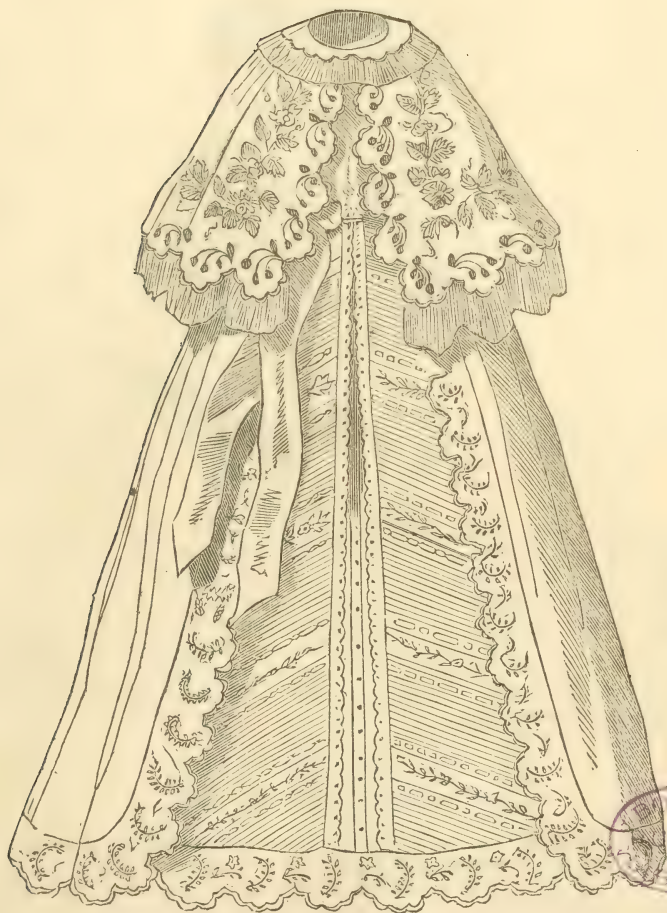
From the *Beau Monde* we copy these styles, of the seasons.

No. 1 is a superb mantilla of rich black guipure. The form is that of a shawl, rather more than the average size. The foundation consists of plain lace, entirely covered by rows of wide guipure, so arranged as to form points in front and back. The design of this lace is exquisite, consisting of a pattern of leaves and flowers, wrought in a deep scalloped edge. Three rows suffice for the entire garment. The upper row being headed by a delicate galloon, tufted with moss trimming, and edged with guipure. The edge of the garment is adorned by a fall of guipure lace, with a deep scalloped edge, surrounded by fringe six inches deep. A row of guipure and moss tufted galloon forms a finish to the neck, completing one of the most elegant mantillas we have seen this season.

No. 2 is an infant's costume. The robe is composed of fine *nansook* muslin. The front of the skirt is ornamented by a graduated trimming formed of alternate rows of Valenciennes insertion and *nansook* insertion, separated by groups of fine tucks. They are arranged in a slanting direction, commencing wide at the bottom, and graduating to a point as they approach the waist. It is divided in the centre, and edged with embroidery, which half conceals the row of delicate lace buttons which extend the full length of the skirt. The bottom of the skirt is bordered by groups of fine tucks, and edged with a rich fall of embroidery, which extends round the bottom of the skirt, and passes up the front with a graceful sweep, forming a rich finish to the outer edge of the trimming which decorates the front of the skirt. Ruffles of embroidery, edged with Valenciennes, form a heart-shaped waist, composed of embroidery and Valenciennes. The short sleeves are formed of a single row of insertion, edged with lace, and knotted up on the shoulders with rose-colored ribbon, having ends. On the right side is a bow of broad rose-colored ribbon, with long flowing ends reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt. The saque is of white merino, elaborately embroidered in white silk. The edge is wrought in deep scollops, enriched by branches of flowers, and edged with a delicately craped fringe, four inches deep. Above the scollops is placed a deep vine of embroidery, consisting of roses, buds, and leaves, mingled with branches of spray. The flowing sleeves are richly embroidered, and edged with fringe. A small embroidered collar, edged with fringe, forms a finish to the neck. The little white silk bonnet is a gem. The small flat crown is encircled by two narrow bands, enriched by a delicate vine of white silk embroidery. The front is shirred, and ornamented by pointed lappets, edged with fringe, and embroidered in white silk. The cape deep and pointed, with an edge of embroidery and fringe to correspond with the lappets. The inside is adorned with a full ruche of blonde, interspersed with loops of narrow white ribbon.



(1)



(3)





(2)

No. 3 is a useful and pretty little paletot apron. The material is fine buff chambray. The upper portion is made in the form of a low-necked dress, edged with button-hole scallops. The front ornamented by five rows of Victoria cord, terminated within an inch of the neck by small white buttons. The waist is finished by a belt and four pointed lappets, edged with two rows of cord. The skirt is bordered by a hem three inches wide, headed by two rows of the white cord placed slightly apart. The sleeves are made very short, disclosing a pretty white under-sleeve, composed of cambric insertion and edging.

INCIDENTS AND HUMOR.

CORN IN THE EAR. — A very intelligent youth tells the following incident of his experience in America :

I came to this country several years ago, and, as soon as I arrived, hired out to a gentleman who farmed a few acres. He showed me over the premises, the stables, the cow, and where the corn, hay, oats, &c., were kept, and then sent me in to my supper. After supper he said to me ; " James you may feed the cow, and give her some corn *in the ear*."

I went out and walked about, thinking ; " what could he mean ? Had I understood him ? " I scratched my head, then resolved I would inquire again : so I went into the library where my master was writing very busily, and he answered without looking up ; " I thought I told you to give the cow some corn *in the ear*."

I went out more puzzled than ever. What sort of an animal must this Yankee cow be? I examined her mouth and ears. The teeth were good, and the ears like those of kine in the old country. Dripping with sweat, I entered my master's presence once more. "Please, sir, you bid me give the cow some corn *in the ear*, but didn't you mean the *mouth*?"

He looked at me a moment, and then burst into such a convulsion of laughter, that I made for the stable as fast as my feet could take me, thinking I was in the service of a crazy man.

NEW WAY OF APPLYING LEECHES.—"Well, my good woman," said the doctor, "How is your husband to-day? Better, no doubt."

"Oh! yes, surely," said the woman. "He is as well as ever, and gone to the field."

"I thought so," continued the doctor. "The leeches have cured him. Wonderful effect they have. You got the leeches, of course."

"Oh! yes, they did him a great deal of good, though he could not take them all."

"Take them all! Why, my good woman, how did you apply them?"

"Oh! I managed nicely," said the wife, looking quite contented with herself. "For variety's sake, I boiled one half, and made a fry of the other. The first he got down very well, but the second made him very sick. But what he took was quite enough," continued she, seeing some horror in the doctor's countenance, "for he was better the next morning, and to-day he is quite well."

"Umph," said the doctor, with a sapient shake of the head, "if they have cured him that is sufficient, but they would have been better applied externally."

The woman replied that she would do so next time; and I doubt not that if ever fate throws a score of unfortunate leeches into her power again, she will make a poultice of them.

HOUSEWIFERY.

TELL YOUR WIFE.—Yes, the only way is to tell your wife just how you stand. Show her your balance sheet. Let her look over the items. You think it will hurt her feelings. No it won't do any such thing. She has been taught to believe that money was with you just as little boys think it is with their father—terrible hard to be reached, but inexhaustible. She has had her suspicions already. She has guessed you were not so prosperous as you talked. But you have so befogged your money affairs that she, poor thing, knows nothing about them. Tell it right out to her, that you are living outside of your income. Take her into partnership, and I'll warrant you'll never regret it. There may be a slight shower at first, but that's natural. Let her see your estimate, and when you come home again, she will show you that you have put *her* bills too high. True, she had an eight dollar bonnet last winter, but "it is just as good as ever; a few shillings will provide it with new strings and refit it a little; the shape," she says, "is almost exactly as they wear them now." And you will be surprised to see how much less expense she can make your own wardrobe. She will surprise you with a new vest—not exactly unfamiliar some how, looking as if in another shape you had seen it before, yet new as a vest, and scarcely costing a dollar where you had allowed five.

Old cravats will experience a resurrection in her hands, coming out so rejuvenated, that nobody but those who are let into the secret would suspect that they were old friends in new shapes. The gown you were going to buy

—out of what forgotten chest she has gathered the materials, you can't imagine—but there it is, comfortable and warm, and just the thing you wanted for the long winter evenings that are coming on as fast as the almanac will let them.

You will find a wonderful change in her tastes and appetites. Whereas, she always fancied what was a little out of season, or just coming into market—now, if beef is dear, she thinks “boiled mutton is delightful—as tender as chicken.” If lamb rises, and fish are plenty, she thinks “a striped bass is so good occasionally,” and always insists on having it Fridays. Whereas, before, she *must* hear all the musical celebrities, now she is “out of all patience with these foreign singers.”

If Jenny Lind were to return, and sing some of our own sweet airs, she'd like to hear her; but she has had enough of Italian extravagances, all written on the ledger line, below or above, as if it were a sin to tarry long on the common staff.

Before you have thought much about it, you will find yourself spending most of your evenings at home, and such evenings, too! so full of domestic enjoyment and fireside pleasures, that you will look with wonder on the record of last year's expenses, and marvel that you found time or relish for the costly entertainments that so seriously taxed your port-monnaie.

My dear friend, if, like Spain, your outgoes threaten to exceed your income, be sure and tell your wife of it. Not in a tone and manner that will lead her to think you don't want her to buy furs this winter, but just as if you wanted a counsellor in the day of your trouble. If she does not come up, heart and soul, and most successfully, to your relief, put us down for no prophet, and her for no worthy specimen of a Yankee lass.—*N. Y. Times*.

DANDELION COFFEE.—A lady of very superior judgment, says the Home Journal, thus writes:—Let me tell you of an invalid beverage that I have lately adopted with decided benefit—a new discovery, I believe, at least as an article well prepared. It is called the “Dandelion Coffee,” and you buy it now in small tin cases of fifty cents each—one case a ten day's allowance. You know the dandelion has long been considered as a particularly wholesome vegetable, used either as “greens” or dressed as a salad. I asked our friend Dr.——, the wisest of men in such matters, as to its present use and he spoke very highly in its praise. It has as a coffee a most healthful action on the liver, and a small portion of Java Coffee is safely mixed with it to improve its flavor, though it tastes, I think very agreeably. To two-thirds of the preparation, add one-third of hot milk, and drink it at night. It is “wonderfully composing and strengthening.”

HOE-CAKE.—Sift a quart of Indian meal; add a teaspoonful of salt, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Wet it with milk, not very stiff; after you have stirred all well together, spread your dough about half an inch thick upon a board prepared for the purpose. Rub it over with sweet cream and set it up before a good fire, supporting the board with a flatiron. When it is well browned, turn it over, loosening it with a knife. After moistening it with cream, brown the other side, as before. When it is done, cut into square cakes, and send them to the table hot; s; lit and butter them at table.

IMPROVEMENT IN SOAP.—The wife of an American agriculturist has been experimenting in soaps, and finds that the addition of three-quarters of a pound of borax to a pound of soap, melted without boiling, makes a saving of one-half in the cost of soap, and of three-fourths the labor of washing, improves the whiteness of the fabrics, besides the usual caustic effect is thus removed, and the hands are left with a peculiarly soft and silky feeling, leaving nothing more to be desired by the most ambitious washerwoman.

BOOK NOTICES.

Third Annual Report of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture. This neatly printed octavo of 428 pages, prepared by Charles L. Flint, Esq., the able secretary of the Board, is replete with matter of great interest and value to the farmers of the Old Bay State. After the usual list of officers, it contains reports of sundry experiments on the farm connected with the Reform School at Westboro'; a description and recommendation of the use of agricultural implements; reports of delegates of the Board to the exhibitions of the various county societies; agricultural statistics; several important agricultural and meteorological tables, an abstract of returns of the agricultural societies of Massachusetts for 1855. The whole is executed in fine style and reflects honor upon the Secretary and the Board as well as upon the Commonwealth. We regret to learn that the appropriation of the Legislature to the Board for the prosecution of experiments on the farm at Westboro' was reduced from \$6000 to \$3000. We think there are many other points where retrenchments might have commenced with less injury to the State. Such experiments are necessary to test opinions and theories, and develop results of great practical benefit to our farmers who cannot commonly afford to try many experiments, and ought to rely on the State to conduct them. Speed to the plough and bountiful harvests to the husbandman!

Fourth Annual Exhibition of the U. S. Agricultural Society. We have received the programme of this national jubilee to be held at Powelton, in Philadelphia, on the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th of next October, from Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, president, when \$12,000 are offered in premiums in nearly every department of this parental art. Competition is invited from all parts of the country; and the occasion promises to be one surpassing its former exhibitions in extent, variety, interest and utility.

The Select Remains of the Rev. John Mason, published by John P. Jewett & Co. Its author was one of the principal luminaries in the firmament of the English Church in the seventeenth century,—admired by Baxter and his associates, strictly Calvinistic in sentiment, fervent in piety, terse and sensuous in style. Of all his writings this work has been a universal favorite; and it affords us unfeigned pleasure to see that the public taste demands the reprint of so valuable a book, the opposite of the light literature of our time in which thought is often so diluted as to lose its power, while here a volume is condensed into a sentence. It is indeed a string of pearls, to be examined, re-examined, admired, thought and talked of and prayed over.

The Great Question—will you consider the subject of personal religion? by Rev. Henry A. Boardman, D. D.: published by the American Sunday School Union. This is a faithful and very practical discussion of the most important question an immortal being can contemplate. It is by a master in Israel and worthy to rank with Baxter's Call, Alliene's Alarm, Pike's Persuasive to Early Piety, and similar standards in our religious literature. We are glad to perceive that the public demand, and that this Society publish books of such intrinsic worth.

Statistical Information respecting certain Branches of Industry in Massachusetts, for the year ending June 1, 1855, in pursuance of an order of the Legislature, by Francis DeWitt, Esq., Secretary of the State.

This octavo, of 650 neatly printed pages, is an honor to the Commonwealth, and to those who produced it, reporting, as it does, the articles produced by the skill and industry of the citizens of the Old Bay State, in each of its towns, cities and counties. It informs us what articles are produced in them, the number and value thereof, so that the rank of each may be seen

upon the scale of domestic industry. The counties rank as follows:—Middlesex, Suffolk, Worcester, Essex, Bristol, Norfolk, Plymouth, Berkshire, Hampden, Hampshire, Franklin, Barnstable, Nantucket and Dukes; and the proceeds of the industry of the Commonwealth for that period was *three hundred millions of dollars*. As a book of reference this volume is invaluable.

The Fortieth Annual Report of the American Education Society. This pamphlet contains the report of the Directors by the Secretary, Rev. T. N. Tarbox, and the sermon of Prof. Haven at the last annual meeting. The first of these exhibits the fact that while the number of students in our N. E. Colleges increases, that of those in our Theological Seminaries diminishes, and hence calls on the churches to endeavor to multiply candidates for the ministry. The real difficulty may lie in the inadequate support of the ministry, in comparison with that accorded to men in other professions, and the fact being as here reported, may furnish occasion to call the attention of our churches to the instruction of the Bible in respect to ministerial support. It is not easy to make out a *divine call* to penury and want. The sermon is excellent, simple, direct, clear and pertinent. We heartily desire the success of this benevolent society, and sincerely wish that it were more efficient and influential for good.

We have received *The Catalogue of Standard Works, Theological, Religious, Classical and Miscellaneous*, published by Crocker & Brewster, one of the oldest and most respectable firms in this city, a catalogue from which the scholars, and readers who cannot select a book to their taste, must be extremely fastidious. Those in want of such books would do well to examine it before purchasing elsewhere.

We have received a variety of excellent sheet music, songs, duets, trios, quartettes and choruses, with appropriate instrumental accompaniments, viz.:

From Horace Waters, 333 Broadway, New York.

The Popular Quadrilles, by James Bellak; Spare the Old Homestead, a song and chorus, by S. M. Grannis; Happy Haidee, or Dream on To night, by Thos. Coates; We'll all Meet Again in the Morning, by Thos. Baker; The Lass wi' the Bonnie Black Ee', by J. Waters.

From G. P. Reed, 13 Tremont street, Boston.

The Water Lily, a song, by Robert Franky; The Young Pianist's First Waltz, by Geo. B. Ware; Tone Blossoms, for the piano, by F. Spindler; The Return Gallop, for the piano, by F. R. Proeill; Barcarolle, for the piano, by Henri Roselleu; Departed Days, for the piano, by L. Louis; Lorimer Mazurka, for the piano, by H. S. Saroni; Bonnie Woman's Smile, a song, by P. S. Gilmore; When at the Quiet Evening Hour, a song, by G. Verdi; The Vow, a song, by G. Donizetti; The Blue-Eyed Belle, a song, by T. Brigham Bishop; The Mother's Smile, a song, by Joseph Seiboth; When her Radiant Smile Entrances, a song, by G. Verdi; To Such a Heart, by Donizetti; Dearest Spot of Earth to Me is Home, a song, by G. F. Root.

From Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington street, Boston.

Irish Washerwoman, for the piano, by T. Bisselt; Dearest Spot of Earth to Me is Home, for the piano, by Chs. Grobe; Polacca, for the piano, by H. Eckhardt; Of what is the Old Man Thinking? for the piano, by Osborne; Buy a Broom, for the piano, by Chs. George; Is Love a Crime, for the piano, by J. Gaensbacher; The Hymns My Mother Sung, a song, by West; The Invitation, a song, by F. T. Barker; Father, Forgive Me, a song, by Wm. Martin; First Gift, a song, by T. Baker; Now the Swallows are Retiring, a song; Scene of Our Youth, a song, by Edward Barber. The musician who cannot be gratified by these must be fastidious.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

MATTHEW 5: 33—37. OATHS.

When Christ delivered his sermon on the mount, the Jewish Rabbins placed a false construction on the third commandment. They limited its oaths containing a name of the Supreme Being, and consequently held that it was a sin to swear in common conversation by Jehovah, but no transgression of the law to swear by Jerusalem, the temple, or the altar; by the sun, moon, earth and stars; by the head, hand, foot, breast or beard, and by the objects animate and inanimate around them. Their error has its advocates in our period. It is not very uncommon to hear persons who would shudder at the thought of swearing profanely by any of the names of the Most High, use without either hesitation or compunction such expressions as these: "by Jupiter," "by my stars," "for mercy's sake," "the dickens," and the like. Against every such species of profaneness, he brings the authority of this command of the decalogue, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." In the interpretation of this text one question arises of grave importance; "Does the Saviour here forbid or even discourage legal oaths? Speaks he with precision and literal exactness, or popularly, generally and figuratively?"

The doctrine of the unlawfulness of *all* oaths has had its advocates in every age, as by Pythagoras, and some of the Stoics among the Greeks, and among Christians by Clement in the first century, by Justin Martiz, Irenaeus, and Basil in the second, by Chrysostom, Jerome and Hilary in the third, by Cyril and others in the fourth, by the Pelagians in the fifth, and in later times by the Albigenses and Waldenses, by certain sects of the Greek church in Russia, by the Anabaptists, Friends and some of the Moravians. Even Olshausen and some other learned commentators of our age maintain that "the

oath is an emanation of sin. In support of their sentiment, they plead the general obligation of mankind to speak the truth, also the words of the Saviour in this passage and those of the apostle James in the fifth chapter and twelfth verse of his epistle, both literally interpreted. Against this doctrine, it is maintained that an oath brings the motives to speak the truth clearly and distinctly to mind, multiplies them and increases their force by calling God to witness our veracity; that Christ was here speaking to those who held the lawfulness of legal oaths, and if he intended to prohibit them, then in use throughout the nation, and understood to be of divine authority, he would have specified them; and that the nature of an oath is consistent with revealed and experimental religion. It is a solemn affirmation in the name of God, a calling upon him to witness the truth of what we testify. It implies no irreverence of him, nor of any of his names, titles or attributes, but a profound reverence and veneration of them all, a fear of his displeasure and a desire of his approbation, affections common among the most devout, and required by the Bible.

Besides Christ explains the declaration, "swear not at all," by specifying the prominent objects which the phrase "*not at all*" includes, as the heavens and earth, Jerusalem and the head, a specification in which we should have expected first of all the forms of judicial oaths among the Jews, if he had intended to prohibit them. If, as Bishop Whatley justly remarks, we are to learn from what the Scriptures omit as truly from what they contain, this omission is here tantamount to a divine warrant and sanction. Judicial oaths were then common in the administration of the theocracy, and if Christianity was intended to modify or discountenance them, here was the time and the place for the modification or repeal. None being given, the law continues in force, and the usage is sanctioned.

To this conclusion, the practice of Christ and his apostles lead us. In the course of his trial, the high priest administered to him the most solemn form of a Jewish oath. "I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God." Under this oath, the Saviour replied, "Thou hast said." Paul, more frequently than any other apostle, calls God to witness the truth of his affirmation, saying, "God is my witness," "my record," "before God, I lie not," "I charge thee before God." These are of the nature and authority of oaths. The phrases and declarations, "if by any means," "as of sincerity," "as of God, in the sight of God, speak we in Christ," "as the truth of Christ is in me," "I testify in the Lord," are of the same general character.

The context favors this construction. Christ had just expounded the sixth and seventh commandments. In his exposition of the sixth (omitting as some versions do to the phrase "without cause") he employs language unlimited and comprehensive of *all* anger, while he really forbids only anger for which there is no just occasion, which is too intense or protracted, unholy and cruel. So in his exposition of the seventh, his language is general and taken literally *universal*, whereas other passages limit it and require us to give it a restricted sense. In harmony with this principle, he explains the third commandment as a prohibition, not of *all* oaths, but only of such as are false and profane, extra-judicial and wicked. Hence Luther remarks, "We are to consider swearing as prohibited, in just the same sense as killing, and looking at or lusting after a woman, were so before. To kill is both lawful and not lawful. To lust, in the legitimate sense of the original word, in man or woman is sin, and is not sin, and hence we ought to make the right distinction between the two. The prohibition in each case is to be received with the limitations which the genius of revelation or the word of God in other passages affix to it. With this judgment the opinion of Calvin and other reformers agrees. Indeed, the sentiment may be regarded as the doctrine of the reformed churches.

Christ here forbids all profane and false swearing, not judicial and legal oaths; all vain and idle words in social intercourse, not the terms of refinement, endearment and respect. He would not reduce our conversation to the monosyllables *yes* and *no*, but would have it free from all profaneness, coarseness and extravagance — a harmonious and beautiful symbol of a pure and holy heart. He would have us think and speak frequently and reverentially of God, his government and worship and of whatsoever pertains thereto. He would have our speech well seasoned with grace — dwelling not on trifles, but on the most important themes, in style and sentiment pure and elevated, not ambitious and pedantic, but simple, natural and easy; never bitter and malignant, but always kind and charitable, full of mercy and goodness, ever allying us to the best on earth and to heaven.

Persons extremely reserved are like old enamelled watches that had painted covers which hindered you from seeing what o'clock it was.— *Walpole*.

When friends come to see you uninvited do your best to entertain, but make no comment nor apology; it sounds to your guests like a reproach for taking you unawares.

PASSING EVENTS.

FOREIGN.

OUR last number chronicled events to the 10th of June; the present to the corresponding day of July.

England.—Since our last, news has reached us of the state of the English mind on the question of our Government sending home its minister for interference with our national policy. It shows the good sense of that people approves our judgment and action, and thus preserves the peace of these two nations. Long may it continue to bless the world! We are also assured that Mr. Dallas, our present minister to the Court of St. James, is deservedly popular, being received and entertained, both by the Government and by the English nobility, with demonstrations of confidence and honor worthy of his high position.

One hundred clergymen, says an English paper, have, within a short time, seceded from the ministry and communion of the English Church to join that of Rome, a fact unparalleled since the days of Cramner. Is this the fruit of Puseyism?

England has contributed nobly for the relief of sufferers by the inundation on the Roane and other French rivers. Such action cements the ties that bind nations in amity and concord.

Ireland appears restless in some of its districts, and arrests by the constabulary are numerous.

Much has been said of England's debt, but from the following estimate, it seems that she is in no danger of bankruptcy:—The aggregate wealth of England is estimated by Herapath at £4,417,000,000, of which amount £1,700,000,000 is in cultivated soil; £550,000,000 in dwellings, factories, &c.; £750,000,000 in waste lands, public buildings, churches, hospitals, prisons, naval and military establishments; £300,000,000 in railways; £245,000,000 in live stock; £200,000,000 in canals, etc.; £200,000,000 in manufactured goods; £230,000,000 in agricultural implements, and £120,000,000 in mines.

France.—The late dreadful inundation in some of the districts is abating, leaving thousands of the inhabitants houseless and without employment, for whose relief both government and the public bestow their charities, and are making ample provision. The king sub-

scribed for this object six hundred thousand francs, while the jewels worn by the empress in her diadem, alone, at the baptism of her son, were valued at fifteen millions. Is the honor of royalty worth so much more than the relief of its loyal subjects?

Napoleon has laid before the French council a proposition, that, in the event of his demise, his wife shall be appointed Regent, and the government be administered by her and a council till his son and heir to his throne becomes eighteen years of age; and the imperial press are writing up the measure. But it is yet problematical whether success will attend it.

Russia.—The English in the Crimea are exploring by means of diving bells the waters about Sebastopol, where their navy sustained loss, and have already recovered several cannon in a good state of preservation, and other munitions of war, stores and the like. But her slaughtered seamen she cannot recover till the sea shall give up the dead that are in it. The hull of a Russian brig was found completely destroyed by the worm so injurious to vessels in that harbor. The English frigate *Terrible* and some other vessels of the Allies are said to be much damaged by the same animal. From that great battle-ground of modern Europe armies are still returning, not as they went to the conflict, but dreadfully wasted by disease, slaughter and death. It is estimated that nearly one million lost their lives directly or indirectly by the late war. Such is glory's gory bed!

The grain crop of this country will be needed for home consumption, and our vessels there in anticipation of Russian produce at remunerating prices may be constrained to return without large dividends to their owners. The evacuation of the Crimea proceeds rapidly and was expected to terminate before the close of June.

Italy.—Report, which does not always accurately give us facts, says that this country and Austria are apprehensive that the people of Piedmont contemplate a revolution. European journals generally regard it as a groundless fear. May it not rather be a sense of natural justice and retribution, a dread of the consequences of the cruel oppression which that people have suffered?

A few changes are reported in the Sardinian ministry, and it is said that a secretary in the Austrian ministry has gone to Rome to convince the cardinals of the necessity of some reforms in that government. This is a remarkable measure. What, is Austria to act the reformer, and that, too, in an Italian theatre!

Denmark.—The treaty of the United States with this country with reference to the Sound Dues, expired by the action of our government on the 14th ult., and on the 17th one of our vessels from Constadt, laden with Russian merchandise, passing the Straits, was hailed, the dues demanded and paid under protest.

Australia.—Last advices evince a great gain in golden harvest gathered from her auriferous fields. Trade continued steady; and showed a balance in favor of the colony.

Central America.—These governments continue in an unsettled state. Walker's influence increases. Efforts are progressing to examine the late causes and persons engaged in the recent outrage on the Panama railroad. The questions between England and the United States respecting this territory are still unsettled.

DOMESTIC.

Congress is mostly occupied with the state of the territory of Kansas, and with the Presedential canvas. We trust that this hot weather will make them think of an adjournment.

California.—Gold still arrives from this western state of the Union. The steamer Illinois brought two and a quarter millions. But all her mineral treasure are a poor compensation for the scenes of violence which disgrace her, if perpetuated and extended. Lynch law prevailed there before the organization of territorial and State governments. These we hoped would terminate them; but they seem deficient in power based on the intelligence and virtue of the people to secure such a result. Hence in San Francisco and some other places a vigilance committee has been constituted and usurped the government. It arrests, tries, condemns and executes criminals, and administers justice in a most summary manner. To us, at first, this seems like anarchy; but when we find the best citizens thus combined for personal safety and the public good, and reflect upon the unsettled and heterogenous state of society there, it may possibly prove a necessary evil which the progress of civilization and social order will remedy. Between alternations of hope and fear we wait the issue, while men in large numbers are arming for the support, both of the committee and also of the government.

Brooks' fine.—This representative of South Carolina was recently fined by Judge Crawford for his dastardly assault upon Senator Sum-

ner, of Massachusetts, three hundred dollars. Such is the terror which justice awakens in evil doers in the District of Columbia. We do not wonder there is some talk of the removal of the seat of government. The report of the Committee of the House on the Brooks outrage came up on the fourteenth, and his expulsion was voted by a majority of that body, but not by two-thirds, the number required to expel a member. Upon the proclamation of this vote, he offered a brief speech, at the close of which he resigned his seat. So ends this tragedy so far as the assailant is concerned.

Kansas.—Early in June, Col. Sumner, having driven out by the U. S. troops under his command, the Missouri ruffians, proceeded to disperse the Convention of the Free State party by similar force of arms but without the shedding of blood. Cases of personal and domestic suffering must arise in such an unsettled state of society, and on a field where freedom and servitude meet, grapple, and contend earnestly for the mastery; and while we sympathise with the suffering there and everywhere and rejoice in its relief, and in the extension of intelligence, virtue and happiness, we confess to some difficulty in ascertaining the reliable facts in this case, so discrepant are the reports of party journals and partizan observers. But truth and righteousness are mighty, and, we trust, they will in the end prevail.

The man who will not, when necessary, incur hazards, for the sake of acting well his part in life, will never achieve success, much less distinction.

It takes four things to make a real gentleman. He must be a gentleman in his principles, a gentleman in his tastes, a gentleman in his manners, and a gentleman in his person.

He that knows useful things, and not he that knows many things, is the wise man.

A wise lady has said, "If a woman would have the world respect her husband, she must set the example."

FASHIONS.

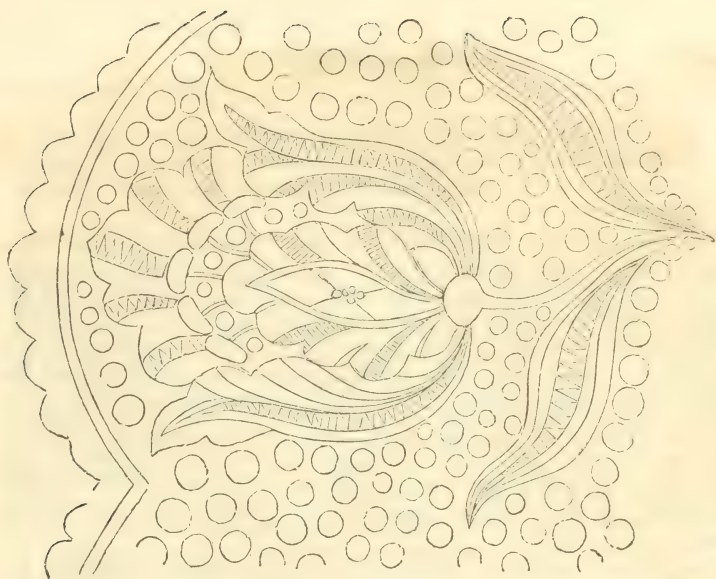
THE styles of the season we published in our last issue. In the present, we give the following designs of embroidery:—



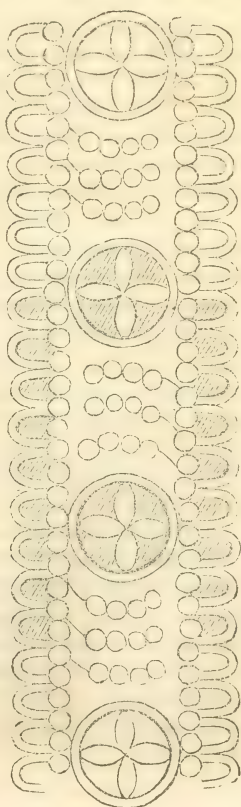
Bertha.



Canzon on Black Tulle,—to be worn over pink or purple dress.



Under-sleeve.



Worked in application^h.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE BEREAVED WIFE.

By M. J. G.

THE Sabbath dawned, and the hum of business was hushed, and the zephyrs played in the leafy branches of the village shade trees. Nature would fain make us believe life a tranquil summer's day. Listen! did ye not hear the sound of the church-going bell inviting you to the sanctuary of the Most High? Behold among that crowd who go forth with reverent mien to hear God's holy word, *one* whose brow bears the marks of deep anguish; but why so changed? A few Sabbaths ago, she entered the sanctuary with form erect and smiling face. Ah! ye see a vacant seat by her side, and feel that death has come as near to her as he can before he lays his hand upon her.

The man of God arises. Hark! from his lips, tremulous with age, fall these consoling words: "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken, blessed be the name of the Lord." He describes with simple pathos the loving kindness of God, in bestowing upon us the gift of friends to participate in life's joys and to lighten life's burdens. The speaker's eye kindles with celestial fire as he portrays the goodness of the great I Am, in the afflictions of his holy hand. With what deep earnestness does he dwell upon the duty of living submissive to Divine Providence, and cheerfully saying, "Thy will, O God, not ours, be done!"

The afflicted *one* listens, but it hears of no healing balm for her wounded heart. She is almost ready to suspect him of cold indifference. She leaves the house of God and seeks her own desolate home.

It is eve. The last rays of the setting sun have faded. It is an hour for holy thoughts. Her spirit would hold converse with the dead. She goes to seek the place where they have lain him down to rest. She treads lightly on these sacred mounds, for the Christian sleeps here. She drops a tear, raises a silent prayer to Him, who hath said: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Hark! did ye not hear that sigh of sorrow? It seems like the whispering of an angel in her listening ear; cease thy communion with the dead; turn thy thoughts earthward, for the living; the dead need not thy sympathy. Behold, by yonder weeping willow that sighs a requiem over cold clay which rests beneath its protecting branches. It is the dust of her other self whom we met in the house of God. Anguish almost insupportable is written in her every feature. In the bitterness of her spirit she prays that she too may die. Eternity alone can tell her agony. She is enveloped in thick darkness. But suddenly a star arises and sheds on her its cheering light. It is the star of Bethlehem. The balm of Gilead has been applied to her broken heart. A voice from the grave seemed to say, "I am the resurrection and the life, whosoever believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Over that precious dust she breathes another prayer, not that may she die, but that she may so live that, when life's duties are done, she may be reunited in Heaven with him she loved on earth.

A BRIEF WHISPER IN BEHALF OF OLD MAIDS.—Young maidenhood is apt to give to old maidenhood a glance of pity, mingled sometimes with a dash of derision; but as woman, we presume, does not commonly voluntarily make herself an old maid, and as some girls may possibly live on with names unchanged, in spite of hope and innocent expectation, it becomes them to treat benignly those who represent what they are one day to be. We think that maiden ladies, real warm-hearted ones, are golden links in the chain of society; that they have done nothing to be ashamed of, that they need hide their diminished heads. Old maids, of the right kind, are a blessing to the community, and to treat them with neglect, or speak of them with derision, because they bear their own name instead of the name of some worthless lord of creation, whom they would have to *support* as well as honor and obey, is an act of inexcusable injustice. Let all due exaltation then be given to this useful and honorable portion of the community, who fill wisely and well vacancies in society which would otherwise be left unfilled; who supply the places of careless mothers, indifferent and inefficient help, and who, to sum up everything, in the artless words of a little child, "*are the best aunties in the whole world.*"

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME.

Every man should do his best to own a home. The first money, which he can spare, ought to be invested in a dwelling, where his family can live permanently. Viewed as a matter of economy, this is important, not only because he can ordinarily build more cheaply than he can rent, but because of the expense caused by frequent change of residence. A man, who early in life builds a home for himself and family, will save some thousands of dollars in the course of twenty years, besides avoiding the inconvenience and trouble of removals. Apart from this, there is something agreeable to our better nature in having a home. It is a form of property, that is more than property. It speaks to the heart, enlists the sentiments, and ennobles the possessor. The associations, that spring up around it as the birth-place of children—as the scene of life's holiest emotions—as the sanctuary, where the spirit cherishes its purest thoughts—are such as all value; and whenever their influence is exerted, the moral sensibilities are improved and exalted. The greater part of our happiness in this world is found at home; but how few recollect, that the happiness of to-day is increased by the place, where we were happy yesterday, and that, insensibly, scenes and circumstances gather up a store of blessedness for the weary hours of the future! On this account, we should do all in our power to make home attractive. Not only should we cultivate such tempers as serve to render its intercourse amiable and affectionate, but we should strive to adorn it with those charms which good sense and refinement so easily impart to it. We say, easily, for there are persons who think that a home cannot be beautiful without a consider-

able outlay of money,—Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower garden, and to surround your dwelling with those ample beauties, which delight the eye far more than expensive objects. If you will let the sunshine and the dew adorn your yard, they will do more for you than any artist. Nature delights in beauty. She loves to brighten the landscape and make it agreeable to the eye. She hangs the ivy around the ruin and over the stump of a withered tree twines the graceful vine. A thousand arts she practises to animate the senses and please the mind. Follow her example and do for yourself what she is always laboring to do for you. Beauty is a divine instrumentality. It is one of God's chosen forms of power. We never see creative energy without something beyond mere existence, and hence, the whole Universe is a teacher and inspirer of beauty. Every man was born to be an artist, so far as the appreciation and enjoyment of beauty are concerned, and he robs himself of one of the precious gifts of his being, if he fails to fulfil this beneficent purpose of his creation.—*Times*.

ENIGMA. What flower expresses a lone man and one of his trials? Look out for the answer in our next.

INCIDENTS AND HUMOR.

POLITENESS.—While the rain poured down in torrents, the umbrella of a gentleman struck the hat of another standing on the sidewalk, and knocked it into the gutter, where it filled with water. The person picked up his hat and coolly said:—

"What do you ask for that?"

"I ask your pardon," replied the gent—which so well suited the owner of the wet beaver, that no other parley was necessary.

A HEROIC MUSICIAN.—Among the wounded at the storming of Sebastopol, was a musician, who received a shot in the knee, and was under the necessity of having his leg amputated in consequence. As usual, preparations were made for binding him down, in order that he might not be able to move.

"What are you doing, doctor?" inquired the wounded man.

"I must take off you leg, and it is, therefore, necessary that you should be bound down," replied the doctor.

"I will never consent to such a proceeding," exclaimed the musician. "You may tear my heart from out my breast, but I will never consent to be bound down. If you have a violin, bring it me."

A violin was brought. After tuning it, the wounded man said:

"Now, doctor, you may begin."

The operation, which lasted about thirty minutes, now commenced, and the patient played his violin the whole time, without a single false note, or the slightest change in his features! (?)—*New Berliner Music Zeitung*.

IRISH HELP.—A lady in New York has recently had a remarkable experience with a new Irish girl.

"Biddy," said she, one evening, "we must have some sausages for tea this evening; I expect company."

"Yes, ma'am."

Tea time arrived, and with it the company. The table was spread, the tea was simmering, but no sausages appeared.

"Where are the sausages, Biddy?" the lady inquired.

"An' sure, they're in the ta-pot, ma'am. Didn't you tell me we must have 'em for ta?"

AN APOTHECARY'S JOKE.—A few days ago, a number of young men who were bent upon having a good time, deputed one of their number to secure some brandy. The messenger represented to the apothecary that it was wanted for bathing purposes, and after some persuasion procured the desired article. The apothecary, however, suspecting something wrong, mixed a little antimony with the liquor before it left his hands. The consequence was, that those who drank the liquor soon began to complain of illness, and finally imagined themselves poisoned. One hastened home to die in the bosom of his family, another made his will, and a third commenced repeating a prayer. They all, however, recovered eventually, and prosecuted the apothecary for a violation of the liquor law.—*Olive Branch.*

It is beautiful to behold at a wedding the sorrow-stricken air of the parent as he “gives the bride away,” when you know that for the last ten years he has been trying his best to get her off his hands.

HOUSEWIFERY.

GINGER BEER.—Two gallons of ginger beer may be made as follows : Put two gallons of cold water into a pot upon the fire ; add to it two ounces of good ginger bruised, and two pounds of white or brown sugar. Let all this come to the boil, and continue boiling for half an hour. Then skim the liquor, and pour it into a jar or tub, along with one sliced lemon, and half an ounce of cream of tartar. When nearly cold, put in a teacupful of yeast to cause the liquor to work. The beer is now made ; and after it has worked for two days, strain it and bottle it for use. Tie the corks down firmly.

MOULDINESS.—Fruit jellies may be preserved from mouldiness, by covering the surface one-fourth of an inch deep with finely pulverized loaf sugar. Thus protected, they will keep in good condition for years.

A GOOD WAY OF COOKING ONIONS.—It is a good plan to boil onions in milk and water ; it diminishes the strong taste of that vegetable. It is an excellent way of serving up onions, to chop them after they are boiled, and put them in a stew-pan, with a little milk, butter, salt and pepper, and let them stew about fifteen minutes. This gives them a fine flavor, and they can be served up very hot.

WASHING SILVER WARE.—It seems that housekeepers who wash their silver ware with soap and water, as the common practice is, do not know what they are about. The proprietor of one of the oldest silver establishments in the city of Philadelphia, says that “housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it in soap suds ; it makes it look like pewter. Never put a particle of soap about your silver, then it will retain its original lustre. When it wants polish take a piece of soft leather and whiting, and rub it hard.”

TO MAKE SAUSAGE.—To 30 pounds of meat, add 10 ounces of fine salt, 3 ounces of sage, 1½ ounces of pepper, 2 ounces of cinnamon, and mix well together. Apply it to the meat before chopping.

POT CHEESE.—There is another dish, when one is scarce of sauce, that we use a great deal : Take a crock or two of thick milk ; put it on the stove, stir it occasionally ; let it get milkwarm, and no more ; take it off, and pour it into a thin bag ; hang it up five or six hours, so that the whey will all run off ; then take a bowlful, and put on enough sour cream to make it quite soft.

GEMS AND APHORISMS.

A MOTHER's countenance is the first book read in the nursery and the last one laid aside.

I slept and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke and found that life was duty;
Was thy dream, then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad soul, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday life and light to thee.

HONEYMOON.—The origin of this word is from a custom of the Tentines, an ancient people of Germany, who drank mead or metheglin, a beverage made of honey, for thirty days after every wedding.

Is the heart yet unknown? give it to God, with a desire it may be broken; and if he break it, thou shalt not repeat thy gift.—*Leighton*.

We may know what Christ hath done *for* us, by what he hath done in us.—*Mason*.

In Christ, the whole gospel is treasured up; he is the light, the food, and the medicine of the soul.

Patient waiting upon God, and importunate calling upon God, are twin sisters, found always in company.—*Mason*.

The law presseth on a man till he flies to Christ; then it saith, thou hast gotten a refuge, I forbear to follow thee: thou act wise, thou art safe.—*Bengelius*.

Great care must be taken as to the end of our actions, for this, like the altar, sanctifies the gift; as is the *end* such is the man. He whose end is worldly, is himself earthly; but if God be a man's end, it makes him God-like.—*Brooks*.

A SOLACE.—There is no grief without some beneficent provision to soften its intenseness. When the good and lovely die, the memory of their good deeds, like the moonbeams on the stormy sea, lights up our darkened hearts, and lends to the surrounding gloom, a beauty, so sad, so sweet, that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness that environs us.

A REMARKABLE INVENTION.

We cut from our exchanges the following remarkable account of *Shoes made by machinery*.

Suppose a Lynn shoemaker had been moved by the spirit of prophecy, and said, ten years ago, that in 1856 St. Crispen would be upset, work bench and all, by a machine, worked by steam or water power, invented by an ingenious Frenchman, to cut and make boots and shoes, from beginning to end, of all sorts and sizes, seven hundred per cent. cheaper, and at the same time neater and better than mortal hands can make them. He would have been laughed at for his prophecy.

Jean Pierre Molliere, of Lyons, France, says the *Mirror*, has invented a series of machines, for which he has obtained patents in France and in the

United States, with which from cutting out the uppers and soles, through all the processes down to polishing and burnishing the edges of soles and heels, (which finishes the article), boots and shoes of every size and style are made with such facility that, while the shoemaker's mean price for making, say 98 pairs of men's shoes or boots, is \$117,50, the mean price by the Molliere system, for the same work, is \$16,72—which is equal to over 700 per cent, difference in favor of the machines. By the Molliere system it takes 170 persons at farthest, to make and finish 1,000 pairs of boots and shoes of all kinds, in a day; and they are men, women, children, of whom no superior artistic skill is required. To make and finish the same number of boots and shoes, by the old process, would require from 1300 to 1400 men and women, skilled in the trade.

A company has been formed in New York, to dispose of rights to use this remarkable invention.

BOOK NOTICES.

"Forest and Shore; or Legends of the Pine Tree State, by Charles P. Isley, published by John P. Jewett and company of this city.

This book consists principally of fugitive sketches, previously published in the Portland Transcript, and so favorably received by the numerous readers of that popular journal as to demand their reprint in their present form. The style is easy and flowing, and many of the incidents of thrilling interest. The whole is well calculated to quicken the memory of the history of the trials of the first settlers of our country.

"The Camel, his organization, habits and uses, considered with reference to his introduction into the United States, by Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, published by Gould and Lincoln, of this city.

This is a book of decided merit, from the pen of a ripe scholar and distinguished statesman, well printed and of permanent value. It embodies a great amount of information respecting this useful animal, demonstrates his peculiar fitness to certain districts of our country, and urges his introduction here by numerous and cogent reasons. It treats of his breed and species, of his hump, head, foot, stomach, size, color, temper, disease, longevity, usefulness, diet, treatment and speed, of his use in the caravan, in war and in the arts. We cordially commend the work to our readers and the public.

This appeal has not been vain. The camels are here. The Ploughman informs us,

There is really something new in this country, out of the political world. The camels and dromedaries that our Government ordered from the East, to be used on the Western plains, have actually arrived at Indianola, Texas, where they now are to be seen daily marching through the streets. By the last accounts, through an Indianola paper, the camels are now employed in carrying Government freight from Powderhorn to the depot in that place. They carry the great weight of 1600 lbs. each, and with the greatest ease upon their backs.

The dromedary is employed by the Arabs as their riding nag, while the camel is used for a beast of burden. This is the only distinction made between them. The first will move along at a brisk trot at the rate of 100 miles per day, or with a speed approaching that of the railroad cars; and we do not hear of any smash-ups, or trouble from the lack of ventilation. One would think this the very perfection of travelling. The word dromedary means

swift. The camel gets over the ground on a walk as fast as a horse at a trot.

Maj. Wayne, U.S.A., the officers who procured the camels, was at Indianola on the 23rd ult. Indianola is a seaport with a few hundred inhabitants, on the Gulf of Mexico.

"*Our duty in Perilous Times*," a sermon by Rev. E. N. Kirk, D.D., published by S. K. Whipple of this city.

We like this discourse better than any that have fallen under our observation on the present state of our country, on account of its separation from party politics, and its faithful discussion of a great moral question upon Scriptural grounds.

We have received the catalogue of Messrs. Smith and English, Pa. of their extensive assortment of theological and miscellaneous books, which affords to students many attractions. The whole are arranged in departments and each work is described. Scholars would do well to examine it.

We have also received *The Bibliotheca Sacra* for July.

Its contents are

1. The Theology of Dr. Chalmers's, by Rev. J. M. Manning, Medford, Mass. consisting of copious extracts, with a careful analysis and judicious comments upon the Scotch Theologian.

2. The Scriptural Authority and obligation of the Sabbath Examined, by the Rev. W. M. O'Haulon, Burreby, Lancashire, unfinished.

3. The Imprecatory Psalms, by Rev. John J. Owen, D.D., Professor in the Free Academy, N. Y. in which the false theories of interpreting them are exposed, and the true method briefly stated, but not philosophically and freely expounded, the theory which refers them to the holy indignation of their authors.

4. Aliens in Israel, by Rev. Joseph K. Bennet, Cambridge, Mass. in which the liberal policy of the Jewish theocracy toward strangers is ably developed, and in some particulars contrasted with the exclusive policy of some among us, in respect to immigrants.

5. The Historical and Legal Judgment of the Old Testament Scriptures against Slavery, by Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, D.D., of N. Y., concluded from the preceding number, a very able discussion of the subject.

6. Plutarch on the delay of Providence in Punishing the Wicked, by Rev. Horatio B. Hackitt, D.D., Prof. in Newton Theological Sem.—Like the other productions of his pen, distinguished for Attic neatness of style, and for accomplished scholarship.

7. Science and the Bible, No. II. a continuation of the debate between Profs. Dana and Lewis, on the six days of creation.

8. Notices of New Publications.

9. Editorial Correspondence.

We have received the following sheets of Choice Music from G. P. Reed and Co., 13 Tremont St.

My Sailor Brother's Grave; for the voice and piano, words by Miss H. M. Child, music by S. B. Ball; The Lily; No. 5, of the tone blossoms, for the piano, by F. Spindler; Good Night My Heart; No. 2, of a series of six songs, by Robert Franz, with words both in English and German; Serenade of Mozart; No. 2, of a series of twelve pieces, the Beauties of Mozart and Beethoven; for young pianists, by H. Oesten.

From Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street.

Ho! for the Kansas Plains; a song and chorus, by James G. Clark; Speak Gently; a song by W. V. W. Wallace; Ernst—favorite Polouise by Ch. Zeuner.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

MATTHEW, 6: 24. "*Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.*"

WHAT multitudes put their souls in jeopardy by attempting to serve these two masters. Many of the Jews to whom Christ originally spoke perished in the effort. They formed unworthy conceptions of the Messiah, uniting in him the character of a religious teacher and of a temporal deliverer, of a revivalist and of a military chieftain, who should make Judaism the religion of the world, and Jerusalem its centre. They blended the material with the spiritual, the temporal with the eternal. They strove to carry earth in one hand and heaven in the other.

To them and to all who still imitate their example, the Saviour's words were admonitory. God will not have us pursue religion with a divided heart. He is too jealous of his own honor to share it with any of his creatures. "*Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.*"

But why is this impossible? May not a soldier at the same time serve his country and his sovereign, his general and each subaltern under whose command he marches? Here dutifulness to one is obedience to all. A child honors his parents by obeying his teacher, or he may serve them usually and him occasionally. A person can serve two masters, one of whom is subordinate, and where the sovereignty is a unit. He may successively serve two of opposite characters; for instance, Satan at one time and Christ at another. All believers once served divers lusts and pleasures. "*As ye have yielded your members servants to uncleanness and to iniquity, unto iniquity, even so now yield yourselves servants of righteousness, unto holiness.*"

A man may also serve one of two masters in pretence, the other in reality; even as Judas, his Master and the Sanhedrim; as Arnold, Washington and George III; or, as all hypocrites, Christ, religion and the world. Hence the declaration, "no man can serve two masters" must be limited to the same time and to masters of opposite moral qualities. We can no more pursue two ends, hostile to each other, at one time, than we can journey North and South at the same

moment. We cannot prosecute two objects so dissimilar as earthly treasure and celestial riches.

But another limitation is equally necessary; the sovereigns here designated are not enemies in every condition. Originally both were alike conducive to human happiness and the divine glory. Before the fall, our first parents found them friends and allies. Sin separated and made them enemies. Redemption restores the harmony, by subordinating earth to heaven, the creature to the Creator. Grace is oil to the machinery of Providence, making "all things work together for good to them that love God." By conversion, man returns toward his primeval state, toward that relation to creation and to its Author, in which one ministered unto him and the other blessed him. Hence we are commanded to "seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness, and other things shall be added," and are encouraged to obedience by the assurance that "godliness has the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." Piety imparts wisdom to devise judicious plans, multiplies motives to industry and perseverance and to exertions for earthly comfort, and sustains benevolence, which is pleasing to God, and makes us enjoy what others possess. It sweetens the joys of kindred, home and country, and gives us pleasure in every thing earthly which can minister to rational happiness. The world to which Paul was, and every true Christian must be, crucified, is the world of cupidity, sensuality, selfishness and sin.

But we may "*serve*" a master, either relatively or absolutely, partially or entirely, voluntarily or involuntarily. The servitude here spoken of is absolute, entire, and yet voluntary. None are forced into it against their will. Each can choose his own master, but he can serve only one.

Our *Master* is our lord, our governor or chief ruler, he to whom we yield ourselves and whom we obey.

No man at one time can have two sovereigns, two paramount objects of pursuit. The nature of things forbids it. If his chief end is to glorify and enjoy God, it cannot be also his chief end to acquire wealth or fame, nor to enjoy earthly pleasures. Two chief ends, two supreme rulers are impossible and absurd. Jehovah and the god of wealth or of earthly treasure are so opposed in nature, attributes and works as to hold no more communion than light and darkness, right and wrong; these two masters are rival princes; the honor of one is the disgrace of the other; the service of one is disloyalty to the other; and *his* servant, vassal, or slave, each of us is, whom we obey.

Where dualism exists and man attempts to serve two gods, or to pursue two objects so unlike, the invariable result is that he loves one and hates the other, or holds to the one and despises the other. The two latter expressions are intensives. This hatred is a positive affection, a settled hostility, only where the worldly object is unworthy and the gratification it affords sinful. But where the object ministers to a rational enjoyment, as in the love of kindred, country, competence, health, the approbation of others, and the like, it represents a negative state, the absence of supreme attachment. There are many examples in Scripture of the use of the words *hate* or *hatred* to denote a subordinate affection; as "Jacob loved Rachel more than Leah;" and in the next verse we read "the Lord saw that Leah was *hated*;" (Gen. 29: 30, 31.) Of the wives of polygamists, one may be loved and another hated; (Deu. 21: 15.) So too the Lord says, "I loved Jacob and hated Esau;" (Mal. 1: 3.) "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple;" (Luke 13: 26.) "He that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal;" (Jer. 12: 25.) In such texts, to love is to prefer, and to hate is to love less. A person loves the treasures of heaven when he prefers them to those of earth; when he thinks of them often, desires them more ardently: when he pursues them with more perseverance and zeal: and when he makes greater effort for their attainment. Then, in the tropical language of the Bible, he hates earthly treasure. But if the dominant affection is reversed, he loves Mammon and hates God.

Of these sovereigns, God is our Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier, glorious in all his perfections and works, worthy of our supreme love and constant service.

Mammon is a Syro-Chaldaic word, the name of an ancient godlike Plutus among the Greeks and Romans, the god of wealth or earthly treasure, whom heathen mythology describes as selfish, mercenary, mean, oppressive, tyrannical, and implacable.

God, whose promise is unfailing, can reward those who serve him with everything truly good. Mammon, himself a creature of a diseased imagination, never pretends to bestow upon his votaries anything more or better than sensual pleasures, worldly riches and honors, that perish with the using, that, at the farthest, must soon be taken away, and that leave the soul comfortless in death, and miserable in eternity. The mammon of the aged is their renown, estates and descendants; that of manhood's prime is ambition; that of youth is

the object of aspiration. But whether it be the toilet, the play-house, sensual delight, fame, honor, pleasure, or acquisition, whether it be mental or material, it is mammon still, the invidious rival of Jehovah in the affections. Between God and mammon each must choose. There is, there can be, no other deity ; for mammon, in the most comprehensive sense, includes earthly objects and beings ; God is the king of heaven and of glory. Neutrality is impossible ; " He that is not with me," says Christ, " is against me." We must have an object of paramount regard, a master whom we serve.

We need not mistake our Supreme Ruler. The Bible supplies the rule of judgment ; his servant we are whom we obey. The commands of God and of Mammon are as opposite as their characters ; one requires you to seek first the kingdom of God, the other to secure earthly treasures before every thing else ; one to walk by faith, the other to walk by sight ; one to be content with such things as you have, the other with such as you hope for ; one to love your neighbor as yourself, the other to take care of your own interest and get what you can from your neighbor ; one to deal justly, the other to trade for your own advantage without any scrupulous regard to justice or equity ; one to love mercy, the other to maintain your rights at all hazard ; one to walk humbly, the other to walk proudly ; one to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, the other to pass by them unheeded, or to turn their affliction to some personal advantage ; one to have perfect charity toward all men, the other to suspect everybody of ill-will ; one to have your conversation in heaven, the other to be of the earth earthy.

Seeing they and their demands are so opposite that you cannot serve them both at once, are you resolved to serve each successively, first Mammon and then God ? Of such an one holy Scripture speaks who had acquired so much earthly treasure that he had not room to store his goods, and who resolved to build more extensively. But God said to him, " Fool ! this night thy soul shall be required of thee ; then whose shall these things be which thou hast provided ? " Life is a vapor which may disappear in a moment. Besides the spirit that now waiteth to be gracious, may take his final flight, while you serve Mammon ; then you will never, can never, serve God. Choose ye, therefore, this day whom ye will serve.

PASSING EVENTS.

FOREIGN.

Our last monthly chronicle registered passing events to the 10th of July; this, to the same day in the succeeding month.

England has accepted the proposal of our government to resume negotiations in respect to Central America, and her difficulty with us on account of the enlistment of some of our citizens in her army during the late war of the Crimea, and the consequent dismissal of her minister, Mr. Crampton, were warmly discussed in Parliament early in July, but, after suitable explanation, were passed by without interrupting the harmony of the nations. A subsequent discussion arose in the English journals about our minister, Mr. Dallas, retiring from the Queen's levee, because the attire of Mr. Mahan, professor at West Point, was objected to as uncourtly.

A serious riot occurred in Nenagle, Ireland, on the 6th of July, on account of the non-payment of the militia. Several persons were killed and the rioters apprehended.

The veterans from the Crimea were received with honor in London, on the 9th of July.

An explosion lately occurred in the coal mine at Cardiff, by which more than a hundred persons immediately perished.

Mr. Peabody, the celebrated American banker, in London, gave a public dinner in that city on the 80th anniversary of American Independence.

Parliament was expected to adjourn about the 30th of July.

France seems to be uniting with Austria to settle the condition of the Italian States, and the proposed interview between the sovereigns is thought to relate to this subject, which excites much interest in England that has espoused the cause of liberty in those States.

Denmark shows herself less friendly than she formerly was to the German population. Have the Sound Dues made her jealous of her national honor?

Austria, since the treaty of Paris, has increased her steamboats on the Danube and co-operates with France for the peace of the Italian States, but the hope of freedom cannot be very strong for a country that has extinguished the last spark of liberty in Hungary.

Spain, since our last issue, has witnessed riots in several of her large cities amounting to insurrection, but public peace has been restored. These are supposed to be the ultimate results of political demagogues, though ostensibly the effect of a change in the ministry, that of Espadero having been superceded by that of O'Donnell.

Sweden and Norway have sent in their adherence to the articles of the Paris treaty respecting the rights of neutral powers in the late European war.

Italy still fears an insurrection at Parma. Tuscany falls more and more into the hand of Rome. Insurrection has broken out in several places, indicating a settled disaffection with the existing condition of the people and of the government.

Prussia reports a fair prospect of good crops throughout her dominions, and similar accounts appear respecting the other countries of Europe.

Belgium's king, Leopold, and his family visited Victoria in her palace during the month of July. The 25th anniversary of the accession of this king was celebrated with great enthusiasm at Brussels, and throughout the kingdom.

Russia is making the most extensive preparation at Moscow for the coronation of the Czar; and is at the same time raising money on government bonds to the amount of twelve million of rubles. Trade is reported as exceedingly active at St. Petersburg. The most amicable relations are restored between this country and Sardinia. The Czar still endeavors to abolish serfdom in his empire, as a process of gradual emancipation, and without loss to slave owners.

The governor-general of Siberia is in Europe seeking information about the best mode of working the gold mines of that country.

The minister to Italy has settled with the latter government the principle of the appointment of Roman Catholic bishops in Poland, thus averting the exposure to a quarrel between the Roman and Greek churches on the old question, "which of them shall be accounted the greater."

Greece feels a lively interest in the conference of the three protecting powers about to be held in London, to settle questions of great moment respecting her. It is said that Otho, her present king, is to abdicate in favor of Prince Adalbut, of Bavaria.

China is far from the enjoyment of peace. In the region of Shanghai the government of Tai-ping-Wang continues prevalent and powerful. Yang-chow was taken by the revolutionists in April, and 2000 imperialists captured. A fatal epidemic prevailed at Hong-Kong, by which 800 persons died in a few days.

Canada journals report a prospect of abundant crops.

Mexico continues to discuss her new constitution, and to adhere to her resolution to sell the property of the Roman Catholic Church within her limits, which amounts to more than \$300,000,000. What will the Pope and Cardinals say to such a measure?

Nicaragua is unsettled; Walker having supplanted Rivas in its presidency, and each contending for the mastery.

The London *Times* of July 19, states that Mr. Dallas is empowered to propose to the British government the establishment of San Juan as a free port, under Nicaraguan sovereignty, reserving to the public at Costa Rica the right of traffic through it, and through such portions of the river San Juan as may be necessary; the Mosquito Indians to be concentrated in a definite territory, which shall leave clear the mouth of the river San Juan and the town; but their rights to be guaranteed, and an annuity for a term paid to their chiefs; the Ray Islands to be restored to the state of Honduras, but Belize to remain a British possession, with the same territorial limits as in 1850.

At last accounts the military forces of the States of Central America were combining against the filibusters, with a reasonable prospect of success.

DOMESTIC.

California continues in an unsettled condition in the region of San Francisco: the Committee of Vigilance which usurped the government for the correction of abuses and the punishment of criminals, being in the ascendant.

Washington and Oregon Territories continue to be subject to Indian hostilities, instigated, it is said, by the aggressions of the whites. Several battles have been fought, terminating generally in favor of the settlers. This war will furnish material for another chapter in the history of the wrongs of the poor Indian.

Brooks, the representative for South Carolina, of unenviable notoriety for his assault upon Senator Sumner, and his challenge of Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, lately challenged Mr. Burlingame, rep-

representative of the same Commonwealth, and the latter foolishly accepted the challenge, and fixed the place of meeting at Niagara Falls. This condition Mr. Brooks declined. Why did not the former imitate the worthy example of Gen. Wilson, who, while he assured that duelist that his moral and religious sentiments forbid him to fight a duel; yet frankly confessed that he held strongly to the principle of self-defence, and that any man assaulting him, would do it at his own exposure? This was manly, but the course of Mr. Burlingame was neither moral nor honorable.

The crops, especially of wheat, are reported abundant. It was sold in Illinois lately for \$1.00 a bushel. The Lord preserve them from the band of speculators, and give us day by day our daily bread.

Congress begins to discuss the question of adjournment. It has passed some bills for internal improvement, which the President vetoed, by a two-thirds vote, which makes them constitutional and legal. Its members talk of Kansas, and are much in the lobby and the caucus discoursing about the next President. Messrs. Brooks and Keitt, who resigned their seats on account of the censure which the House passed on them for their outrage upon Senator Sumner, have been re-elected, and resumed their seats in the House of Representatives.

THE THEATRE.—Dr. Rush told a friend that he was once in company with a lady, a professor of religion, who was speaking of the pleasure she anticipated at the theatre in the evening.

"What, madam!" said he, "do you go to the theatre?"

"Yes," was the reply, "and don't you go, Doctor?"

"No, madam," said he, "I never go to such places."

"Why, sir, do you not go? Do you think it sinful?" she asked.

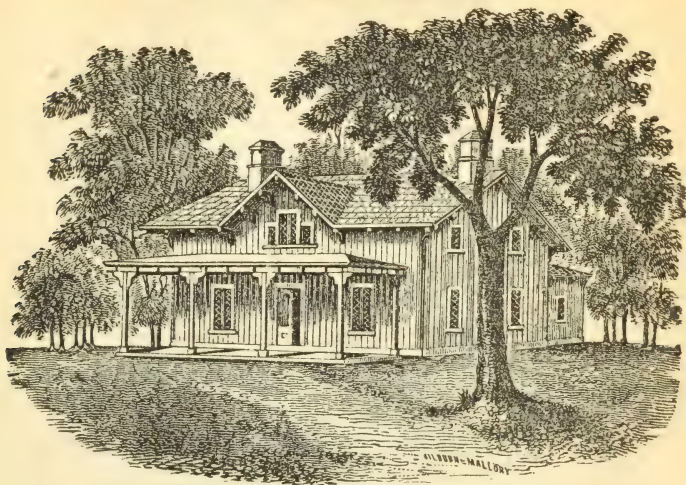
He replied, "I will never publish to the world that I think Jesus Christ a bad master, and religion an unsatisfying portion, which I should do, if I went on the devil's ground in quest of happiness."

ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE JOHN BULL.—What was the origin of the phrase John Bull? An English periodical says: This national appellation of an Englishman cannot be traced beyond Queen Anne's time; when a satire, entitled "The History of John Bull," was written by Dr. Arbuthnot, the friend of Swift, the object of which was to throw ridicule on the Spanish succession. In the plot, John Bull is the Englishman, the frog is the Dutchman, and Charles II., of Spain, and Louis XV. are called Lord Strutt and Louis Babboon.

A NEW DETECTIVE.—A runaway thief having applied to a blacksmith for work, the latter showed him a pair of handcuffs, and desired to know if he made such kind of work.

"Why, yes, sir," said the fellow, scratching his head, "I have had a hand in them."

ARCHITECTURE.

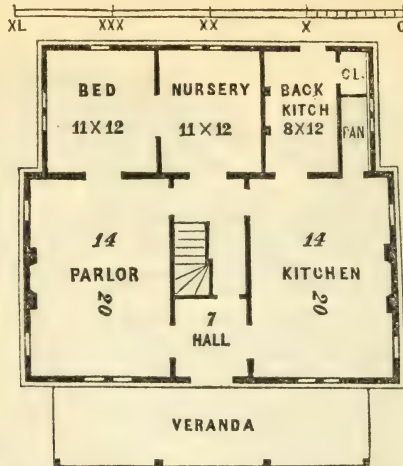


[BRACKETED COTTAGE, WITH VERANDA.]

THE design here given, and the accompanying description, we copy from "*Downing's Country Houses*," believing that they will prove acceptable to many who would be glad to build if a proper design were presented them, one coming within moderate means, and combining convenience with something of elegance and taste. It may cost no more to combine these qualities than to build without them. He says:—

"A pleasing, symmetrical form, some picturesqueness of roof, united to considerable simplicity of construction, and an expression of more domestic enjoyment than cottages of this size usually exhibit, are the characteristics of this design.

"The larger expression of domestic enjoyment is conveyed in the veranda or piazza. In a cool climate, like that of England, the veranda is a feature of little importance. But over almost the whole extent of the United States, a veranda is a positive luxury in all the warmer part of the year, since in midsummer it is the resting-place, lounging spot, and place of resort, of the whole family, at certain hours of the day. It is not, however, an absolute necessity, like a kitchen or a bed-room, and, therefore, the smallest cottages, or those dwellings in which economy and utility are the leading considerations, are constructed without verandas. But the moment the dwelling rises so far in dignity above the merely useful as to employ any considerable feature not entirely intended for use, then the veranda should find its place. To decorate a cottage highly, which has no veranda-like feature, is, in this climate, as unphilosophical and false in taste, as it would be to paint a log-hut, or gild the rafters of a barn.



GROUND PLAN OF BRACKETED COTTAGE WITH VERANDA.

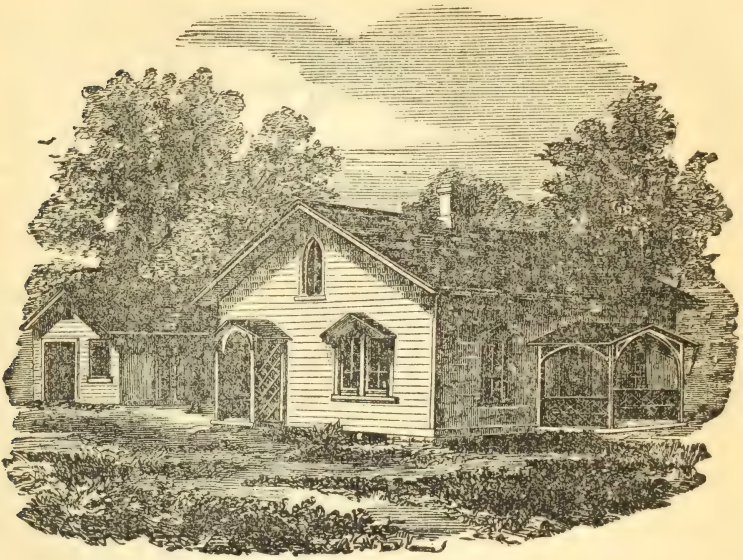
"ACCOMMODATION. The interior of this cottage, gives a neat and pretty parlor, of 14 by 20 feet; the principle is to get as large an amount of convenience and comfort in every-day life as possible, and leave the rest to take a secondary rank.

"Hence, the kitchen, bed-room, nursery, and back-kitchen, the scene of a good deal of the daily life of the mistress of this cottage, are all on the first floor, and all close together. The last three of these are economically obtained by putting them in a one story *wing* added to the rear of the cottage; and though the rooms thus afforded are not large, yet they are large enough when they are to be kept in order with very little "help."

"The kitchen, in this plan, is properly the living and eating room of the family, and in order that it may always be kept neatly, there is a small back kitchen adjoining, with its separate flue for a small range or cooking-stove, so that all the rougher work can be done there, which makes the larger kitchen, usually, a pleasant family dining-room.

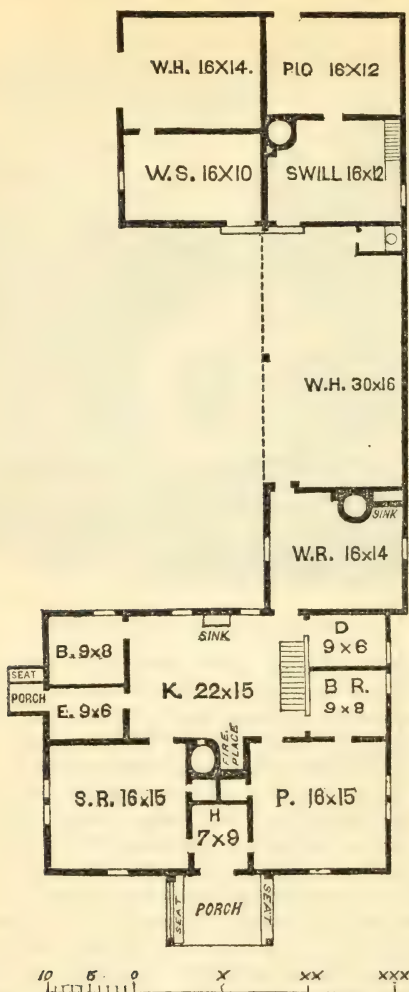
"There is a partition across the hall, just by the stairs, which is intended to serve as the extreme limits of nursery excursions, on all occasions when decorum in the parlor is the order of the day. The door here, as well as the front door, should have the two uppermost panels glazed, so as light both parts of the hall when they are closed.

"*Estimate.* The estimated cost of this cottage, well-finished, is \$1278." This, of course, varies in different locations, and would be higher now than for several years past.



[A SMALL HOUSE FOR A FARM.]

This house may be built either of stone, brick or wood. The style is rather rustic than otherwise, and intended to be altogether plain, yet agreeable in outward appearance, and of quite convenient arrangement. The body of this house is 40 by 30 feet on the ground, and 12 feet high, to the plates for the roof; the lower rooms nine feet high; the roof intended for a pitch of 35° —but, by an error in the drawing, made less—thus affording very tolerable chamber room in the roof story. The L. or rear projection, containing the wash-room and wood house, juts out two feet from the side of the house to which it is attached, with posts $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet high above the floor of the main house; the pitch of the roof being the same. Beyond this is a building 32 by 24 feet, with 10 feet posts, partitioned off into a swill-room, piggery, workshop, and wagon-house, and a like roof with the others. A light, rustic porch, 12 by 18 feet, with lattice work, is placed on the front of the house, and another at the side door, over which vines, by way of drapery, may run; thus combining that sheltered, comfortable and home-like expression so desirable in a rural dwelling. The chimney is carried out in three separate flues, sufficiently marked by the partitions above the roof. The windows are hooded, or sheltered, to protect them from the weather, and fitted with simple sliding sashes, with 7 by 9 or 8 by 10 glass. Outer blinds may be added, if required; but it is usually better to have these *inside*, as they are no ornament to the outside of a building, are liable to be driven back and forth by the wind, even if fastenings are used, and in any event are little better than a continual annoyance.



INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT. The front door, over which is a single sash-light across, opens into a hall or entry 9 by 7 feet, from which a door opens on either side in a sitting-room and parlor, each 16 by 15 feet, lighted by a double, plain window, at the ends, and a single two-sash window in front. Between the entrance door and stove are in each room a small pantry or closet for dishes, or otherwise, as may be required. The chimney stands in the centre of the house, with a separate flue for each front room, into which a thimble is inserted to receive the stove-pipes by which they are warmed; and from the inner side of these rooms each has a door

passing to the kitchen, or chief living room. This last apartment is 22 by 15 feet, with a broad fireplace containing a crane, hooks and trammel, if required, and a spacious family oven.

On one side of the kitchen, in the rear of the stairs, is a bed-room, 9 by 8 feet, with a window in one corner. Adjoining that, is a buttery, dairy-room, or closet, 9 by 6 feet, also having a window. At the inner end of the stairway is the cellar passage; at the outer end is the chamber passage, landing above in the highest part of the roof story. Opposite the chamber stairs is a door leading to the wash-room. Between the two windows, on the rear side of the kitchen, is a sink, with a waste pipe passing out through the wall. At the further corner a door opens into a snug bed-room 9 by 8 feet, lighted by a window in rear; and adjoining this is a side entry leading from the end door, 9 by 6 feet in area; thus making every room in the house accessible at once from the kitchen, and giving the greatest possible convenience in both living and house-work.

The roof story is partitioned into convenient-sized bedrooms; the ceiling running down the pitch of the roof to within two feet of the floor, unless they are cut short by inner partitions, as they are in the largest chamber, to give closets. The open area in the centre, at the head of the stairs, is lighted by a small gable window inserted in the roof, at the rear, and serves as a lumber room; or, if necessary, a bed may occupy a part of it.

In the rear of the main dwelling is a building 44 by 16 feet, occupied as a wash-room and wood-house. The wash-room floor is let down eight inches below the kitchen, and is 16 by 14 feet, in area, lighted by a window on each side, with a chimney, in which is set a boiler, and fireplace, if desired, and a sink in the corner adjoining. This room is $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height. A door passes from this wash-room into the wood-house, which is 30 by 16 feet, open in front, with a water-closet in the further corner.

The cellar is $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height—and is the whole size of the house, laid with good stone wall, in lime mortar, with a flight of steps leading outside, in rear of the kitchen, and two or more sash-light windows at the ends. If not in a loose, gravelly, or sandy soil, the cellar should be kept dry by a drain leading out to lower ground.

The building beyond, and adjoining the wood-house, contains a swill-house 16 by 12 feet, with a window in one end; a chimney and boiler in one corner, with storage for swill barrels, grain, meal, potatoes, &c., for feeding the pigs, which are in the adjoining pen of same size, with feeding trough, place for sleeping, &c., and having a window in one end and a door in the rear, leading to a yard.

Adjoining these, in front, is a work-shop and tool-house, 16 by 10 feet, with a window at the end, and an entrance door near the wood house. In this is a joiner's work-bench, a chest of working tools, such as saws, hammers, augers, &c., &c., necessary for repairing implements, doing little rough jobs, or other wood work, &c., which every farmer ought to do for himself; and also storing his hoes, axes, shovels, hammers, and other small farm implements. In this room he

will find abundant rainy-day employment in repairing his utensils of various kinds, making his beehives, hencoops, &c., &c. Next to this is the wagon-house, 16 by 14 feet, with broad doors at the end, and harness pegs around the walls.

The posts of this building are ten feet high; the rooms eight feet high, and a low chamber overhead for storing lumber, grain and other articles, as may be required. Altogether, these several apartments make a very complete and desirable accommodation to a man with the property and occupation for which it is intended.

On one side and adjoining the house, should be the garden, the clothes-line, and the bee-house, which last should always stand in full sight, and facing the most frequented room—say the kitchen—that they can be seen during the swarming season, as those performing household duties may keep them in view.—*Allen's Rural Architecture.*

THE DIELYTRA SPECTABILES.

We give our readers a plate of this beautiful flower in colors, from which, however, they can form only an imperfect idea of its loveliness as it appears in its native soil, or in the borders of florists, where it grows to a large size. It is easy of cultivation, well adapted to open culture, and flowers abundantly during the summer. "An English journal gives an account of a plant that measured upwards of thirty feet in circumference and five feet in height, with more than two hundred perfect blossoms like that of which we give a specimen. The numerous shoots from the stem are of various lengths, from a few inches to two or three feet, giving the plant a most superb appearance. The leaves resemble those of the Pæony; the blossoms are a brilliant rose color." Its numerous charms have already rendered it a favorite with amateurs; and probably it may soon be as common as the Dahlia, being greatly its superior in beauty. We commend it to our readers as a delightful ornament of the conservatory and the garden, of the flower-stand and the bouquet.

GOOD MANNERS.—*George Washington an Example.*—Boys, suppose George Washington had been an idle, lounging, loafing, rude, ill-mannered, impudent urchin, as very many are at the present day, would not his other great, noble, and virtuous qualities have remained forever unknown?

When we hear a boy, loud, noisy and violent in his tones; who we see him enter a room with his hat on his head, and keep it on till he has a hint from his mother to remove it; or rudely interrupt the conversation of others, to ask for some trifle, or ridicule the aged and infirm, or domineer over servants and children, who cannot, or dare not, tell of him; we can predict that he will never be a George Washington.

EDUCATION.

RIVER SIDE INSTITUTE.—This school is intended to afford young gentlemen a thorough fitting for any of our colleges. It was established by A. L. Hildreth, Esq., and Rev. Messrs. J. E. Woodbridge and G. F. Walker, who are experienced and efficient instructors. These gentlemen devote their whole time and energies to the school, assisted by Prof. Max Richter as teacher of German and French. Facilities are afforded for instruction in the common and higher English branches, and a thorough knowledge of the Latin and Greek, German and French languages.

This Institute is located in the rural village of Auburndale, Newton, Mass., on the line of the Worcester Railroad, half an hour's ride from Boston. The place presents every attraction of easy access, and delightful scenery, and affords high social and religious privileges. Scholars from abroad can board in the families of their instructors, amid all the amenities of social life, and the influences of moral and religious training. The late annual examination gave evidence of careful instruction on the part of the teachers, and was very creditable to the young gentlemen. We would call attention of parents who wish their sons carefully instructed in the English branches, or thoroughly fitted for college to this institution.

In their circular, the teachers of this Institute say;—Some of the peculiar advantages of a Family Boarding School, are—a minute acquaintance with the scholar's endowments, a constant and parental care of him out of school hours, in regard to his private and social habits, and a watchful attention to the formation of his character.

On the other hand, the Public School puts the pupil in communication with a greater variety of characters, applies to him a stronger stimulus in study, and gives him the benefit of a more extensive apparatus, and a greater number of teachers, each devoted to his own particular department.

The River Side Institute proposes to combine the advantages of both the Family and Public School. Each of the Principals will receive into his family some ten or twelve pupils, over whom, both in health and sickness a kind and parental supervision will be exercised. All the pupils will convene each school-day in a public room, where, in care of their teachers they will spend some six hours in study and recitation.

No effort will be spared in preparing youth for College, for the Counting Room, or for any situation of practical life.

The Ancient Languages, the English in all its branches, the Modern Languages and Music, together with Civil Engineering, and Perspective and Architectural Drawing, will be systematically and faithfully taught, either by some one of the Principals, or by competent Assistants.

The Institute has a larger Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus, and Mineralogical and Geological Cabinet than any School or Academy in the country.

The location of the Institute has many advantages. The place is remarkably healthy, and peculiarly exempt from immoral influences; it has an intelligent and virtuous population; and the region, though eminently rural and quiet, is easy of access, being on the Worcester Rail Road and about ten miles from Boston. For terms, see "*Family Advertiser*."

In going on board a Mississippi steamboat the other day, Mr. Jones met Mr. Smith. "Which way are you going, Smith; up or down?" "That depends on circumstances. If I sleep over the boiler, up; if in the cabin, down."

BOOK NOTICES.

THE OLD CHEST AND ITS TREASURES, by *Aunt Elizabeth*. This book consists of scraps, moral anecdotes, and fugitive pieces, each complete and independent in itself, and some of them very interesting and instructive, but classification would have rendered them more useful for reference. It is such a volume as may be advantageously in every Christian family, to occupy profitably leisure moments, rather than to be read consecutively.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY, or a biographical sketch of *Gratia Olive Leonard*, compiled from a mother's narrative to a personal friend, and published by the American Sunday School Union. The subject was one of the most perfect and heavenly of earthly children, and the incidents of its history tastefully and skilfully sketched. Success to the mission and the author of this little volume.

THE BIBLICAL REPERTORY AND PRINCETON REVIEW. Edited by *Rev. Charles Hodge, D. D.* The July number of this valiant defender of the faith is received, and contains its usual amount of learning and literature.

Art. I, pp. 393—418, A review of the harmonies of the gospels—with just criticism of six of these, and judicious illustration of the principle that exact chronological order is not essential to the truth of history.

Art. II., pp. 418—443, Review of the memoir of *Rev. Sydney Smith*, as a minister, condemning his wit and zeal against evangelical religion, his political career and other things not in accordance with his clerical vows.

Art. III., pp. 444—461, Principles of the philosophy of language; a learned disquisition.

Art. IV., pp. 461—493. Review of *Ruskin's* lectures on Architecture and Painting—an able article.

Art. V., pp. 493—523. *Lyall's* Mental Philosophy—by a Master of Metaphysics.

Art. VI., pp. 524—551. New Testament Millenarianism—a faithful and able discussion of that doctrine.

Art. VII., pp. 552—590. An account of the proceedings of the General Assembly (Old School) Presbyterian Church in 1856.

Art. VIII., pp. 591—596. Short notices of new publications.

Art. IX., pp. 597—599. Literary Intelligence.

This is an unusually valuable number of this Review.

We have received these sheets of excellent music, viz.:

From *Oliver Ditson*, 115 Washington St., Boston.

1. *Spare the Child*. Words by *Charles G. Eastman*, music by *Leverett A. Lull*; a pleasant duett, with an accompaniment.

2. *The Poppy*; being No. 6 of the Songs of the Flowers, by *Charles W. Glover*.

3. *The Voices of Nature*; one of the second series of songs and ballads of Ireland; with words by Irish poets, and music by *J. J. A. Keating*.

4. *Champlain March*, composed for the piano by *D. A. Winslow*, and dedicated to the Waterbury Cornet Band.

From *G. P. Reed & Co.*, 13 Tremont Street, Boston.

1. *Music is the only Charm*, poetry and music by *P. S. Gilmore*, and dedicated to the ladies of Salem.

2. *Marriage of Figaro*, being No. 4 of the Beauties of Mozart and Beethoven, in the form of Petites Fantaisies for young pianists, by *Thomas Oesten*.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

BY REV. PROF. H. B. HACKETT.

JERUSALEM AND ITS SUBURBS.

[FOR MAP, SEE NEXT PAGE.]

For the plan of Jerusalem and its environs which we submit to our readers, we are indebted to the enterprising publishers of "Illustrations of Scripture;" and the explanatory notes we give for the most part in the words of the learned author of that admirable work.

The situation of Jerusalem is remarkably unique, and may be understood the more easily on that account. We are to conceive of the mountains which extend from the plain of Esdraelon to the southern borders of Palestine, as sinking down with some abruptness, near the point where they attain their greatest elevation, and spreading themselves out into a moderate plateau. This plain is cut off from the adjacent country on three sides,—namely, the east, west and south,—by deep valleys; while on the north it is connected, by a level tract, with the higher ground in that direction. Jerusalem occupies the space so nearly enclosed by these valleys; it stands on what may be called a tongue, or projection, of one of the mountains of Judea. The eastern valley begins on the north-east corner of the city, changes its course, and runs nearly north and south. This is the valley of the Kedron, as it is called in the Old Testament, or of Jehoshaphat, a later name, which was derived, probably, from a false interpretation of Joel 3, 2. The western valleys, known as Gihon, approaches the city from the north-west, flows to the south as far as the south-western extremity of Zion, where it turns abruptly to the east, and passes along the south of Jerusalem until it intersects the valley of Jehoshaphat. In the latter part of its course it bends more and more to the east, and for a short distance runs parallel to the valley from the north into which it falls. This extension of Gihon, on the south of Jerusalem, is called Hinnom. The ground on which the city stands rises into three or four eminences, the principal ones

of which are Mount Zion on the west, and Moriah on the east, with a depression between them, the ancient Tyropœan, which falls into the valley of Hinnom on the south. Jerusalem occupies nearly the highest point of land between the Jordan and the Mediterranean; distant about twenty-five miles from the former, and thirty-five from the latter. The water-shed of the region occurs two miles to the west. It lies in latitude $31^{\circ} 47'$ north, and longitude $35^{\circ} 13'$ east from Greenwich.

The present walls of the city embrace a circuit of about two miles and a half. They stand, generally, as near the edge of the valleys as the ground will allow; except that a part of Moriah known as Ophel, and the southern extremity of Zion, are now outside of the city. The figure which the walls describe is an irregular oblong; the more extended sides running from east to west. They vary in height from twenty to fifty feet, as the surface of the ground may require. The present walls are not older than the sixteenth century. They are furnished with turrets and loop-holes, but would afford little protection against the present mode of warfare.

The city has four gates at present in use, which look towards the cardinal points; namely, the Jaffa gate on the west, the Damascus gate on the north, that of St. Stephen on the east, and Mount Zion's on the south. The first two receive their names from the cities to which the roads that start from them lead; the third is so called from a tradition that the first Christian martyr was put to death in that quarter; and the fourth, from its situation, on Mount Zion. Three or four smaller gates have been closed up, which are now seldom or never opened.

No one can doubt that the ancient Jerusalem enclosed a wider circuit than the modern town. It included, no doubt, the whole of Zion and Moriah and a portion of the open country on the north-west side, where the ruins of houses are still found which must have belonged to the city. It had two walls in the days of Christ, except where the precipitous banks were supposed to render one wall a sufficient protection; and, shortly before the siege of Titus, it was strengthened by a third wall, added by Herod Agrippa. Its position in the heart of a mountainous country, its distance from the great thoroughfares of commerce and migration, and its almost impregnable strength, in consequence of the ravines around it, preserved the existence of the Jewish capital for a period of time almost unequalled in the history of nations. Its final conquest and destruction were effected only by the last efforts of Roman courage and power. Titus,

the victor, was compelled to own that a divine arm interposed in his behalf. * * * * *

Threading our way through the narrow streets of the city, we arrive at St. Stephen's gate, on the east side, and commence our circuit there. Passing out, we stop, for a moment under the walls, and look around us. Opposite to us, across the narrow valley on the edge of which we stand, rises the Mount of Olives. It stretches so far from north to south as to intercept entirely the view towards the east. The top is not level, but notched with three summits; the middle one of which is the highest, crowned with a cluster of buildings, prominent among which is a small mosque with a minaret. This central height is pointed out as the scene of the ascension; and a chapel stands there, consecrated to the memory of that event. Three paths, deeply worn, lead over the mount. The middle one goes directly to Bethany, on the eastern side, the home of Lazarus, to which the Saviour retired so often during his visits to Jerusalem; the one further to the south leaves that village a little on the left and is the road to Jerico and the Jordan. We gaze at those paths the more intently because we can have no doubt that the feet of the Saviour trode them again and again, as he approached the city or left it. That reflection came over me with such power, as my eyes fell upon them for the first time, that I could not refrain from weeping. Olivet has shared in the general neglect which has converted so much of the country into a desert. It is naturally susceptible of high cultivation. It must have been adorned, anciently, with fields of grain, groves and orchards, At present it exhibits, on the whole, a desolate appearance. Rocky ledges crop out, here and there, above the surface, and give to the hill a broken, sterile aspect. The loose soil, which might otherwise cover them in part, is left to be washed away. Yet, the mount is not wholly destitute of verdure even now. A few spots are planted with grain; and fruit-trees, as almonds, figs, pomegranates, olives, are scattered up and down its sides. The olives take the lead, decidedly, and thus vindicate the propriety of the ancient name. A shepherd, watching a few sheep or goats, emerge now and then into view, and gives diversity to the scene. From our position at the gate we see distinctly the enclosure of Gethsemane, at the foot of the mount.

Just at our left, under the wall, is a large reservoir, where several men are raising water for their horses and other animals, by means of a windless, with a jar or bucket attached to it. The people come hither, also, to bathe. The water here was sufficient for that pur-

pose as late as the beginning of April. On our right lies a Moham-medan cemetery, which covers a great part of the eastern slope of Moriah in that quarter.

Leaving now our station, we go forward, and, at the distance of a few rods, begin to ascend the steep bank before us, into the valley of the Kedron. On our way we pass the spot said to have been stained by the blood of the martyr Stephen. From the edge of this slope to the bottom the distance is about four hundred feet; the actual height may be one hundred feet. The valley which we now cross, runs from north to south, overlooked by the walls of the city on the west, and the ridge of Olivet on the east. In two or three minutes we come to a bridge, or causeway, over the dry bed of the Kedron. The stream which bears this name makes its appearance at a point a little south of Jerusalem, and runs thence in winter to the Dead Sea. The part of the gulley opposite to the city contains no water, unless a little may be found there for a short time after a heavy rain. The brook belongs properly to the southern part of the glen, but gives name to its entire course. On the right hand and left, just before we step on the bridge, several fig-trees and olives shade our path. The valley, as we look up from this point towards the north, becomes wider and less abrupt, but on the other side contracts itself, in consequence of the nearer approach of Olivet and Moriah to each other. Beyond the bridge we pass, on the left hand, a chapel built over a deep grotto, known as the tomb of the Virgin. On one occasion I attended a religious service here at early dawn. The sight of so much splendor in such a place surprised me. A galaxy of lamps of massive silver, suspended from the roof, poured their mingled light through the cavern; the offerings, no doubt, of rich devotees from the Catholic lands of Europe. Subterranean passages branch out from this grotto in various directions. A large tree, with out-stretched branches, stand in front of it, where a group of loungers may be seen at almost all hours.

Following now a path which turns a little to the south, at the distance of eight or ten rods beyond the bridge, we reach the north end of the garden of Gethsemane. The ground begins to rise here, and we stand at the western foot of Olivet. It is the spot above every other which the visitor must be anxious to see. It is the one which I sought out before any other, on my arrival at Jerusalem, and the one of which I took my last formal view on the morning of my departure. The tradition which places the agony and betrayal of the Saviour here has a great amount of evidence in its support.

* * * There is no proof that the tradition has ever wavered. The indications in the New Testament favor entirely the same view. When it is said that "Jesus went forth with his disciples beyond the brook Kedron, where was a garden," (John 18, 1,) it is implied that he did not go far up the Mount of Olives, but reached the place which he had in view soon after crossing the bed of that stream. The garden is named in that passage with reference to the brook, and not the mountain.

The space enclosed at Gethsemane contains about one-third of an acre, and is surrounded by a low wall, covered with stucco. It is entered by a gate, kept under lock and key, under the control of one of the convents at Jerusalem. The eight olive-trees here are evidently very aged; most of them, though they are still verdant and productive, are so decayed that heaps of stones have been piled up against their trunks, to keep them from being blown down by the wind. Trees of this class are remarkably long-lived, and it is not impossible that those now here may have sprung from the roots of those which grew there in the days of Christ. Other olive-trees, apparently quite as old, occur just beyond the limits of the enclosure. It may be allowed that the original garden may have been more or less extensive than the present site, or have stood a few rods further to the north or the south; but far, certainly, from that spot it need not be supposed to have been. We may sit down there, and read the affecting narrative of what the Saviour endured for our redemption, and feel assured that we are near the place where he prayed, "saying, Father, not my will, but thine be done;" and where, "being in an agony, he sweat as it were great drops of blood, falling down to the ground."

The garden has a reservoir, which supplies water for moistening the ground, and cultivating a few flowers. A series of rude pictures may be seen on the interior face of the wall, representing different scenes in the history of Christ's passion, such as the scourging, the mockery of the soldiers, the sinking beneath the cross, and the like. As I sat beneath the olives, and observed how very near the city was, with what perfect ease a person there could survey at a glance the entire length of the eastern wall, and the slope of the hill towards the valley, I could not divest myself of the impression that this local peculiarity should be allowed to explain a passage in the account of the Saviour's apprehension. Every one must have noticed something abrupt in his summons to the disciples—"Arise, let us be going; see, he is at hand that doth betray me," (Matthew, 26, 46.)

It is not improbable that his watchful eye, at that moment, caught sight of Judas and his accomplices, as they issued from one of the eastern gates, or turned round the northern or southern corner of the walls, in order to descend into the valley. Even if the night was dark, he could have seen the torches which they carried, and could have felt no uncertainty respecting the object of such a movement at that unseasonable hour. This view is not necessary to the explanation of the passage, but it is a natural one, and supplies a connection between the language and the external circumstances, which augments exceedingly the graphic power of the narrative.

As I was passing near Gethsemane one day, I saw, at a little distance, a shepherd engaged in shearing one of his flock. The animal lay stretched before him on the ground; submitting, without resistance or complaint, to the operation which he was performing. It seemed as if every movement of the shears would lacerate the flesh; the feet were bound; the man's knees were pressed rudely against the sides of the helpless captive. This posture, so irksome, had to be endured for a considerable time before the ample fleece was removed. Yet, during it all, it was wonderful to observe how patient the creature remained; it struggled not, opened not its mouth. Under ordinary circumstances the incident might not have attracted my attention; but, being seen in such a place, it spoke to my heart with touching power. How could I forget the prophet's use of that emblem, in describing the spirit of unshrinking submission to appointed suffering, which was to distinguish the Saviour of men, and of which he gave such matchless proof in the agony of the garden! Isaiah (53, 7) said, with reference to that trait of his character, "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."

SAVING.—The "building committee" of a dissenting place of worship in the county of Northumberland, Eng., which has recently been enlarged, called upon a very strait-laced member of the congregation, who was expected to subscribe liberally. The amount put down disappointed them, and they told him so. "Oh," said he, "it's quite enough; as much as you've got any where else." "Nay," was the reply, "— has given double the sum." "So he should," rejoined our ready hero; "he goes twice as much as I do."

PASSING EVENTS.

FOREIGN.

Our last monthly chronicle reported current events to the 10th of August; this to the corresponding day of the succeeding month.

England. — Parliament was prorogued on the 29th of July till Oct. 17th; and in the Queen's speech of prorogation, she expressed the hope that all questions between her government and the United States, pertaining to Central America, may be adjusted without disturbing the friendly relations between the two countries. Her speech indicates her belief in the existence of unusual prosperity in her empire, and distinctly thanks her Indian colonies for their aid in the war of the Crimea. On the 31st, she reviewed 20,000 troops at Andershott Camp. The friends of the Christian Sabbath in this country are making a strong move to secure the better observance of the day. Petitions numerously signed are presented to the municipal authorities in sundry cities, praying for the suppression of music and other popular entertainments in the parks and public places during the day. Success to their efforts!

France. — Napoleon has re-opened the Protestant churches which were closed by government authority; but the Protestant schools still remain disbanded. The whole nation seems convulsed by suspicions, recently circulated, of the Queen's virtue. This teaches us the inestimable worth of perfect chastity, even where its law is so imperfectly regarded as in some parts of that Empire. We trust Napoleon will either punish these calumniators or banish his royal spouse.

Spain. — Late in July and early in August, the royal party triumphed over the insurrectionists. On the receipt of this news in Paris, Senor Olozaga, Ambassador of this nation in that city, resigned his office; but the Queen refused his resignation and urged his continuance in office, although of the radical party. It is anticipated that the constitution of 1837 or of 1845, will be restored. All the provinces were tranquil except Saragossa, where the radicals

would not capitulate. This place has subsequently yielded, so that the whole country is now subject to O'Donnell. Many of the contests have been fierce and sanguinary, especially at Barcelona, where the imperial troops triumphed in a barbarous manner. The immense ecclesiastical property has been secularized, and a large amount of it sold for the benefit of the State, in opposition to the Church functionaries. She invites free import of breadstuffs until June, 1857.

Portugal. — Her Cortez adopts the rules of the Paris Conference about letters of marque and neutral vessels in time of war, and also about arbitration as a means of settling disputes between nations. But the results [of that Conference relating to international polity are not equally acceptable in all other places. Holland, for instance, does not assent to the principle of arbitration prior to a resort to arms. The high price of bread and the Cereal grains occasioned several riots in different parts of the kingdom. The Asiatic cholera is reported to be in Lisbon.

Italy. — Austrian troops are said to have made preparation for crossing the Po, at several different points. The subject of transferring the seat of the papacy from Rome to Jerusalem, has long occupied the attention of the Pope and his Cardinals, and is said to be viewed with favor by them.

Sardinia. — The disaffection of this country with the Italian government excites the alarm of the latter, which probably invoked the aid of Austria in its behalf which has requested Napoleon to represent to Sardinia that a change of policy toward the Italian States is required for the tranquility of Europe. Does the rising power of Protestantism in this small State alarm the fear of the Pope, and render it necessary for him to invoke the aid of Austria and France?

Sweden. — At a recent interview which the French and Russian ambassadors had with the King of this country, it is rumored that Norway made a reclamation upon Russia for encroachments on Norwegian territory, and for fortifications projected on the coast of the Baltic Sea.

Denmark. — This country proposes to fortify the Sound, probably to terrify the nations into a continued and perpetual payment of the Sound Dues. Russia is said to second this movement.

Belgium. — The King contradicts the report that he is about to abdicate.

Prussia.—The King of Saxony is expected to be present at the interview between the sovereign of this country and the Emperor of Austria at Toplitz.

Russia.—This government has reduced her tariff on sugar; and this will influence trade in that article in this country. The Aland Islands are to be fortified. Trade is very animated in the Russian ports of the Baltic. The Czar's coronation was postponed to the 7th of last month.

Turkey.—Lord Stratford has sent Gen. Mansfield to inquire respecting the occupation by the Russians of the Isle of Serpents. The Russian commander of Kars has notified this government that he is ready to restore that city to this empire. An American with true Yankee enterprise is exploring the rivers of Asia Minor with reference to steam navigation. Reader, do not despair; you and I may yet take an excursion to the localities in that country where Paul labored. Commissioners are now in Constantinople endeavoring to devise a government for the Danubian Principalities.

Arabia.—The late insurrection has been suppressed and order restored; at least, such was the report by last advices from Constantinople.

India.—Reports have reached us via England, of an earthquake at Moluccas last spring, by which 2,000 persons lost their lives.

Central America.—Nicaragua is far from quiet; Walker's power declines. Another revolution has broken out at Costa Rica. The British Consul has been dismissed from Leon.

DOMESTIC.

California. The Vigilance Committee still bears sway over or instead of the government. Why does not the Executive send the national troops there as it pours them into Kansas, to support "the powers that be" and put down whatever opposers the same by force of arms?

The New Translation. It is probably known to most of our readers that a party in the Baptist denomination some time since resolved upon a new translation of the Holy Scriptures from the original Hebrew and Greek. This enterprise in its incipency called forth a warm discussion, and the ripest scholars in that sect, especially in New England opposed it. As the work advances the opposition appears from the journals of that denomination to increase. We think it is

probably destined to fail to command public confidence and patronage.

Politics. The political cauldron waxes warm. So far as State elections indicate the current of public sentiment, the record to this date stands thus ; for the next President, for Mr. Buchanan, the Democratic candidate, Kentucky, Missouri, Alabama, North Carolina, and Arkansas ; for Col. Fremont, the Republican candidate, Iowa, Maine and Vermont.

Crops. These are reported abundant both at home and abroad.

Kansas. The hostilities in this territory continue, and the Missourian invaders gather strength and cut off the connection of the Free State party with their friends in other States. Murders on each side are of frequent occurrence ; but reports are so distorted by politics, that it is difficult to ascertain the exact truth. There is much smoke, considerable fire, and some lead and iron ; yea, all the munitions and enginery of war. Sad fruits of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise !

The War with the Indians in the other Territories has terminated by their defeat.

Congress. This national council adjourned Monday, the 18th, after a session of eight months and a half. But its failure to pass the army appropriation bill, on account of the condition that no portion of the money which it appropriated should be expended to enforce by the national arms the enactments of the bogus legislature in Kansas, a condition to which the Senate objected, but the House of Representatives adhered, caused the President to order an extra session of Congress to commence on the following Thursday. The extra session commenced according to the proclamation of the Executive, and the houses organized by the re-appointment of their officers respectively ; and the army appropriation bill was re-introduced and finally passed without the Kansas proviso by a large majority in the Senate, and a smaller one in the House. It immediately adjourned, and many of the members hastened to their fields of labor for the electioneering campaign.

Amherst College. A circular signed by a committee of Alumni has been left at this office asking for aid in behalf of this literary institution from the Alumni and others, specifically for the enlargement of its library. Having ourselves once, and that quite recently, responded to this or a similar call, we can do little at present except to aid in giving publicity to the call, and invoking for it a generous response in the shape of *material* aid from those of our patrons who would inherit the promises made to the liberal. Let such send their donations to Prof. W. S. Clark, Amherst, Mass.







CLOAKS.

No. 1. As yet the season is too early to expect much novelty in the way of cloaks, but few having as yet been received by our dealers. We have, however been furnished as with a design which will, we trust, gratify a portion of the curiosity our sex is said to have inherited from "Mother Eve." The material is a fine grey beaver cloth, arranged in Talma form, the back cut bias and descending rather more than a yard in depth; the front is double, the extra cape being attached by means of a row of buttons placed between two rows of velvet, and extending down the full length of each shoulder; two rows of inch wide galloon are placed at intervals of an inch small black silk buttons. The double cape in front is bordered in like manner, and being some inches shorter than the under one, it forms a double border of trimming at the bottom, and up at the fronts, underneath the cape, is an opening for the arms, which may or may not be used, according to the fancy of the wearer, it being entirely concealed by the cape. The neck is finished with a small round collar, edged with velvet and adorned with a row of galloon trimming.

MORNING ROBE.

No. 2, Is a delicate morning robe of fine *Nansouk* muslin. The skirt is made long, reaching the floor; all round the bottom is bordered with a hem two inches wide, surmounted by a superb border of embroidery which extends the full length of the open fronts in a continuous vine of grape leaves, clusters of French lilacs and spray intermingled. The pattern gradually diminishes in width to the waist, and is continued in a delicate border to the collar; an inch distant from the embroidery are placed on either side sixteen fine tucks, which give a rich finish to the front. The back is slightly drawn and confined at the waist by a heavy white silk cord and tassels. A medium-sized collar adorned with a profusion of delicate embroidery, forms a finish to the neck. The sleeves are made long and gathered into a wide insertion band, terminated by a fall of embroidery of the same pattern as the collar. The under-skirt worn with this dress is simple and elegant; the bottom is enriched by forty small tucks which cover more than half the entire length of the skirt. A border of open embroidery, with deep scalloped edges forms a rich finish to the bottom. The top is inserted in a narrow yoke of fine linen neatly stitched.

No. 3, is a youth's walking costume. The coat is of the paletot form, cut double breasted with a rolling collar, with four buttons on the breast. The coat is in ended for cold weather, and is made reversible, of castor beaver on one side, edged with buffalo cloth, two inches wide on the other side is buffalo cloth stitched swelled edge. The pants are fancy cassimere, cut quite straight.

No. 4, is another style of walking suit. The outer garment is of the Raglan style. The material, castor soft beaver and buffalo cloth. This will be a very popular style of garment for the fall and winter season. The pants are of fancy cassimere, and worn with a narrow strap under the boot.

DISAPPOINTED—An eminent *savant* was introduced at an evening party, to a rather pert young lady. "Oh, Mr. —," she said, "I am delighted to meet you; I have so long wished to see you." "Well," said the man of science, "and pray what do you think of me, now you have seen me?" "You may be very clever," was the answer, "but you are nothing to look at."

BOOK NOTICES.

New Matches, for lighting pipes and cigars, and the best yet invented, beyond all doubt, are the excellent tracts of Rev. George Trask, on Tobacco. They require no friction to ignite them, being full of logic on fire and of hot love toward all who injure themselves and mankind by the use of that noxious weed. The first of these discusses the question—"Is the common use of tobacco a sin?" with distinguished ability, and special appropriateness to clergymen; the second is an appeal to physicians; the third to Christian professors; the fourth to friends of Temperance; the fifth to ladies; the sixth to young men; the seventh to scholars; the eighth to producers and sellers; the ninth to patriots, &c. Besides these, he has published and circulates a variety of other papers, as a letter descriptive of his mission with a sufficient number of testimonials; A Petition to Railroad Corporations, Facts for the Million, A Word in Defense of Tobacco, Illustrative Cuts, A Smoky World, Rum and Tobacco, Affinities of Tobacco, Amount and Cost of Tobacco. From the latter of these we derive the following facts:

The cost of one cigar a day, at six cents, amounts in forty years to \$3,373 22. In the city of New York \$10,000 a day are expended for cigars, and \$8,500 for bread. "It is estimated that there are 1,400 cigar manufactories in this country, employing 7,000 hands. Assuming that each manipulator makes 2,500 cigars in a week, which is as few as he can live by, the total per week is 17,500,000; and, in a year of forty-eight weeks, the number amounts to 840,000,000. At seven dollars per thousand, the valuation of this quantity is \$5,040,000, and adding fifty per cent. profit of jobber and retailer, the total is \$7,560,000. Adding the sum paid for imported cigars, \$6,184,364 (which is much below the mark), and the whole is \$13,744,364. Putting the smokers at five millions, and giving each consumer but 225 cigars a year, it is safe to say that the annual expenditure in this country for this luxury is thirty millions of dollars! Add to this the amount spent for chewing and smoking tobacco, and snuff, five millions, and we see that there is an enormous expense in this line. The sum total would support more than one hundred of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Says Dr. Coles, the American Churches pay five million dollars, annually, for this poison, in all its forms, and less than one million for the Gospel in foreign lands. At this rate, how soon will the Millennium come and bless our race?"

Success to the apostle of this reform!

"*The Signet-Ring and its Heavenly Motto*, translated from the German." This admirable little book has passed through several editions in its native country and in its English mission. Its "lesson is for all who have received spiritual good, but especially for those who are called to impart instruction, whether from the pulpit, or in more circumscribed spheres of Christian activity." It ought to be in every Sabbath School library and in every Christian family. May its mission in America be as successful as its labors in trans-Atlantic countries. Published by Gould & Lincoln, of this city.

"*The Family Christian Almanac*," for 1857, replete with its usual religious instruction and beautiful illustrations. It should take the place of Comic Almanacs in every family bearing the name of Christian. Published by the American Tract Society, and sold at 28 Cornhill, Boston.

We have received, and shall review in our next number:

"*Dred, a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp*," by Mrs. H. B. Stowe; published by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co.

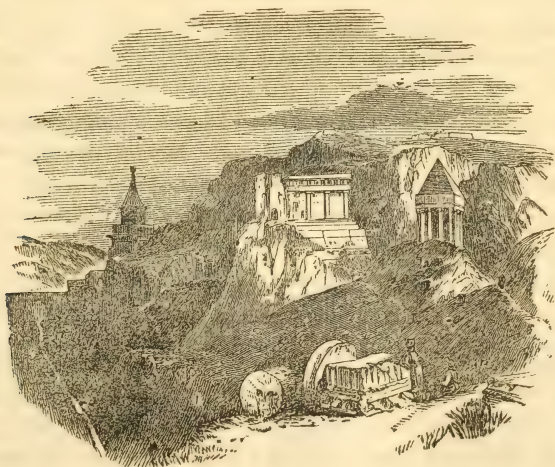
"*The Auto-Biography of a Blind Preacher*, including sketches and events of his own time, by Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, D. D." Published by J. P. Jewett & Co.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

Condensed from Rev. Prof. H. B. Hackett's Illustrations of Scripture. (See Map in preceding number.)

IN our last we gave our readers an account of Jerusalem and its suburbs, in the words of the author named at the head of this article. In this number we publish an abstract, principally from that work, in respect to other objects or localities in the same interesting spot. He describes the tombs in the valley of Jehoshaphat, through which runs the brook Kedron. Of these he particularizes that of Absalom, reared by himself, "to keep his name in remembrance" (2 Sam. 18 : 18); that of Zacharias, "slain between the temple and the altar (Matt. 23 : 35) ; and that of St. James. These are built either in the form of a temple, or chiselled out of solid rock ; and of them we give our readers a sample in the subjoined cut.



On the declivity of Olivet, toward the holy city, are many tombs and graves of Jews whose veneration for the land of their fathers

has led them to seek there a burial. The spot is related to Jerusalem, as Mount Auburn to Boston, or as Pere La Chaise to Paris.

"Leaving Gethsemane, we go down the valley, along a path a little to the east of the Kedron, and, in a few minutes, come to a cluster of remarkable tombs on our left. They have the form of beautiful temples; and two of them, instead of being constructed of stones laid upon each other, have been sculptured out of the rock in one solid mass. The most perfect of them is known as the tomb of Absalom; who, having no posterity, is said to have 'reared for himself a pillar in the king's dale, to keep his name in remembrance,' (2 Samuel 18, 18). One of them is called the tomb of Zacharias, the martyr of that name, who was 'slain between the temple and the altar,' (Matthew 23, 35). Another is commonly marked as the cave of St. James, because he is said to have taken refuge there on the night of the betrayal. The structures are, undoubtedly ancient; but show a style of decoration not earlier than the Roman age. It is possible that they may be older, and that the embellishments were added at a later period.

The ground behind these tombs, along the base and up the sides of Olivet, glitters with the white slabs, which cover the graves of the Jews buried there. The stones are slightly elevated, and marked with Hebrew inscriptions. This is their great cemetery; the one in which they esteem it so great a privilege to be interred. Still further back on the hill occurs a labyrinth of tombs, singularly intricate, which extend for a great distance under ground; they are called the Tombs of the Prophets, though for what reason is unknown. At the point where we now are, the Valley of Jehoshaphat is narrower than in any other part."

This valley extends the entire length of the city on the east side; and at the foot of Mount Moriah, a part of which is now called Ophel, joins the valley of Hinnom, which enters it from the south side. Along the bases of Mounts Moriah and Zion are pools, probably relics of the water-works of the ancient city. One of the most remarkable of these is doubtless the remains of Siloam, the tower of which "fell and slew eighteen persons" (Luke 13: 4). Milton's song of this rivulet has immortalized it, —

— "that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God."

Isaiah spoke of Shiloah, (8: 6,) a word which has been regarded by some as a derivation from the same root as the term Messiah, the Sent-one, the Messenger; and, therefore, its name directed the thoughts of those, resorting there, to Christ, a fact which may assist our interpretation of John 9: 7, and which makes the Saviour's command to the blind man tantamount to this; go, wash in that pool, be-

lieving in and submitting yourself to Him whose name it bears. Near this pool was "the king's garden."—Neh. 3 : 15.

South and west of this pool lies the valley of Hinnom, or Gehenna, where the offal and rubbish of the city was anciently cast, and where, for the consumption of the same, and the purification of the air, perpetual fires blazed. These, with the rough, natural features of the place, gave it a most terrific appearance, and rendered it both to the Jews and earlier Christians a significant emblem of hell.

South of this valley is the Hill of Evil Council, where Judas is said to have sold his Lord to the Jewish priests for \$15.45, with which he purchased Aceldama, or the field of blood, situated between that hill and the valley of Hinnom. Near this spot, on one of the cliff's overhanging this ravine, it is probable the traitor went and hanged himself, (Matt. 27 : 5) ; but the rope breaking, he fell headlong (Acts 1 : 18) upon the rocks beneath, "burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out."

On the west side of the city, opposite the south-western aspect of Zion, this valley expands into a broad plateau, with the famous plain of Rephaim on the west (Isa. 17 : 5 ; 2 Sam. 5 : 18 ;) and the Lower Gihon, or the largest of the reservoirs in the midst, six hundred feet in length, two hundred and fifty in breadth, and forty in depth. Nearly opposite the Jaffa gate, through which the road from Bethlehem goes into the city, the Upper Gihon (Isa. 36 : 2) from the west turns south and enters the Lower. Here, at the foot of Zion, is the ancient burial place of the Jews ; and here, too, are relics of the aqueduct conveying the water from Solomon's pools.

On the upper part of the plain, extending into the country, from the north side of the city, is a place called Scopus, where Titus, the Roman general, pitched his tent in his siege of Jerusalem. In the wall on the north-west side is the gate from which the road to Damascus leads, and which takes its name from that city. Still farther to the north-east are the tombs of the kings, the cave of Jeremiah, and Herod's gate, now walled up.

To a pious mind, few natural objects in the suburbs of Jerusalem are invested with so much interest as the Mount of Olives, directly east of the city. Its summit is two hundred feet above the metropolis. When Christ sat there, overlooking the doomed city, he was as the evangelist represents him, "over against the temple (Mark 13 : 3). Up this hill David and his company went weeping, when he fled from his rebellious son, Absalom (2 Sam. 15 : 30). The garden of

Gethsemane is on the northern part of its western declivity, and the Mount of Offence on the southern part of it. The valley of Jehoshaphat, the brook Kedron, the city, with its walls, gates and towers, is in full view. On the east lies the village of Bethany, the suburban home of our Saviour, and in the distance the Jordan, which looks much like the Hudson from the Catskill Mountain—a small blue line terminating south in the dark surface of the Dead Sea. On the south lie the hills about Bethlehem, also Tekoa, the birth-place of Amos, (1 : 1), and the Frank Mountain, the Beth-Haccerem of Jeremiah, (6 : 1). A little north of the birth-place of our Saviour begins the valley of Rephaim, where David vanquished the Philistines, (2 Sam. 5 : 18-22), a valley of great fertility and abundant harvests, (Isa. 16 : 6), which extends west north-west, some distance from Jerusalem. Six miles north-west of the city is the conical hill of Mizpeh, where Saul was chosen king, and not very remote from it the Beth-Herons, where Joshua pursued the Amorites, on whom the Lord rained hail-stones (Josh. 10 : 10). Farther north is Gibeon and Ajalon, where Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still. In our next number we shall close this abstract with Prof. Hackett's account of the modern city of Jerusalem, and with the site of the temple.

PASSING EVENTS.

FOREIGN.

OUR last issue chronicled events to the 10th of September; this, to the corresponding day of the succeeding month.

England.—The relations of this kingdom to France are not so pacific as they were formerly. A misunderstanding is reported between the Palmerston ministry and Napoleon on the present state of Spain; and the conservative party in the British realm would rejoice in the overthrow of his ministry. This has caused the English journals to modify their language on points in dispute between England and the United States. But the Central American questions, the most embarrassing of the subjects in this controversy, we regard as settled by the treaty between Honduras and Great Britain.

The crops in the fatherland are abundant, and prices of breadstuffs favorable to the laboring classes. The failure of the Royal British

Bank in London is likely to prove ruinous to all concerned in it, and excites much indignation. No minister has yet been appointed in place of Mr. Crampton, sent home by our Republic. The British government's difficulty with Mexico about her claims upon the latter, there is a fair prospect will be amicably adjusted. England has virtually abandoned her power over the Musquito territory. She has formed a treaty with Siam, by which her subjects can trade freely in all parts of that kingdom, but can reside only at Bangkok. Her fleet still remains in the Black Sea.

France.—The Emperor was dangerously sick in September, but last advices report him convalescent, and able to devote some attention to his public duties. The secret political societies were active in endeavors to overthrow the government, and it is impossible to say how soon another eruption of this volcano may be expected. Her government proposes to exchange her possessions in India for the island of Mauritius, and to purchase a part of the coast of Iceland for fishing stations. Her Algerian colony is insubordinate and requires an increase of the army stationed there. The large amount of grain received at Marseilles greatly reduces the price. The result of the Emperor's conference with the English minister at Biarritz is, that the latter consents to the dissolution of the Spanish Cortes, and the former consents to British intervention in the affairs of Naples. A second session of the Paris Conference is contemplated to settle the meaning of the treaty of the first, pertaining to the future rule of the Danubian principalities, and also to consider the present state of Switzerland and other European States. An Anglo-French fleet is destined for the Bay of Naples. The Bank of France has raised the rate of interest to six per cent.; so also have those of Prussia and of Russia.

Spain.—Her mobs have been quelled; her National Guards disbanded; the freedom of the press farther restricted; measures taken to restore her constitution of 1845; the leaders of the opposition exiled; and her difficulties with Mexico adjusted. M. Escalante, minister of this government at Washington, has resigned, probably in consequence of the change in the government of his country. The constitution, referred to above, has been promulgated.

Switzerland.—A collision recently took place between the Royalists or Prussian party and the Federal party, at Neufchatel, in which the

Councillor of State was arrested, and the Prussian flag hoisted. The Federal party subsequently re-took the town. The difficulty is likely to be adjusted between that government and Prussia. Report says that Napoleon favors the Prussian side of the question.

Austria, seeing the disturbed condition of the Italian States, proposes to interfere and subject some of them, as a means of preserving the peace. This roused the spirit of the Sardinians who have increased their army in anticipation of such an event.

Italy.—Discontent increases in this country, and with it also the Austrian force to maintain the peace. The despotic power may turn the screw once too much in its effort to crush the Roman heart, earnest for liberty.

Naples.—This government partakes of the unquiet state of Italy. A programme and proclamation of revolution, being freely circulated and very numerous signed, have alarmed the rulers and governmental officials. The king evinces a more conciliatory spirit, and has addressed notes to England and France in manifestation of it, and shows an intention to appease his excited subjects. The state of this government excites the attention of the rest of Europe. England and France contemplate an expedition there, in which it is rumored other European nations will join. If Austria and Russia shall espouse her cause against the other powers we should see the greater part of Europe again involved in war.

Belgium.—An International Free Trade Convention has been held in Brussels, discussing the tendency toward free trade for the last ten years, obstacles to it, the means of promoting it, and criticisms on objections against it—an excellent theory which will find a corresponding practice probably in the Millennium.

Denmark maintains her claim to the Sound Dues.

Turkey is fortifying both sides of the Danube with the approbation of Austria, and the troops are at Kalafat, on the left bank of the river.

Russia, which was reported to be resuming and prosecuting vigorously her war upon Circassia, it now appears, meditated no such design. She has evacuated Kars without demolishing her fortifications in and about the place. The Czar's coronation has passed; and it is

rumored that he labors to adjust the religious differences between the Greek Church of his empire and the Roman See. But his investment of O'Donnel with the cordon of the Legion of Honor, and his attention to Count Morney are not pleasing to Britain. This country and Turkey have resumed diplomatic relations; and the former remains firm in her possession of the Isle of Serpents.

Cuba has witnessed a tornado peculiarly destructive to her shipping. British ships continue to land Coolies on her shores; two lately landed large cargoes, in one of which a hundred had died on the voyage. This, worse than the African slave trade, does not argue well for the progress of civilization and morals in the nineteenth century.

South America.—An attempt at revolution had been made at Valpariso, but was unsuccessful. Another was expected at Montevideo.

DOMESTIC.

Kansas.—Gov. Geary with the aid of the troops under Gen. P. F. Smith, uses his utmost endeavors to maintain law and order, and to disperse the armed bands, both of the pro-slavery and of the free state parties.

California.—The most important item of news from this foreign state of our national confederacy is the formal, and, we trust, final surrender on the part of the Vigilance Committee of all the authority usurped and exercised by them to the constituted rulers of the government. Her auriferous districts continue to yield their supply of gold, more than thirty millions of dollars having been sent to other parts of the country.

Exhibitions.—Horticultural and Agricultural Exhibitions abound, of which that of the American Pomological Society at Rochester, N. Y., and of the United States Agricultural Society at Philadelphia, are chief; of each of the latter Hon. Marshall P. Wilder is the presiding officer. These gala days as seasons of mutual instruction are exceedingly useful; but, whether they may not be multiplied too much, we doubt. In this Commonwealth, we think, there is now one in each county, while several of the large counties have two or three, and the demand thereby made upon the public treasury is large.

The Franklin Statue was placed on its pedestal in front of the City Hall, on School Street, Boston, on the 17th of September, with

appropriate ceremonies and speeches, a fit memorial of the prince of American philosophers.

Ovations.—Several of these have occurred in different parts of the Union in honor of the members of Congress by their constituency. In this we rejoice so far as they are an honor to the honorable. But when we read of large assemblies in the South called together to reward such a representative as Brooks, of South Carolina, and in the report of them read not a word in condemnation of his outrage of Senator Sumner, nor of his challenge of Representative Burlingame, we feel no more sympathy with them than we do with some of our neighbors who crowd around that Massachusetts Representative and vie with each other in honoring him, without uttering their condemnation of his acceptance of a challenge from the South Carolina delegate.

THE WINTER NELIS PEAR.

What fruit is more delicious than the pear? He who adds a new variety of real value to our list is a benefactor. This, of which we

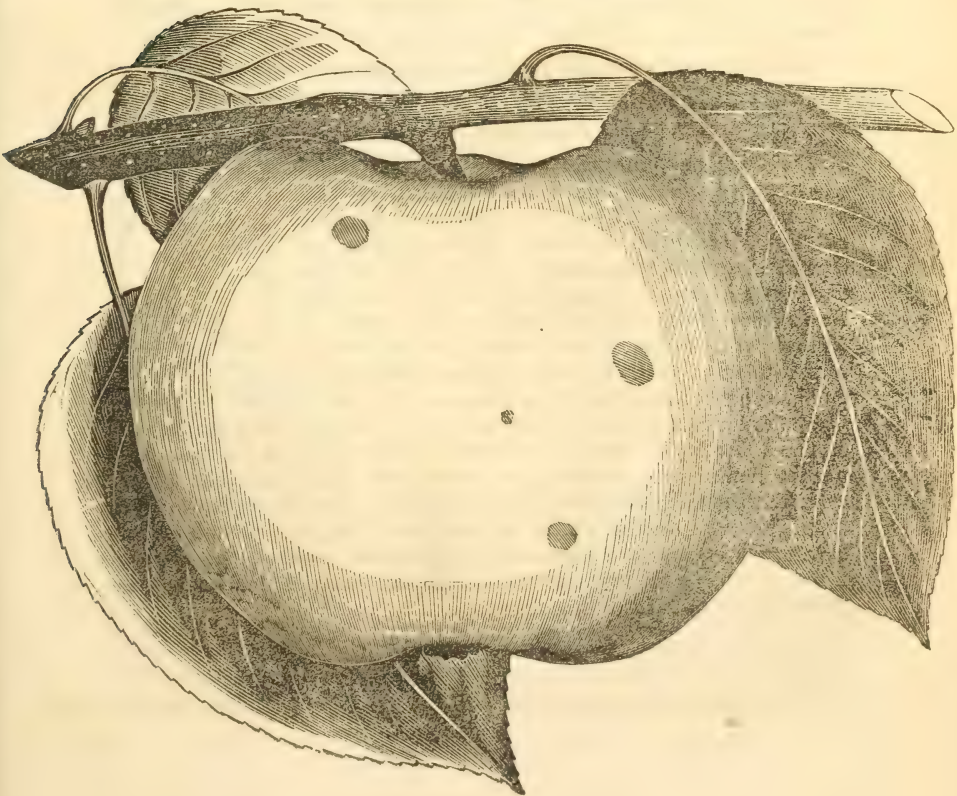
give a portrait, was produced by Mr. A. Lackey, of Marblehead. Of it, Mr. Downing remarks :—

“The Winter Nelis holds, in our estimation, nearly the same rank among winter pears, that the Seckel does among the Autumnal varieties. We consider it *unsurpassed* in rich, delicious flavor, and indispensable to every garden, however small. It is a very hard and thrifty tree, and bears regular crops of pears, which always ripen well, and in succession. Branches diverging, rather slender, light olive.

It is a Flemish pear, and was originated, above twenty years since, by M. Nelis, of Mechlin.

Fruit of medium size, or usually a little below it, roundish obovate, narrowed-in near the stalk.—Skin yellowish-green at maturity, dotted with gray russet, and a good deal covered with russet patches and streaks, especially on the sunny side. Stalk an inch and a half long, bent, and planted in a narrow cavity. Calyx open, with stiff, short divisions, placed in a shallow basin. Flesh yellowish white, fine grained, buttery and very melting, abounding with juice, of a rich, saccharine, aromatic flavor. In perfection in December, and keeps till the middle of January.”

DANVERS WINTER SWEET APPLE.



The production of new and valuable varieties of winter sweetings deserves more attention than it has hitherto received. We have some excellent sorts. But labor and skill may easily multiply them many-fold. The variety at the head of this article is thus described in the *New England Farmer*:—

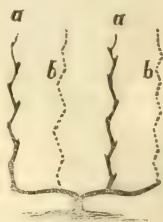
“Fruit of medium size, roundish oblong. Skin smooth, dull yellow, with an orange blush. Stalk slender, inclining to one side. Calyx set in a smooth, narrow basin. Flesh yellow, firm, sweet and rich. It bakes well, and is fit for use the whole winter, and often until April.”

GRAPE PRUNING.

The cultivation of the vine is increasing in this country with amazing rapidity; and in Ohio and some other states its fruit is already an article of extensive merchandise; It is an ornament to the border; and its clusters rank among the richest luxuries which crown our tables. The wines, manufactured from them, may be taken advantageously, Paul being judge, for the stomach's sake and the often infirmity, provided the infirmity do not recur too frequently.

This crop for the present year has been gathered, and as the season for pruning the vine is at hand, we lay before our readers Mr. Cole's recommendations in his Fruit Book:—

The Cane, or Renewal System.—The first season one branch is trained up; in the fall this is cut back to 3 or 4 eyes, and the next season another is trained up, and the first is extended; both are then laid down and trained horizontally, near the surface; and from each a cane is trained up, (*a. a.*) The next season these will bear fruit, and two more canes, (*b. b.*) trained up to bear fruit the next season, when *a, a* are cut out near the horizontal branch, leaving one eye, and new shoots trained, and so on. Dr. W. C. Chandler, of South Natick, Mass., trains in this way, and he has sent us fine Isabellas an inch in diameter. Some train up the main vine perpendicularly on a building, to a convenient place, and then extend canes horizontally, and then renew as above. The cane system gives excellent fruit, as it is always on new wood; but the yield is generally larger by spur or fan training. The canes should be as much as 2 feet apart. If the vine is strong, the horizontal branches may be extended, so as to have 8, or 10 canes.

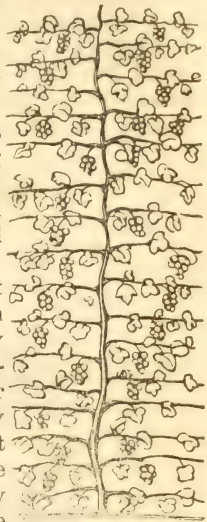


The Cane System.

The Spur System is the training up of the main stem, and of spurs horizontally, cutting back the spurs annually, to 2, 3, or 4 eyes of the new wood, according to the strength of the vine, and number of the spurs.

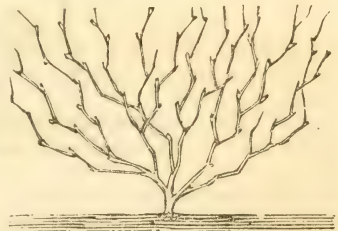
When the spurs have extended too far, cut out a part, yearly, training up new ones, thus changing all the wood to new; and as the vines become old and unproductive, cut down part at a time, and train up new ones. This will combine the cane and spur method, and is an excellent system.

The Fan or Tree System, or other convenient modes, are practised in vineyards, and in common garden culture, or in training grapes in yards, by walls, trees, buildings, &c. In gardens or vineyards, a trellis may be formed by setting posts, or stakes 6 or 8 feet high, and nailing on narrow strips of boards, or stakes alone are sufficient, if set 15 or 20 inches apart. In vineyards, where the vines are about 3 or 4 feet apart, sometimes only one stake is set to a vine, and the lateral or oblique branches are trained to the neighboring stakes.



The Spur System.

Pruning of grapes is not generally well understood. Some do not prune at all the proper season; they have a mass of vines and only a little fruit, and that poor. Another absurdity, which is often added to the above, is cutting off the young shoots in summer, just above the fruit, and sometimes still worse, picking off the leaves to expose the fruit to the sun.



The sap ascends to the leaves, and there mingles with matter, absorbed by the foliage, then it is digested, or elaborated into food, which descends to nourish the plant. So essential are the leaves, that the blight on the foliage destroys the fruit, and a frequent repetition is death to the plant. The leaves, not the fruit, should be exposed to the sun. We urge this point, as thousands mistake, and grapes are generally mismanaged.

As pruning the vine young prevents the growth of the roots, but little should be done for a year or two after it is set. In November, or early in December, all vines in open culture should be pruned liberally. If pruning in spring, before leaved out, they will bleed; they may bleed in spring if pruned in winter. In pruning rather tender vines, leave more wood than is needed, as some may be killed, and finish pruning in spring, as soon as the leaves are nearly developed, when the life of the vine may be seen. In summer allow a good growth beyond the fruit, and about midsummer, pinch off the ends of

the branches, to check them, and cut out feeble laterals, and branches on which there is no fruit; then there will be much foliage to absorb the matter, and prepare nutriment; and by checking the growth of wood, it will be appropriated to perfect the fruit. The two great errors are in neglecting to cut off useless wood in the fall, and in depriving the plant of useful foliage by close pruning in summer.



Fig. 1.—Portion of a grape vine in bearing, representing the bearing branches, from the sides of a last year's vine.

We also give our readers a valuable article on the same subject from the *Country Gentleman*:—

“I do not trim on the renewal system, and I find that this year's shoots that are to be next year's bearers, if kept without any trimming, fling out such a protrusion of side-shoots that they become altogether too thick; and by trimming them on, the bud which should be left to grow next spring, will grow this summer and produce a crop of grapes. I had grapes on such vines this year that were about full grown when frost came. I cannot keep the vines thin enough without taking off the side-shoots. I also wish to ask whether, in grafting the vine, if we have little vines up, shall we graft them, and then set them out as we do root-grafted apple trees, or must they be cut off below the surface and be grafted when they are growing?”

[Our experience suggests that, if *taken up* and whip grafted, and then planted out, they are sure to succeed; cover the scion with earth up to the topmost bud.—ED. FARMER.]

In compliance with the request of our correspondent, and in reply

to frequent inquiries, we furnish a few hints on pruning the grape, which we shall endeavor to make sufficiently plain by reference to figures, that inexperienced cultivators may easily understand them. A well-pruned vine will not only produce *earlier* fruit, but it will be larger and incomparably superior than on one left to struggle without care.

There are two leading principles that should be always observed in pruning the grape, whatever may be the particular mode adopted. The first is, that the vine *always bears the fruit on the present year's shoots*, which have sprung from buds on the previous year's growth, (Fig. 1.)—Secondly, that the full growth and perfect ripening of the *fruit* depends wholly on the healthy, well developed *leaves*, which supply food to the forming berries, and hence the growth must not be allowed to become so thick that the leaves cannot properly develop themselves, nor should the vines be trimmed so closely that there shall not be leaves enough for the perfection of the fruit. These two facts must be always borne in mind by those who would raise the best grapes. These being understood, we now proceed to the details of pruning.

FIRST YEAR.—When a vine is first procured from the nursery in spring, it is usually furnished with several irregular shoots of the previous summer's growth, resembling Fig. 2. These should be all closely pruned to the older wood, leaving only the strongest, and this should be cut back so as to leave but two or three buds, (Fig. 3.) These buds will grow, and when only a few inches in length, the strongest shoot must be selected, and the others rubbed off. This single shoot is allowed to grow till about the first of autumn. After this period, the new leaves and wood that are formed, cannot mature perfectly, and their growth will be in some degree at the expense of the matter forming in the previous portion of the shoot. Its growth should be therefore stopped by pinching off the end. This will assist in maturing and strengthening the vine. Any *side-shoots* that appear during the summer, or any smaller shoots that happen to spring up from the stump, should be kept rubbed off as fast as they appear, as they withdraw and divide the nourishment received from the roots.



Fig. 2.—Vine as obtained from nursery.
with straggling shoots.



Fig. 3.—The same pruned
when set out.

SECOND YEAR.—The single strong shoot made the first year, (Fig. 4,) should be cut down to three or four buds, only *two* shoots from which should be allowed to grow, the others being rubbed off, and the lateral shoots, should any appear, being removed as already described.

The autumnal shortening of the two shoots as above stated is also necessary. The judgment of the cultivator will teach him, that if the



Fig. 4.—Growth at end of first summer from setting out.



Fig. 5.—Growth at end of second summer from setting out.

transplanted vine is small or weak the first year, and makes but a few feet growth, the same first year's process must be gone over again the second year, until the vine becomes strong enough to send up a shoot at least some nine or ten feet in length, when the "second year's" operation may be commenced upon it.—Any fruit which sets should be removed, as the vine is not yet strong enough to bear and support a vigorous growth at the same time.

THIRD YEAR.—The two shoots made during the second year, (Fig. 5,) are now extended each way horizontally, and fastened to the newly erected trellis. This may be done at the end of the second year, or early in the spring of the third. These horizontal branches, termed *arms*, are to be cut back at the same time, so as to leave two good buds on each, so that four shoots, two on each side, may spring up from them; the same care as formerly being observed to remove suckers or supernumerary shoots and side branches, and to give the autumn shortening. None of the fruit bunches should be allowed to

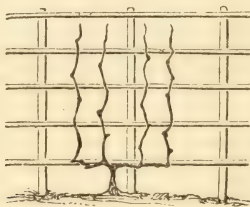


Fig. 6.—Growth at end of third summer from setting out.

remain. The four shoots, as they advance in growth, should be tied to the trellis, in the position that the figure represents.

FOURTH YEAR.—Two shoots or canes are suffered to remain in their position upon the trellis, merely cutting them down to three or four feet. You will throw out from each bud side-shoots, which are

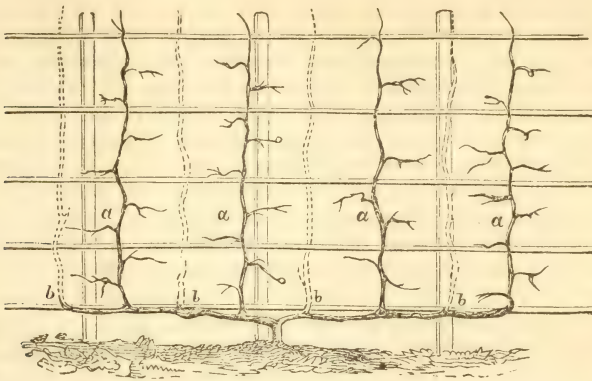


Fig. 7.—A full grown grape vine, trained on the alternate or renewal system—the dark vines, the present year's bearers—the dotted ones, growing this year, for bearing next.

the fruit-bearers, and on each of these spurs one or two bunches of grapes may be allowed to remain and ripen; the ends of these spurs or side-shoots being pinched off, as shown at *c*, Fig. 1. All other bunches should be rubbed off as soon as they form. The other two or outer shoots should, early in the same spring, (or late the previous autumn,) be laid down horizontally so as to form an extension or continuation of the *arms*, and at the same time be shortened to within about two feet of the ends of the previous arms. Two buds should be allowed to grow on each of these horizontal portions, one of which is to be trained upon the trellis for another bearing branch, and the other to serve for a continuation of the arms, as before, no bunches being allowed to grow on them. In this way, two new bearing shoots are added yearly, until the entire space intended for the vine on the trellis is filled.

We have already remarked, at the beginning of the previous paragraph, that the two upright shoots are cut down to three or four feet. A bud should be allowed to grow at their upper ends, from which all bunches are to be removed, so that they may serve to extend their length upwards, till the full height of the trellis is attained.

There are two modes of treating vines trained in this way. One is what is termed *spur-pruning*, and the other the *long-cane* or *renewal* system. Theoretically speaking, there is but little difference between them; but they are quite different in practice. We have already remarked that the bunches are borne on the present season's shoots. In *spur-pruning*, these shoots are thrown out yearly from the sides of a *permanent* upright shoot, and are cut back yearly, for new ones to spring out from the buds left at their base in pruning.

In the *long-cane* or *renewal* system, every alternate stem is cut wholly down to the horizontal arm; so that, while last year's upright

shoot is furnishing a crop of grapes this year,—this year's shoot is growing (free from all bunches,) for a similar crop for next year. No shoot, therefore, remains above the arms longer than two years.

Spur-pruning is best adapted to slowly growing sorts, (chiefly exotics,) which cannot produce a full-length branch in one year. The renewal system is best for the most vigorous American varieties, which will grow fifteen or twenty feet in a year. Fig. 7 exhibits distinctly a vine trained to a trellis, and treated on the renewal system, the dark shoots being the present season's bearers, and the dotted lines showing the growth of the canes for bearers next year, while new ones are growing in the places of this year's bearers.

Summer pruning, which consists in the removal of all supernumerary shoots and bunches as fast as they appear, and in pinching off the ends of bearing shoots, after enough leaves have formed, is of great consequence. Vines left to themselves, even after a thorough spring pruning, soon have such a profusion of leaves and branches, that none can perfectly develop themselves, and the fruit is consequently small, the bunches meagre, and the ripening late. The summer pinching of the ends of the bearing shoots should be cautiously done, and not before the grapes are about half grown; four or five leaves, at least, should be left on every one, above the last bunch, and never more than two bunches be allowed on each bearing fruit.

The old vine should never be allowed to rise a foot from the ground—the lower it is kept, the easier the vine will be managed, and the freer it may be kept from suckers. Some of the best cultivators bury the old stump beneath the soil.

BOOK NOTICES.

"*The Martyr of Sumatra*, a memoir of Henry Lyman, published by Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway. New York." This biography of our beloved friend, who closed his eventful life by sealing the truth of Christianity with his blood, deserves to be a religious classic in Zion, placed in all our Sabbath schools and families, side by side with those of Martyn, Brainard, Williams, and others who have rendered most valuable service in the visible kingdom of Christ, and inherit the promises made to those who endure hardness, brave dangers and sacrifice their lives for His glory, and from the love they bear to a perishing world. Our only regret in laying down the volume was that its editor, who can write so well, and who, in this instance, has executed the work with such admirable skill, should have been induced, for motives of delicacy, or any other consideration, to withhold his name from the public. Our chief delight was with that part of the book in which the charge of rashness and imprudence, so often brought and industriously circulated against our beloved brethren, is triumphantly refuted and traced to its true source in the desire of an official to exculpate himself. Christians of every denomination, by the perusal of this book, will find their faith and hope strengthened, their Christian love kindled to a holy flame, their minds elevated and purified, their usefulness increased and their preparation for heaven promoted.

We are obliged to omit our notice of the following books:—"Dred," "The Bibliotheca Sacra," and "Sheet Music."

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

The following description of the present city of Jerusalem and site of the temple is by Rev. Prof. Hackett, in his *Illustrations of Scripture* :—

“We now enter the city for the purpose of naming rather than describing the objects or places of Scripture interest which the devastations of time have spared. The present Jerusalem, viewed apart from its history, presents very little claim to our notice. The population, including the Jews and Europeans, is supposed not to exceed seventeen thousand.* The houses are built either of lime or of stone; the former are mere hovels; the latter are more substantial, but generally not large, and without any pretension to elegance. The low windows, guarded with iron grates, give to many of them a dreary, prison-like appearance. The streets are narrow and crooked; some of them are darkened, by means of mat or stone arches thrown over them for the purpose of excluding the heat. The bazaars, in comparison with those of Cairo or Damascus, are few and poorly furnished. A few gardens only occur within the city; though the ground is very far from being all occupied. In the Jews’ quarter is a large tract, partially overrun with the Indian fig or prickly-pear, and partly covered with ruins and rubbish of every sort. Bezetha, a hill at the north end, between the Damascus gate and St. Stephen’s gate, offers many vacant “lots,” which might be cultivated or used for the erection of buildings. In one place, just within the gate of St. Stephen, on the right hand, I noticed two or three Arab tents spread out and occupied after the manner of the desert. What a contrast does this state of Jerusalem offer to the ancient city! The Psalmist (122 : 3, 4), represents a company of pilgrims, on entering the gates, as lifting up their eyes to the scene around them, and exclaiming with admiration :

“O, Jerusalem! thou art builded
As a city compacted together,
Whether the tribes go up,
The tribes of Jehovah, as prescribed to Israel.”

The meaning is that Jerusalem was built up in all its parts; and, unlike what it now is, had no unoccupied room, no waste places.

*Schultz, in his *Jerusalem*, Eine Vorlesung, p. 33.

House adjoined house; edifices filled the ample circuit; Jerusalem, the Psalmist would say, answered then to the ideal of a city.

The site of the temple is a part of the city concerning which no doubt can be entertained. The present area of the great Mosque corresponds very nearly with the ground which the temple and its appurtenances occupied. It embraces a space almost equal to one third of the city. It has the form of a parallelogram; the longer sides of which run from north to south. It is surrounded by a high wall, which is the same as that of the city on the east, and in part on the south; but is a separate one on the north and west sides. It is the summit of the ancient Moriah, which was cut down in one part and built up in another, so as to furnish a proper level for the erection of the temple. This, probably, was the mount on which Abraham was called to sacrifice his son, as a test of his obedience to the divine will. It was used as a threshing-floor in the time of David, (1 Chronicles 21: 15, seq.) and was added to the city by Solomon. It may be hoped that the time is near when the bigotry of the Mahomedans will be so far relaxed as to allow Christians to enter and explore this hitherto unopened field. Important discoveries await those who shall be the first to enjoy this opportunity."

PASSING EVENTS.

FOREIGN.

Our last number chronicled events to the 10th of October; the present which we are obliged to issue a little in advance of our usual time of publication extends to the middle of November.

England witnesses considerable alarm among the high churchmen, an account of the impeachment of an archdeacon for heresy on the subject of the sacraments. A commissioner has forbidden preaching in the parks of London on Sabbath, professedly because it furnished occasion for infidels to harangue the populace; but really, it is believed, from a reluctance to have it withdraw the attention of the multitude from the Sunday bands which are hired to play for the public entertainment. A very worthy effort is in progress in the cities and large towns of the kingdom to canvas every district for Sabbath school scholars. May we not learn a valuable lesson from this example? The money market in middle and latter part of October was very stringent. Britain is said to be opposed to the reassembling of the Paris Conference.

France has been much distressed by the large drafts upon the national bank, which indicate a want of confidence among capitalists in the government and a distressing state of public finances. Suspension of specie payments has been feared. This calamity the Emperor labors to avert; but there is some reason to fear that it may be beyond his power. The Rothschilds are said to have loaned the bank 6,400,000 roubles in gold. The monetary panic began to abate soon after the twentieth of October. But the high prices of provision had not at that date abated, and the distress of the poor classes was very great, both from this source and also in some places from an advance in the amount of their rents. Another revolution was feared. To us it savors of the ridiculous to read in one paragraph of Napoleon sporting by day and frolics in balls and banquets in the evening, and in the next of the distress of the finances of his kingdom, of the starvation of his subjects, and similar national calamities. But great men are not always wise.

Switzerland has witnessed the release of the Neufchatel prisoners, and, in the event of the reassembling of the Paris Conference, proposes to be represented.

Spain.—With the establishment of the new government the papacy seems determined to put down, what it calls heresy, by force. M. de Mora, a convert from Romanism, was assaulted in the streets of Madrid by a relative of the Vicar General, and subsequently cast into prison, where his health and life were endangered. The fall of O'Donnell and the restoration of Narvaez occurred on Sunday, Oct. 12th, but as the latter minister is not considered a friend of liberty, he is not likely to secure popular favor. Why is God shaking so terribly the earth, especially those parts of it where the papacy has its seat, as this country, Italy and Naples? Narvaez administration appears to be no more popular than those of O'Donnell and Espatero.

Denmark has agreed to a reduction of the land transit tax, as it is supposed, in preparation for a corresponding reduction of the Sound Dues. Such a measure may prove satisfactory to contiguous nations, but whether it will be so to England, Russia and the United States that have little use for the land transit, but much for the navigation of the Sound, admits of serious doubt.

Italy.—The state of this country is very unquiet. The popular clamor for reform; but the ecclesiastics and officials are equally earnest for the preservation of the present condition of the government and of the church.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany adopts and pursues a course opposite to that of Neapolitan governments, quieting his disaffected subjects by concessions, and evincing a disposition to adopt the Constitution of 1848.

Sardinia has taken a noble stand against the aggression and tyranny of the papacy, and sympathises strongly with the populace of the Italian States; and evidently looks with expectation of aid from England and France.

Naples, encouraged by Austria, sides with the conservative party in Italy, and is liable to incur the displeasure of England and France, for her interference and her exposure of the peace of Europe. The Emperor of Austria has sent a letter to the king to remonstrate against his rigorous policy, and to persuade him to milder and more tolerant measures. The king, in turn, has despatched a defence of his course to the principal courts of Europe. The British and French ministers have been recalled, an act, which their governments say, should not be regarded as a declaration of war. King Ferdinand, in his royal clemency, resolves to keep his own ministers in these courts, unless they are sent home. Is this one of his conciliatory measures of which Austria talks so loudly?

Turkey manifests great interest for the tranquility of Syria, and still directs her attention to the Danubian principalities. The Island of Serpents has been abandoned by the Russians, and become again the possession of Turkey.

DOMESTIC.

Several tribes of the Indians have recently exhibited unusual signs of hostility, which called for the interposition of our national troops stationed on the frontier, and in Oregon and some other territories.

The news from *California* continues to be more favorable as to the public peace, to the harvest and the production of the mines.

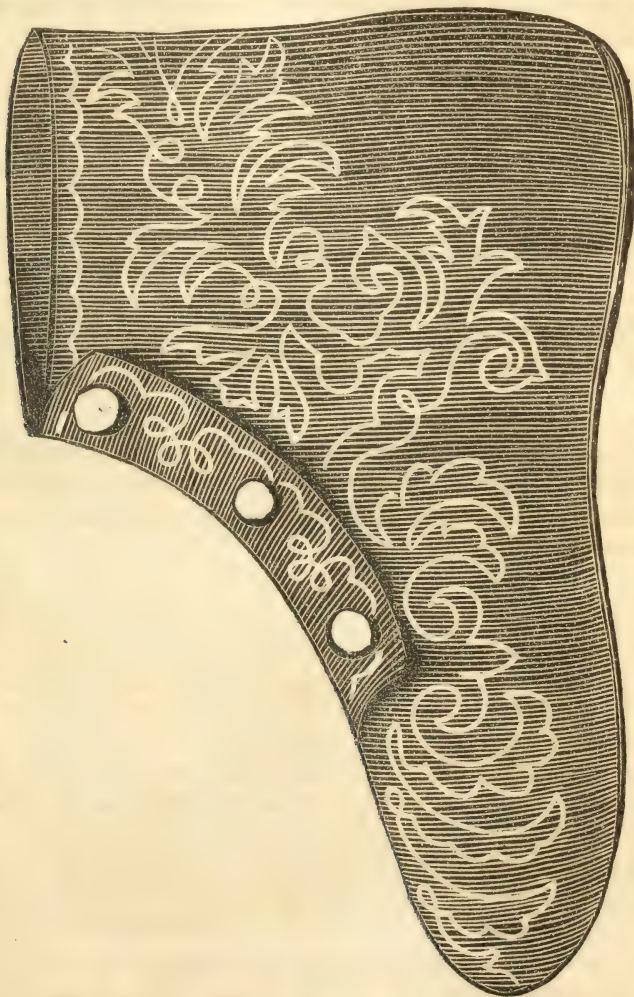
The Presidential canvass has terminated in favor of Mr. James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, the Democratic candidate, of fair fame as a ripe scholar, a Christian gentleman, and a profound statesman.

The telegraph has been completed, and is in operation between the main land and St. Johns, in Newfoundland, by sub-marine wire; and a company has been formed in London, and one-half the capital requisite for the enterprise has been subscribed, to extend the same from the latter place to the coast of Ireland. The prospect is, that we shall soon be able to sit in our easy chairs [at home, and by the mystic wires speak round the globe.

EMBROIDERY.

BABY'S BOOT.

In this department we select from our exchanges the following useful specimen :—



Materials.—White and blue Berlin wool, quarter ounce of each ; needle No. 16.

With the colored wool make a chain of 9 stitches, and work one row in double crotchet ; after this row increase by making one loop at the beginning and end of each row.

2nd row.— 2 blue, 2 white ; repeat.

3rd row.—1 white, (a) 2 blue above the blue in last row, 2 white ; repeat from (a.)

4th row.—2 blue above the white in last row, 2 white above the blue ; repeat.

5th row.—1 white, (a) 2 blue, 2 white ; repeat from (a.) work those four last rows 4 times ; which finishes the front. For the sides work 10 stitches of the front, repeating the pattern 10 times, then join this to the front, and work a row of open crotchet all round. For the leg, work with white wool 2 chain, 2 long ; repeat all round. 2nd row.—2 chain, 2 long, making the first long above the second long of previous round, and second above the first chain ; repeat all round ; repeat this row 6 times, finishing with a row of double crotchet. Work a fringe as follows, with the blue wool, round the top of the boot, and above the row of open crotchet, worked across the instep and around the shoe. Hold the wool loosely, pass the needle through the first stitch, and draw the wool through and make a chain stitch ; work thus in every loop. For the sole make a chain of 8 stitches with the white wool, and work backward and forward in double stitch crotchet, that is taking both loops ; work 8 rows, increasing at each edge ; work 7 rows without increasing, then 5, decreasing at each edge, then 6 rows without decreasing, then 3 rows increasing, then 5 without increasing ; now decrease in the next row, which finishes the whole, sew it to the boot, and pass a narrow ribbon through the open round above the instep."



INFANT'S BOOT.

"Black buck-skin, with the braiding pattern cut out, and scarlet cloth placed under : or black velvet, or cloth, with the braid run on in the usual way. The former, though the most durable, is exceedingly difficult, especially with this pattern."



GEMS AND APHORISMS.

SINGULAR SWISS CUSTOM.—In the large towns the children of similar age and sex are gathered together by their parents in little societies called *societies des dimanches*. These little clubs are composed of twelve or fourteen children, selected by the parents with a view to their adaptedness to amuse and benefit each other. They meet in turn at the houses of the different parents once a week. Their nurses are with them, and the time is spent in amusements common to children. As they grow older these amusements are combined with instruction. This kind of intimacy creates friendships which last long after they are dispersed and scattered over the world, and even through life. Girls thus linked together in childhood retain their affection in maturer life, and even in womanhood distinguish each other by the tender appellations of "*ma mignonne*," "*mon cœur*," "*mon ange*."—This is one great reason why the Swiss society is so exclusive, and it is so difficult for a stranger to press beyond its mere formalities. The rank of the husband in Switzerland depends altogether upon that of his wife. Immediately on their marriage he steps into her rank, be it above or below that which he formerly occupied.—*Observer*.

The Seneca Indians have a law to the effect that no treaty is valid without the consent of two-thirds of the mothers of the tribe.

READING AND THINKING.—You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

God hears the heart without words, but he never hears words without the heart.

They that drive away time, spur a free horse.

As often as a man lays out for God, he lays up for himself.

Be lively but not light; solid but not sad.

Speak not well of yourself, nor ill of others.

To render good for evil is God-like; to render good for good is man-like, to render evil for evil is beast-like; to render evil for good is devil-like.

Christian graces are like perfumes; the more they are pressed, the sweeter they smell; like stars, that shine brightest in the dark; like trees, the more they are shaken, the deeper root they take, and the more fruit they bear.

Sin is like a bee, with honey in its mouth, but a sting in its tail.

As every shred of gold is precious, so is every minute of time.

A Christian's birth is like the *Red Sea* that brings him into the wilderness, his death is like *Jordan*, that brings him into CANAAN.

He that prays, "God help the poor," and aids them not, need not expect his prayers will rise above his own head.

TO THE GIRLS.—Mrs. Swisshelm says: "The secret you dare not tell your mother is a dangerous secret, one that will be likely to bring you sorrow."

A POOR ENDORSER.—A worthy but poor minister requested the loan of fifty dollars from the cashier of a bank; and in the note requesting the favor, he said that if the cashier would oblige him, he would "pay him in ten days, on the faith of Abraham." The Cashier returned word that by the rules of the bank, the endorser of a note must reside in the State.

INCIDENTS AND HUMOR.

"SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY."—A plain marble stone, in a New England churchyard, bears this brief inscription, "She always made home happy."

This epitaph was penned by a bereaved husband, after sixty years of wedded life. He might have said of his departed wife, she was beautiful and accomplished and an ornament to society, and yet not have said she made home happy. He might have added, she was a Christian, and not have been able to say, "She always made home happy."

What a rare combination of virtues and graces this wife and mother must have possessed. How wisely she must have ordered her house. In what patience she must have possessed her soul. How self-denying she must have been. How tender and loving. How thoughtful for the comfort of all about her.

Her husband did not seek happiness in public places, because he found purer and sweeter enjoyments at home.

Her children, when away, did not dread to return, for there was no place to them so dear as home. There was their mother thinking for them, and praying for them, and longing for their coming.

When tempted, they thought of her. When in trouble, they remembered her kind voice and ready sympathy. When sick they must go home; they could not die away from their dear mother.

This wife and mother was not exempt from the cares common to her place. She toiled; she suffered disappointments and bereavements; she was afflicted in her own person, but yet she was submissive and cheerful. The Lord's will concerning her was her will, and so she passed away, leaving this sweet remembrance behind her: "She always made home happy."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

HOUSEWIFERY.

TO PRESERVE CURRANTS.—Take ripe currants, free from stems; weigh them, and take the same weight of sugar; put a teacup of sugar to each pound of it; boil the syrup until it is hot and clear; then turn it over the fruit; let it remain one night; then set it over the fire, and boil gently, until they are cooked and clear; take them into the jars or pots with a skimmer; boil the syrup until rich and thick; then pour it over the fruit. Currants may be preserved with ten pounds of fruit to seven of sugar. Take the stems from seven pounds of the currants, and crush and press the juice from the remaining three pounds; put them into the hot syrup, and boil until thick and rich; put it in pots or jars, and the next day secure as directed.

FLOATING ISLAND.—We remember our first sight and taste of this delicious compound. And we remember a twelve year old girl flying into our presence with cheeks as red as roses crying out—"I've learned how to make floating island!" She found the way at her first effort! How eagerly she watched every mouthful with sparkling eyes as one and another pronounced it very good! But here is the receipt: Set a quart of milk to boil, then stir into it the beaten yolk of six eggs; flavor with lemon or rose, and sweeten to taste; whip the whites of the eggs to a strong froth. When the custard is thick, put it into a deep dish and heap the frothed eggs upon it. Serve cold.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—And who is there that has not grown kindly over a dish of tapioca, boiled or baked? We prefer the former when prepared in this way: Wash the tapioca well, and let it steep for five or six hours, changing the water three times. Simmer it in the last water till quite clear, then season it with sugar and lemon juice.

CURRANT JELLY WITHOUT COOKING.—Press the juice from the currants, and strain it; to every pint put a pound of fine white sugar; mix them together until the sugar is dissolved, then put it in jars, seal them, and expose them to a hot sun for two or three days.

HOW TO MAKE TEA PROPERLY.—The proper way to make a cup of good tea is a matter of some importance. The plan which I have practised for these twelve months is this: The teapot is at once filled up with boiling water, then the tea is put into the pot, and is allowed to stand for five minutes before it is used; the leaves gradually absorb the water and as gradually sink to the bottom; the result is that the tea leaves are not scalded, as they are when boiling water is poured over them, and you get all the true flavor of the tea. In truth, much less tea is required in this way than under the old and common practice. [James Cuthill, Camberwell, London.]

BOOK NOTICES.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST, by *Thomas a Kempis*, translated from the Latin by John Payne, with an introduction by Dr. Chalmers, edited by Dr. Malcolm, together with the life of its author, by Rev. C. Ullmann, D. D., originally one of the series of the lives of reformers before the Reformation. Doubtless this is the best edition of this invaluable work, worthy of a place among the select spiritual classics for every Christian's closet. Published by Gould & Lincoln, of this city.

SIX MONTHS IN KANZAS, by *a Lady*. Published by John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston. A book for the present crisis, natural and easy in style, a true narrative of facts, free from extremes, but with a few rebukes of our national executive, toward the close. It admirably portrays the trials and privations of the settlers, and of border life. The typography of this volume and its whole mechanical execution show a marked progress in the American press. We rejoice at this, for, in our opinion, American publishers have not devoted sufficient attention to these subjects; and we are glad to see a house of so extensive business and so deservedly popular set an example so worthy to be imitated.

Letters to Fanny from a Southern Home. Published by the Mass. Sabbath School Society; a pretty book for very small children, expressive of Christian sympathy for the oppressed without morbid sentimentalism.

"Dred, a tale of the Great Dismal Swamp," by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in two duodecimo vols. Published by Phillips, Sampson and Company, of this city. It is natural, not necessary, to compare this work with *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by the same author. To our mind, that is a flash of genius; this, a production of talent. Both possess great merit with some defects in plot and style. We admire the author's power of description, her lucid manner and generally her worthy aim, but should be far better pleased with the productions of her gifted pen, if she descended with somewhat more of grace. In her effort to be natural, she occasionally uses low and cant

phrases, descending far below the point where Scott, Johnson, Steele, and Addison would have stopped, and employs language, to say the least, of questionable consistency with a proper reverence for things sacred. Her characters, often sketched with admirable skill, and for the most part well sustained, sometimes evince a defect in the plot, and their vices do not always call forth sufficient abhorrence. For instance, in this work, we think it a defect that Nina, the heroine of her story, should die before her marriage with Clayton, and in the midst of her story; and we doubt whether her engagement to three gentlemen at the same time is so presented as suitably to discourage such flirtation and sins in the youthful reader. Yet these and similar defects, or rather eccentricities, may increase the popularity and sale of the volumes with a portion of the public. Doubtless it will be read and admired by thousands on both sides of the Atlantic: and then placed on the same shelf with *Caste*, one of the best books on this subject which we have perused. It is published by the same enterprising house.

"*The Autobiography of a Blind Minister*, including sketches and events of his time, by Timothy Woodbridge, D. D., published by John P. Jewett & Company, Boston." This is a duodecimo of 312 pp. every way an admirable book of its class. In it we have a luminous account of the parentage, birth, boyhood, education and ministry of its Reverend author, his vivid conceptions of many distinguished men and important events of his own period given in his characteristic style, perspicuous, concise, and forceable. A delightful Christian spirit pervades the volume; and we have seldom witnessed a more felicitous illustration of God's faithfulness to his promise that the blessing of his covenant shall descend to thousands of them that love him, and of the remarkable manner in which God overrules evil for good. Truly, "all things work together for good to them that love God." To us, it seems very improbable that this Reverend father in the ministry would have been honored as the instrument of so much good in Zion but for the loss of his sight amidst his preparation for usefulness. We cordially commend the volume to our readers.

"*The Mystery of Evil and God*, by John Young, L. L. D., Edinburgh, Published by J. B. Lippincott and Company, Philadelphia. This author is favorably known to the public by a previous work, "*The Christ of History*." The present volume richly rewards the reader, who will find frequent occasion to pause for reflection, and though he may not adopt all the opinions of its learned author, yet if he reads with candor he will probably lay down the book with less confidence in his preconceived hypothesis with respect to the questions whence and why came moral evil into our system? Both theories here current, that God could but for wise reasons would not, and that he would but could not, prevent the introduction of sin, are criticised, the one an apparent reflection upon the divine goodness, and the other upon Almighty power. Dr. Young evidently thinks his hypothesis free from the difficulties which embarrass these theories. But if sin was "*inpreventable*" as he and Squiers maintain, God must have foreseen that "*inpreventability*" when he adopted the present system, and those difficulties really attend the question why did He adopt a system in which he foresaw the unavoidable existence of sin? He seems to think ability to sin essential to the freedom of the will. But is not inability to sin by reason of indwelling and abounding holiness a perfection of God, who is perfectly pure, and the chief glory of the angels that have kept their original state? These are so holy that they *cannot* sin; and when the saints are confirmed in holiness, made forever perfect in love, will they not partake of the same glorious inability to sin? And does not this evidently imply an inability in Satan, in the incorrigible and in sinful men to do right, and a freedom only to choose and to do what is wrong? We sincerely believe that the theory of the immortal Edwards and others will stand despite every such endeavor to

overthrow it. Yet there are many charming passages in this book. It is written in a style perspicuous and forceible, and develops the redemptive system with great power. It should be read by all clergymen and Christians with intelligence and discrimination.

We have received the October numbers of the following Quarterlies, of which we merely give the contents:

The Bibliotheca Sacra.

Art. 1. Dr. Lepsius's Universal Linguistic Alphabet by J. S. Ropes, of Boston.

II. The Scriptural Authority and Obligation of the Sabbath examined, by Rev. W. M. O'Haulon, Barnley, Lancashire.

III. The Bible in Schools, by Rev. J. H. Seelye, of Schenectady.

IV. The Mosaic Narration of the Creation considered grammatically in its relations to science, by Prof. E. B. Barrows, of Andover.

V. Bashan, Ituræa, Kenath, by Rev. J. L. Porter, of Damascus.

VI. Works of Rev. Augustus Toplady, by Rev. Geo. W. Boardman, of Middlebury, Vt.

VII. Taylor's Memoir of Judge Phillips, by Prof. E. A. Park, who pronounces this biographer "the pioneer of the History of these [Andover] Institutions," and "free from sinister aims." Why this avowal?

VIII. Theological and Literary Intelligence.

The Princeton Review.

Art. 1. The Bible, the Missal, and the Breviary.

" II. The Sacred Writings of the Parsis.

" III. Baird's Religion in America.

" IV. The Matter of Preaching.

" V. The Church, its Perpetuity.

" VI. Egyptology.

" VII. Eli Smith's Arabic Bible.

With a review of the press and table of contents, these numbers close the volumes, and therefore afford a very favorable opportunity to our readers to subscribe for either of these standard Quarterlies.

SHEET MUSIC.— We have received the following sheets of excellent music; viz.

From Geo. P. Reed & Company, 13 Tremont St., Boston:

1. From twelve pieces called the Beauties of Mozart and Beethoven, in form of Petites Fantasies for Young Pianists by Th. Oesten, song of Elis and Elide, by Mozart.

2. do. Parting song, by Beethoven.

3. do. Elopement, by Mozart.

4. Young America, Grand March dedicated to Col. J. C. Fremont, by Adolph Baumbach.

5. Oh, Let Me Dream of Former Years, a song and chorus, by G. Bemis.

From Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St., Boston:

1. Honor thy Father and thy Mother, a song with accompaniment.

2. There's Rest for all in Heaven, words by F. Johnson and music by E. P. Chase.

3. 'Tis Sweet to Hear the Merry Lark, words by Hartley Coleridge, music by E. C. Phelps.

4. Was it the Chime, words by Jno. Pierpont, music by James Pierpont.

